

Love Sonnet

As killers tend to know the ones they kill,
it's us, not others, whom we need to fear.
A selfish love, a high psychotic thrill,
turns organs into ornaments, my dear.
But none of us are earthquakes – our faults signs
destruction waits beneath a shallow crust.
Humanity's a dance floor spiked with mines:
you learn the steps, but you're a fool to trust.
Yet even the most rotten, callous soul,
who'd slaughter half the world without remorse,
has needs and longings out of her control,
and joy and comfort have to have a source.
What signifies how safe we both shall be?
Not who you are, but who you are to me.

Amy Milton