## Poems Are Scary Things

by Gary Hardaway

They wait in bars to buy you drinks and, when you aren't aware, will slip a roofie in your glass then take you to a cheap hotel and use you for their pleasure with the internetted web cam on.

They will bring you home to meet the family and father, mother, sister, brother each, in turn, will make a fool of you.

They will dress in black and practice martial arts against you. They will reach in and steal your heart and rearrange the valves and muscles to beat in patterns strange and frightening.

They will take you, naked, and put their tongues and fingers into intimate, erogenous openings you didn't know you had.

They will lull you and entrance you with strange, forgotten music and, while you are enthralled, will slip like vapored spirits through enchanted ears into the matrices of mind and memory and reconfigure everything.