

A Wild, Shameless Plain

Every Time I Die

Old black tusks ripped off of the beast at the bank of the swamp
and carved into statues of arthritic gods
or the handles of blunt swords that you'll one day ruin upon,
with your eyes covered in muck.

Shot down in its sleep,
the big game of the world wide garbage heap.

You mounted its head on your wall. The prize?
Hollowed out eyes, mold in the cracks of its skull.
The fur is matted with blood and its tongue wet with mother's milk.

Gates opened wide and bedlam came.
Wise men were forced into a layman's trade.
With nothing but time, chaos reigns.
A great quiet has followed you to here.
A blustering wind with nothing of worth in its heart or hands.
Your legacy is "A dull catalogue of common things"
You've never even seen the blood you've drawn
or looked in the eyes
of the kill you claim was yours before taking your picture with
it.

** "Lamia", Keats