Intrajectures

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by
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English 6

Whispering, blissful, fell and forgotten vintage to vinegar breaks the stretched skin. Forgotten colonies, cannibal, decadent, have ravaged stores that were their end.

Sterile, she weeps, dead flesh breath ragged, ripped by pain blades. Silently splitting cells swell her, misconceived run riot within.

Blue egg, black yolked, wings beak and weakling body within, still filling it. Rough mother turns it nearly tearing mist thin appendages.

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Artwork
by
Denise Bloom