

Borderline

by Emily Sparkles

You slipped me the key

As if it opened any doors

You'd always made sure I knew they were

Open

Some flung far

too wide, too soon

Others you'd just barely crack,

baiting

us to enter

But we needed the magic word

You'd brag about blowing up your life

Like people were cars needed for special effects in your action
movie

background

Then turn around and cry out

For protection

From the corpses you'd charred

