KILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HIS-STORY

Strokin’ his pen to paper
Writing my life with his words
Killin’ me softly with his – story
Killin’ me softly with his words.

I get all rushed with anger
Embarrassed by the class.
I felt his desire to know,
His desire to understand,
But he didn’t,
he couldn’t,
He wouldn’t no matter how good his intensions.

I though that he was finished,
but he just kept right on and on and on.

Strokin’ his pen to paper
Writing my life with his words
Tellin’ my life, my whole life in his words
Killin’ me softly with his – story.

(My muse for this poem was Roberta Flack)