
Subject: Can you tell me what you think of this poem?
Posted by [Archcasp](#) on Wed, 09 Apr 2003 21:54:19 GMT
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Covert Operations by Joshua (Casper) Martin
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Pummeling your face angrily,
I slip into a demonic state,
You saw and felt the danger,
You kept playing the game until it was too late,
You couldn't feel the animosity,
That seeped through my every pore,
Emanating from my body,
My instincts said I should stand for no more,
Fuck you, you little piece of shit mother-fucker,
What are you doing on my foot again?
Didn't you hear my growl of hatred?
Don't you know not to attempt to steal from honest men?
I'm enraged by your actions,
That you would smile and say "Hello" to me,
That I would be blind to your deceit,
Just go on my way and then later I'd see,
What do I have to do?
I don't feel I should have to say a word about this shit,
If you tread on me mother-fucker,
I'll just explode again and thank God I handled it,
There's no respect,
For anyone, anymore, I see,
There's reason to protect,
What I feel so deep,
Yet there is a decision,
That is not alone mine,
If two halves don't fit in place,
Eventually they will un-twine,
If this is to be the fate of it,
Then so be it I say,
I need not have come to brutality,
Only let it drift farther away,
I can only take so much abuse,
While keeping my head above quicksand,
If a hand I hold, holds another, or even has the covert thought,
Then I refuse that hand,
Burn in hell betrayer,
Let the Devil be your master,
I will dream of you soul ablaze,
Hoping for a slight accident or disaster.
