Evil Intent

Abdul Malik

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The poetry I so intensely write
Is not only in black and white,
There are some shades of gray,
Booby traps and a crooked way.

It’s a door to my heart,
A window to my mind,
A pathway to my soul,
A back alley to my dreams.

You are forewarned if I say,
Tread so lightly, if you may,
through this maze with care
fraught with the peril of a snare.

My lovelorn heart is clean,
My soul scrubbed to a sheen,
It’s my mind you must pay heed
In its sinister design lest it succeed.

Surely it will lead you astray
Down to a damned and slippery way
To a point of no return, beware,
Woe is your wage, if you dare!