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Why me? Why not?

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Why me? Why not?

So you left me, you bastard, even you don't know why.
You hurt me and crushed me and watched me cry, with the images reflecting in your glass grey eyes.

And when you turned to go,

I saw Confusion;
the creature sat hunched on your back,
attaching his claws
and his monstrous jaws
to your soft long neck.

"I'll wait," I screamed
in the silence that loomed
over your kindly brow.
And you sighed with a smile,
as sweet as a child's
and quickly backed out of the room.

"Why me?" I pleaded.

"I'm sorry," you choked
with your eyes fixed on the stair.
And the creature grinned,

"Why not?" it croaked
and laughed at me through your hair.

--- Elisabeth Notturno