The Aftermath

She pierces with her eyes,
mouth unmoved, as you squirm
and beg
and say
sorry!
Sorry for wearing that mask
to trick you,
you tell her. She grips
the gory mask in a fist, it was only a joke,
you say, and you ask,
Isn’t it time
you release me now? Though,
you know it will be a painful walk,
a runny mess of a walk
but you would do it.
You would stumble out
clutching your neck, crawl
if you had to.
You look up
to the black window cover
with its holes punched out like stars
but the slash in it
flashes daylight, and she still
says
nothing –
holding your artificial face
in her fist,
the heel of her other hand leaning back
on the handle of her relaxed
weapon, and there is light
in that, too –
a sharp, blue-white sky
reflecting off its metal,
but there is no light
in her eyes. Just blood,
smeared red
past her knuckle, and of course
it is too late.
She has already
swiped the blade clean.