

# You know who

*by* Darryl Price

poisoned their hearts. The mirror  
doesn't lie, be it a star or  
some hard rain on a roof. You know  
who poisoned  
their sleep with fearful dreams. Look at  
those poor roses in his hand.  
You know who whispered dark things  
against

their beauty, while you looked on,  
waiting to see if your horse  
broke any fields of vision. The money is  
so charming.  
You know who is the liar. You know  
who cursed their sadness with  
a cruel laughing candle. The bell was

taped shut. Still, you did nothing  
because it was Saturday. You know  
who poisoned their food with non-  
friendly mushrooms. The forest  
doesn't  
teach how to cook, but how to accept  
magic gifts. You've always known  
who brought danger. Their hearts  
rusted. It

doesn't need to be said. You know who  
printed the map upside  
down, hoping the path would provide  
enough holes for your  
story to hide in. You know who

poisoned their hearts without caring  
about  
any harm to others. Still, a light

remains. It must come as a bitter  
response. Your poison left fingerprints  
on the moon's sneakers. All this time,  
you've pretended you  
forgot how to fly in harmony with  
somebody else's secrets. You know the  
real name of the perpetrator is no

stranger to you. You know who cut the  
throat of a weeping  
unicorn drooling in the lap of a pretend  
maiden. You  
poisoned their hearts. All of them. And  
left them to blindly seek out  
the entrance again. Here is that which

you paid for, with their trusting souls  
on fire. It has come  
back to you, its rightful owner, to claim  
you as  
its only true receiver of the hidden  
shots within. Still, light reminds, all  
is never lost. You have tomorrow today.

