

*This poem is the memory of you,
Who committed a crime, my God how could you?*

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The whole poem is in the description.

How Could You?

By Lust

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*That evening we walked & held on tight,
To each other as dark overcame light.*

*You suddenly grabbed my shoulder & threw me to the ground,
You covered my mouth so tightly I couldn't make a sound.*

*Tears started to form as you undid my shirt,
You threw it off & worked on my skirt.*

*Your hand never left my mouth as you continued to do,
The worst thing, my God, how could you?*

*I grasped your hair & tore at your face,
That did no good, you picked up the pace.*

*The scar from that night still burns,
The memory of you, doing the thing you yearned.*

*I wiped a tear as you finished & withdrew,
I rolled to my side wondering, 'who were you?'*

*I tried to scream as you hit my head,
I looked at the grass, the green turning to red.*

*I lay still awhile, crying quietly,
As you slunked away, quick & silently.*

*I looked around & saw that you left
I knew that you committed a crime, a theft.*

*I still remember that night, the day I lost,
I hope He finds you, so you can pay the cost.*

*I now wipe a tear & spread a smile,
For the man who now could walk a mile.*