

Curious Creature

By Robin Lipinski

Wrenched souls foul with past deeds, putrid in their own making.

East.

West.

North.

South.

Forever does my finger reach, stretching morality thin until snapping virtue ruins the harps strings.

Come, human, scratch my chin.

You there, wench, open more of your sores and bleed.

Merriment of and on my own making.

Ruin and scorn, sloth and greed,

add pride, envy, gluttony, and you find the ingredients of me.

"I" have, is, and will be your downfall.

It's all about me, and me above all, which is why you see me grinning.

Yes, mortal sludge,

Born of those sluts, those women, those whores,

You knew the dangers but insisted on seeking.

Where is your father now? Diseased with age and reeking of sickness, leaving you alone and inheritance of weakness.

They, as in you, insist my kingdom will fade, if this is true, than why was I not earlier vanquished?

Listen, do you hear the screams?

Those lost souls begging for you to help them, HA! You are so weak and lost yourself that it is a comedy you're even seeking.

Did you find what you needed?

Are you satisfied now?

No, I did not think so.

Go now and be angry, pout and denounce God.

Don't worry, my demons will assist.

Do as you want, as you please, as you wish, and with your last breath,

Come see me, king of 'I', 'me', 'my', and my hellish kingdom,

And when you enter and gaze at your new home of eternity,

Save your strength by not speaking,

For if I hear you utter, "Oh God, save me!"

You will be rendered in fire with your fat of pride fueling the flame.

The End