“Revenge” by Dean F. Wilson

All that you do to me I do to you;

For if you hurt me deep, then I will too.

But this dark flame, it rarely ends with that;

An eye for an eye means mortal combat,

For surely if you take one of my eyes,

Then I will take both yours that I despise.

If I am made to limp, you will not walk.

And if you interrupt, you will not talk.

This is the product of a burning fire,

The vengeful will, it’s all that I desire.

And then I see the blood upon my hands,

I’m haunted now by vengeful thought’s demands.

And now I have become Lady Macbeth,

And what has vengeance brought me now but death?