

“Charlie No-Face”

We cruised 351
for harmless teenage fun
searching for
the local legend

We packed beer and cigarettes
and butterfly catching nets
another random
summer night begun

The headlights upon the road
caught the form of an elder ghost
our hearts leapt
into our throats

We slowed down to a crawl
and rolled the windows down
that was when
the monster spoke

I'm not Charlie No-Face
I'm Raymond Robinson

I climbed a telephone pole
to fuck with a nest of birds
I was just
eight years old

There was a flash like a photograph
the air, it smelled like death
now I've got
no eyes and nose

I'm not Charlie No-Face
I'm Raymond Robinson