

POETRY

The Two Hands of Power ㊦

By Ben McFee

The Lesser of the Evils

You know I ain't no good for you. You know I done you wrong.
You know I done you violence, and your money's all but gone.
But each time you come back to me, and meet me with a smile.
He'll hit you worse than I will, and we've known it for awhile.

'Cause it's me, or it's the other guy, that gets to bring the pain.
I promise I'll protect you from my puppet on a chain.

You may decide to leave me, but I took all the cash.
I own all of your property; I found your secret stash.
I get to make the rules, and I'll rule myself a win.
I mighta hurt you badly, but I'm *nothing* next to him.

I sold you down the river once, and I'll sell you once again,
As long as you're still frightened of my puppet on a chain!

Who cares if I'm a toxic love? I got a pretty face.
I'll beat you with decorum; he'll beat you with disgrace.
And if you up and choose him, I'll help him beat you worse,
Then tell you it's your own fault, for leaving in the first.

You mighta seen us talking nice, but kindly check your brain,
And don't you dare ask questions 'bout my puppet on a chain.

The Greater of the Evils

I've got you, motherfucker!
I have you by the mind.
Your balls, I snipped a while ago.
I own you now. You're mine.

I own the food you eat.
I make the booze you drink.
Next, I'll take your water,
Then your internet, I think.

You are my human resource.
Your children are my stock:
Useful as my soldiers,
Or in my prison blocks.

Resist me and I break your bones.
I'll break your spirit too.
'Cause *no one* takes what I have got!
(Remember. I've got you.)

You'll do the things I tell you to.
You'll think you thought them first.
I've grabbed you by your ethics,
Then I squeezed them 'til they burst.

Facts are now a felony.
Context is a crime.
I've got you by your history;
Your memory is mine.