Sonnet by Grace

How do you grin with great satisfaction,

After taking advantage of your prey?

You treat your victims as quick transactions,

Using your flirt to lead those men astray.

‘Twas foolish of me to think you were chaste.

I vomit endlessly out of disgust.

You were once my idol, now just a waste,

Gone is your virtue and dead is my trust.

You deserve only infinite damage.

And I would diminish your vile presence.

If only it were a cash-prize challenge,

I’d win millions and buy myself presents.

But how you’re able to manage control,

Is what I’ll admire about you in whole.