

Kyle
(By He Had a Bad Day)
By Robin B Lipinski

Kyle, can you hear me?
Demon spy, wash the rain away.
C. B. Lovas writes the story in the way he wishes to say.

Hilltops drown, turn brown, and fade away.
Glock's: Never safe when pointed your way.
G.I. Joe would disagree, a jeep is but a name for a vehicle of a countries military mid-might's dream.
Rich or poor, what kind of dialogue am 'T trying to say.
Demons, ah now, those I know well.
Coming from inside, they drown out reason to replace it with pain.
Why? Ask Kyle, it's his dream.

Kyle, can you hear me?
Kyle, are you there?
Kyle, why did you drive away?

HaHaHa...
Kyle can't answer now.
Why?
Because I've feasted on his heart, his brain.
I've taken his pain away.

The End