

"He's Gone/I'm Sorry Mother, It's My World"

By Robin B Lipinski

Yes, I've imprisoned the fool; your eyes belong to me now.
 He was full of himself and his useless words, he'll need them in the hell I've placed him.
 Hah, to imagine he was in the same class as me.
 You in the mood for a little horror? Maybe you'll read the following to your children before they
 go to sleep.

Apologize, I tried.
 Thirteen, such a young girl. Trying to grow into my own world.
 Father gone to lust. Mother trying to understand my world.
 "You're late again, you're grounded again," she hurled.
 She was old and feeble. What could she know of my world?

Battleground growing, words were throwing, dog cowering, light growing dim.
 It happened often now, in fact, it happened again.
 She caught me toking, with some of my friends.

"Come here this instant, you horrible girl, come here and stop it, you're grounded, the end."
 Humiliated and broken, while my friends laughed as they left, I lost all reason.
 She was correct, that mother of mine, I'm grounded, it is the end.

It did not take long, to hack her to pieces. Rage was, and is, my friend.
 Soothing my conscience, covered in blood, wiping my sleeve so it is shiny.
 I watched the blood dry, as I gathered the pieces, not deep red but darker instead.

Over now, my world became clear.
 I have now, guilt in my head, why oh why didn't I do this earlier?
 To kill this mother of mine, dead...

The new beginning of a new end

The End