

Ray Childish

"Deadly Mushroom Hunt"

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I shake grains of soil from my neat new summer dress
readjust my tousled hair - I sure look like a mess
I shake the dirt from my hands and curse the dirt
behind my nails
no one mentions, they get dirty, in tales

Such a nice sunny day, yet I'm in a gloomy mood
haven't I warned you to shut up when you started
getting rude?
but you kept going on and on, gesticulating in the air
you kept a screaming and a shouting, but I didn't really
care

Didn't we set out to gather mushrooms,
equipped with a basket and a knife
this was supposed to be the gorgeouest mushroom
hunt in my life
why did you have to scold me, call me names and be
so cruel

I don't let anybody rant at me like you did, as a rule

You raised my pulse and raised my heart rate
and made tears blur my sight
that's when I scratched you in the face and started a
fight
I won't relate all of the details which lead to your
untimely death
I don't recall how many stabs it took to color red this
path

A swishing knife, a heavy moan and a thud were all I
heard
let's be honest, all your lifetime you've been nothing
but a nerd
put in terms of an equation that way as yet unheard:
basically you're to the worms now what a worm is to a
bird

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