The Devil and I

Microwave

I pulled myself from what was left of that beater's frame.
I scratched the VIN and I ripped off the license plate.
I poured some gasoline on top to cover up my shame.
I watched the two things I loved most go up in flames.
Sunburnt tongues the songs they'd sung spat out spit and twiste
d up.
Salt water, foam, a sea of grief, I spat out blood and broken t
eeth.
The way she used to say my name.
The way the light shined off her face.
I screamed. I looked for someone to blame.
I screamed:
"How could you? How could you? How could you take her from me?
You coward! I'll kill you. I'll make you wish you never lived."
I reached outward in shame. I looked for someone to blame.
But there was no one to find. Just the Devil and I.
I woke up in my room the next day still alive.
Sick and sober without you by my side. I turned on the Radio.
"Last night on road 25 a car was found with a woman inside.
Fractured spine, paralyzed, set on fire and left to die."
"How could you? How could you? How could you take her from me?
You coward! I'll kill you. I'll make you wish you never lived."
I reached outward in shame. I looked for someone to blame.
But there was no one to find. Just the Devil and I.

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