

The Soulless Courts the Demons

by Mark Edgemon

Any face in the crowd may harbor the lurker,
Who sees through the eyes of the damned.
The face on the TV screen, evangelically speaking,
Is a euphemism for lying. Only the dead lie in state.

Computer dating, mating; slanderously hating, digitally taking,
Inspired by the darker smirker, sleeping on his havoc;
Who's dreaming of warmer days, not too far away.
Gee, and I thought I was talking to a "human" being.

The End