The Baby Eater

John Graham*
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Abstract

SUNK in the thickets under the chill of the moon. Light the bush that will bring them to me. Pipe my music over the hills and listen for the hoofs of the lambs. I’ll wait. And I’ll conjure...
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By John Graham

Sociology, Senior

SUNK in the thickets under the chill of the moon. Light the bush that will bring them to me. Pipe my music over the hills and listen for the hoofs of the lambs. I’ll wait. And I’ll conjure. And I’ll send out my spell. They’ll come to these creaky cold bones. I’m bent and I’m twisted with a hump for a back, no more is the rhythm I once found in my stride now I shuffle the dust at my feet. But they’ll come at my bidding with the dawn of the day. Come in the midst of the storm. So slowly I circle the pot on the fire, throw in two sticks which are crossed. And I hum, in a wheeze, to blacken the night.

  bat’s tails
  and peacock shells
  and the green from
  an underground wall.

  knead them and mold
  in fiendish delight
  come—
  bring the children to me.

And the stars one by one they sicken and die as black clouds push over the sky. Leaves whirl and swirl against skeleton limbs as the wind moans an angry howl. And I mix in the pot an assortment of boils, wilted and slimy green. I laugh as the stench rolls over the hills, up over the hills and away. My nose is pockmarked and gray in the fumes as I sprinkle some moss in the brew. The wrinkles are deepened as my lips crack a grin and I whisper between yellow teeth.
sweat from the forehead
of a lion in heat
some fruit from
the grasshopper tree.

toast them and squeeze
in Heirwain bog
come—
and gather them all.

My eyes shriek delight with the flame of the fire. Leap high! And burn in the dawn. The pot boils in frenzy and joins in the dance. Suck out the juices from primordial ooze, foam over centuries, old. My knarled broken hands scratch the skin as they come to stand in a trance at my feet. Stuff them and truss them and ready to eat as I breathe out my last refrain.

teeth from a unicorn
legs from a snail
and scabs of leprosy.

knead them and mold
in fiendish delight
come—
bring the children to me.

Impressions Of New York

By James Michael Krafft

Sociology, Junior

On fifth avenue
There was a man
Buttering a small patch of grass
With cement.
I put my initials
In the corner.