

The Greater Good

ThouShaltNot

Right below me, twisted, buckled
Pointing fingers through my face
Chewing on my screaming crying
Plea for Jezebel's embrace
Down the stairs I move
O'erlooking selves of all I've been in thought
Kissing and seducing
All the selves I wish that I were not
Writhing like a piston
Cold as oil lubricates the path
Burning down the schizophrenic
Self-reflexive rapist's wrath
There, with fire in my hand
I throw it on the crowd below
Twins of faces, plus one other
Shocked and helpless, call out,
"No! You cannot do this! "
There in flame they smolder
As the hemlock would
As bones and sinew melt
I tell them,
"It's all for the Greater Good"
For now a deity I stand
Before my judged and blackened kin
Save only one, a different face
Was cleared of her new virgin skin