

The Psycho

Leung Yi Yan Kelly

ONE

O! There she caught me
with her innocent eyes — searching for her seat.

I don't recall ever seeing a girl like this —
at least never in my life.

May I return to that moment — when we first looked into each
other's eyes
and shared our doubts and frustrations?

But

Thou shalt obey me.
Thou shalt forbid him.

Damn you — little monster —
taking away my heart and never returning it.

— Why do we use satellites when I can't find you?

Thou shalt be punished.
Thou shalt not be walking around — harming other men.
You should feed me — you are but my food.

O — your sweet blood — juicy thigh —
there I dwelleth in you, and you in me (1).

TWO

How painful it is to see someone sick —
and cannot be friends and live happily ever after?

How painful it is to see blood splattering around the kitchen —
and standing on one leg
while putting another in the blood-shed pot?

Who could take care of this poor child!
It's too painful not to save him —
but I can't!

How ashamed I am to
claim myself a therapist —
while finding myself dooming always to save anyone
who pays me to teach them how to live with their
demon friend!

(1) Biblical allusion: John 6:56 (King James Version) "He that eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, dwelleth on me, and I in him."

EXEUNT

I promised to be friends with you,
beautiful little monster.
Be yourself,
and eat me up.

Part by part,
day by day,
I thought we were friends.

You said you wanted to be my best friend —
that was why I opened my door and let you in —
and we lived together.

—Why dost thine demon hath to be fed by me?
Your demon is — la belle dame sans merci!

My toes, my leg, my rib, and my head,

Why, why me?

I remember how you told me about your doubts and frustrations, but
why — Why do you have to betray me?

Would things be better if I can smell my ribs roasting
in the oven?