

A.J. Huffman

So Close to Anger

I can't breathe
I can't speak
I can't think
past this moment
of stopping
this moment of I
can't allow myself
to move
forward
backward
even sideways seems
dangerous
I am wick
and match
caught in that second
before spark
Hold still
very still
Maybe my wires
will uncross

Souvenirs for the Dying

You cut the curve
of my mind.
Too close.
Now there are pieces of your skin
missing.
They cover me like candy.
All bloody and sweet.
Peel them off.
And label them defeat.
Can't you see?
My walls are covered with them.
Pairs and pairs
of salted trophies.
Mocking my eyes.
It doesn't matter
whose hands they wore.
Fallen is death.
And despair
is the only depth.

Of Carcass

remnants

of skin

bleached

bone

& bloated

flesh

extinguished

life

lingers

haunts

minds

of carrion

scattered

shell

waits

for descent

of claws

& consuming

beaks