

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

