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Crown the King

By Sandy Elizabeth Nutter

Blood runs down the corners
Of my mouth as the broken sky
Rains steel and disillusioned Reason.
He watches
With thirsty eyes and
An approving heart,
As his Queen comes into her own.

Alabaster hair falls
On the shoulders
Of my brother, my enemy,
As he contemplates a
Betrayal that seethes through
Whispers of a hatred speech,
Keeping company with
A black conscience.

I was your whore in
A stranger's land.
Unwanted fingertips touch
The supple breast, and
I bathed for hours in
The waters of Hell to
Remove the imprint of
Your hand upon my skin.
But they could not take it
From my mind.

Avenge your dream as you wish,
But your porous screams
Will permeate my joyful ears
As I watch you burn with
Your crown of thorns.
You will scream for a mercy
You will not receive,
And I will laugh at your
Pain and your death.

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Keep your eyes open.
Watch as my lover graces you
With the title of the
King, you foolish, foolish boy.
For soon, your eyes will be
Closed with melting, hot flesh
In an amalgam of the metal
You so longed for.

I live in a world, my brother,
Where the spoken word means more
Than gold, and my life
Means less than your throne.
Little did you know,
Your life means less than mine.

Sandy Elizabeth Nutter bio: My name is Sandy Nutter and I am 37 years old. I am a mother of two children, and a native of Western North Carolina. I am a nurse. I enjoy writing, reading and piano.