



The Devil's Handshake is Reflective

by Stuart Carruthers

I'm going to kill a man
And he knows it
A face full of contradictions
I'll wait till the owl cries
I'll have a drink before I leave
I'm going to kill a man
His wife knows it
I'll get dressed up for the occasion
Thunder clouds set the atmosphere
I know my time is coming
I'm going to kill a man
The face in the mirror is unemotional
White shirt, father's coat.
Another drink before I go
It will take an hour to walk across town

Enough time to think
While the city sleeps
I'm going to kill a man
Before the sun rises
And they awaken
It's past confession time,
Father Hughes
I need a drink
I'm going to kill a man
Beyond the Georgian red door
The room with the sea view
From the doorway, I've watched you many a time
Untruths, secrets whispered,
An eye for an eye
I'll look you in the eye
Shaking right hand
Your last breath, helpless eyes
The house sleeps
I need a drink or two
I killed a man
Slow walk home
Parnell Square, empty
No mercy nor guilt
The rain falls up ahead
No pleasure taken
The devil held my stare
She smiled, took his ring

a long shadow walked with me.

The bottle is empty

I killed him

For you

Not me

Now what?

Washing cold blood of pale hands

I'll dress up for you

Blood red lipstick

I'll sing you a song

Share a drink with you

My lover lucifer