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BREEDING GROUND

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Abstract

I always knew I was carrying around a breeding-ground for the devil.

Imtiaz Dharker

BREEDING GROUND

I always knew I was carrying around
a breeding-ground
for the devil.

I mastered the art of nodding, smirking,
doing my hair just so
and wearing pink

to mask the stink of evil
lurking right inside my pride.

I could take the cleverest devil
for a ride.

A good thief cuts the glass
quite cleanly, without making a noise
and enters.

There's hardly any sign
that things have been disturbed.

That's how the devil got in,
slipped into my skin,
rearranged my thoughts
like old clothes at the change
of the season.

Slice off my fingertips.
I mustn't leave our prints.

I'm burgling myself, and I'm so good
I won't be caught.

There's nothing here I'm afraid to lose.
Room after room of dusty corners
and mouldy shoes.
But what the hell –
Where are all the precious things,
the gold I thought I had,
the soul waiting to be sold?