

As If Set Afire

The Acacia Strain

The rocking chair stopped because she fell off and broke her neck.

Now she lay there wishing for help or wishing to die.

Sticky with blood and hoarse from all the constant screams for help.

I heard her, but I didn't care.

One less mouth to feed, one less complaint.

Soon I'll be the only one left, and the graves can be moved.

That is when she began to scream as if set afire.

I have to look out for number one first.

Wait ten minutes, then call the police.

And I need you like a need a fucking hole in my head.