



Crossing Over

Five times the killer hailed a guest,
Then laid them down. They did not rest.
They cannot leave and do not cease
Lamenting bonds that won't release.

The rite to free what hate engirds
Demands, first, names, and then three words.
The corpses named, your mind is filled
With visions of the ones he killed:

The first poor soul was wrestled loose
When DROPPED ten feet inside a noose.
The houseguest writhed until he died;
The noose was, after weeks, untied.

Though chained mere feet from wholesome stores
One STARVED inside the kitchen doors.
He heard her pleading every day
But only watched her waste away.

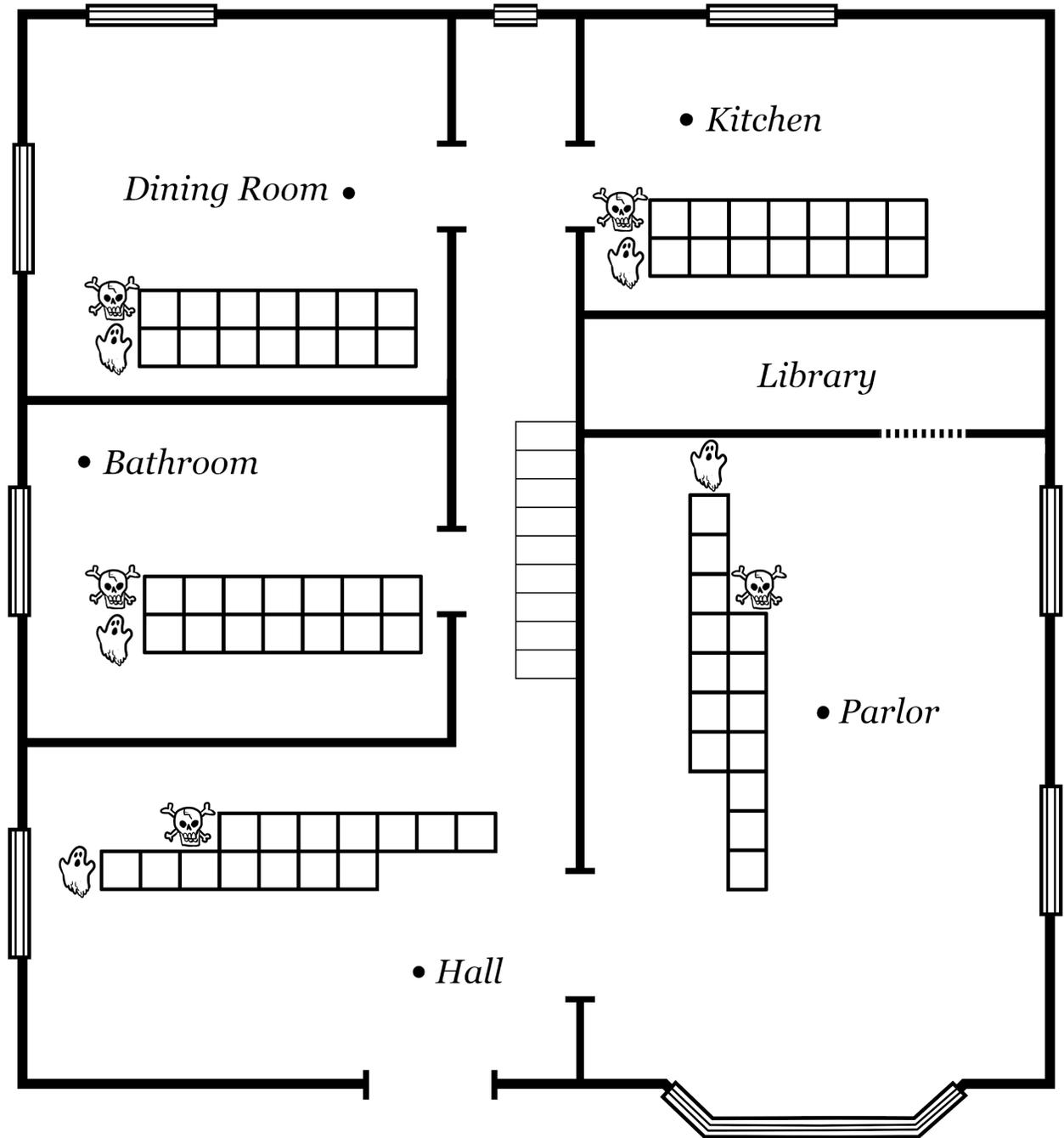
The parlor may have been the worst
That wasn't third or fifth or first.
A simple GARROTE was employed
Until the larynx was destroyed.

The third time out, he plied his art
By PULLING arms and legs apart.
He hung the remnants on the wall.
(It did not happen in the hall.)

When in the bath and feeling dull
He'd plant a HATCHET in a skull.
But bathing could not cleanse his sin,
For more than once he'd kill again.

The answers are demanded now
Of when he killed them, where, and how,
Of lines to draw and words to speak,
And whence to go, and what to seek.

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Artwork by Matt Smith