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Wicked

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Wicked

Santiago Vidaurri

A rhyme, a sound
a wicked crown
you wear,
a facade of a halo.
Two sharpened horns
many times have torn
this beating chamber.
To be naïve,
easily deceived
or is it love that blinds?
The truth be told
it's wicked cold
those words were never mine!
Wicked ways,
wicked plays,
foolish words that have no meaning.
Upon that sound
from a bejeweled crown
drips from his lips, I am believing!
Wicked falls to wicked calls
wicked caresses to wicked kisses
never love the wicked blessings
for what wicked touches
with carelessness
wicked dismisses.