

Face Down

Jawbreaker

Beneath the door I see a light.
It's four A.M. in apartment three.
Muted sounds. A sealed room.
I turn the knob. The door is gone.

Yellow light. Kitchen floor.
An old woman is at the cutting board.
Just her back. Her old bent back.
Short, abrupt chopping jerks.
How do you like that?

I died in my sleep. Face down.
Just a little dream I had. Face down.
It was more than real. Face down.
Just a little dream I had.

She turns around. Smiles up at.
Knife out. Head shakes.
Laughing teeth into me.
Silver gleam and out.

Face down.
Just a little dream I had. Face down.
It was more than real. Face down.
Just a little dream I had.