

## **Simile**

**by**

**A.J. Noon**

The first I crashed, like a falling star and the second I exploded, like ripe teenage spots. The third was shot like a Grand National faller and the fourth I melted like microwaved cheese. The fifth I drowned deep, like a concrete fish and the sixth I lashed like a derby donkey.

The seventh I froze like a winters' lake and the eighth I broiled like a Brit on the beach. Victims nine and ten were works of art, I sewed them together like your very first mittens.

Eleven I impaled, like a fork through spaghetti and twelve I buried like a banger in mash. Thirteen I spilt, like paint from a pot and fourteen I steamed like a vintage train. The fifteenth I fried, like chicken wings, but the sixteenth escaped, like a sly old fox. It was him who led the police to my door, like flies round muck.

The papers tagged me John, the Simile Killer, like that would stop me.