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the mare

have you felt her
the hideous breath
against your skin
the sharp nails against your neck
the clammy hand around your throat
when she's riding you
through the night
have you?
'cause for your sake
I hope you woke up before
she could take you
as her own
riding you hard
against the mattress
a heavy lump
above you
pressing you
down
consuming you
until your last breath
one kiss
and you're dead
gone forever
and the cause of death
fright of course
'cause no one is safe
when the mare is out and about
riding in the night

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