

The Mafia – May 2020

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Catherine Heath

May 2020

They called him a narcissist.

(They called her a demon.)

I'll drive you out, you devil!

You bore me;

You bore me to tears.

(The worst crime of all.)

Multiple personality disorder;

What a hoot!

Be a simple cardboard cut-out,

Or people will run from you.

I have millions of personalities;
Each one more brilliant than the last--
Because I'm composed
Of me and you.

Love is a mental disorder,
And that's the truth.

If they lock me up,
My dad will get me out--
He's a lawyer!

(And I'm married to a madman.)

They are the best men of all,
And that's the truth.

I don't want to be alone;
I love you too much,
But I will if I have to.
I'll always have books.

They are
The deadliest weapons of all

(And that's the truth.)

A poet is the most dangerous job;
Don't let them read your poetry,
Or they'll put you in prison

For good this time!

You gave birth to a genius,

And you never even knew it,

(Because angels never know.)

They call it thinking;

I call it fighting,

Because no one can take away your mind.

If you have a mind,

You'll always be kind,

And loving.

And that is the final truth.

I'm doing it for your own good.

She is an angel,

And he is God

(They're fighting their way down to hell)

But they won't take me with them.

They thought we were broken;

But we are the mafia,

And the Brady Bunch,

All at once.

And that's why we look

Absolutely insane.

You're an angel,

And he's God--

That's why you think I'm the devil,

But you're really a banshee,

And that's why they're all afraid of you.

Because banshees love their kids

Almost as much as God.

Credit: Photo by [Paige Cody](#) on [Unsplash](#)
