

THE WEALTHY AFRICAN DENTIST

We spoke just barely above a whisper.
My cheeks were a shade of red.
Evil was near, bringing with it
the visions trapped in his head.
He was seen as a master through the eyes of his kind.
But he was just evil in my mind.
just like the rest of his kind.
Fire and heat took over my world.
I wanted to die and disappear.
I did it anyhow, while Evil watched, laughing aloud.
Then she blew me a kiss, leaving me to defend my own.