

SLICE BY SLICE

by Timothy J. Muise

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They are killing my friends,
slice by slice,
cutting out their hearts,
an evil device.

How dare my pals get sick and fail?,
they stick them in the depths of the jail,
little by little they cut them to the core,
strong as they are they can't take much more.

The deputy sharpens her rusty old knife,
and shears an old man away from his wife,
she cuts an artery and punctures a lung,
her evil control has only just begun.

Slice by slice she cuts away their lives,
her policies and words sharp as knives,
her torture as sharp as a serrated new blade,
plans for their demise surely being made.

They are killing my friends,
slice by slice,
cutting out their souls,
deputy's evil device.