

The Loon

From Different Shades of Desire and Suffering
by Bradford W. Tilden

Seven spikes shot through the loon
That floated down your mind's lagoon
I heard it squawking at the moon
That sadly tortured lonely loon

One for lust

One for pride

The rest to punish the one who tried
To understand your trust

I see now why it had to die

Its feathers flapped before my eye

Bloody and blue

It's nothing new

Just like the times I spent with you

One for lust

One for pride

At least I cried. I lied. I tried

To save our loon

Out sadly tortured lonely loon

From floating through your mind's lagoon

I knew the truth would be its doom

In seven spikes shot from the moon

One for lust

One for pride

The rest to rend my own heart purified

It was you who broke your trust

It was I who killed the loon.