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Blackout

Don't hide behind him, Honey, it's a trap.
You'll screw things up. For starters, there's no trace
from you now of that independence crap
you fed me then. Now he's your interface
with all the world, and me. You squeak, he'll slap -
a pretty pair! He owns you now. His plan?
He'll use you and abuse you. You're his thing.
"How can she change you with the other man?",

L asked. "You're clever, kind . . ." That doesn't count.
And nor does ecstasy. Our bodies sang
so free! The tiger had to take time out
and head for forest depths - we fucked too well!
She took the joy for granted. But no doubt
~~she'll learn. She blacked right out. She'll wake in Hell.~~

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