

suddenly she sat up in our bed with a revolver and killed my inner child.
five well placed shots into my unseemly instigator...
then she turned and said she would not
allow a slimy little voyeur peeking at us
in our deep ritual from behind his curtains of smoke.

freud did not take the last shot like a man.

how do you bury someone with a cigar stuck in his mouth that way.

inner child.
wf.h.
2022