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The Path of the Plummets

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The Path of the Plummet

HALEY WALLACE

A silent doe
falls
by a murmuring stream.
Her blood flows
gently
into the warm, tall grass.
She shallowly gasps for air as her
wide
panicked
eyes begin to soften.
She gives in to the
calm
that is awaiting her.
She sees her fawn
in the edge of the clearing.
"Be silent,"
she says.

"Do not weep for the lost, for
found are we in the field that
awaits."
Her eyes
close.
Her breath
gone.
The Huntress approaches and
weeps
for the swollen belly of her prey.
In vanity and senselessness we
take
life.
Through necessity we do the
ill.



Antichrist Oils

KATIE LIPSCOMB

Dark matter engulfs an event you'll forget.
Light dancing on a hoof about to commit,
A saint lying drunk on immanent floors.
Accepting death in everyday shadows.

There is nothing more.