

5-1-2012

## Antichrist Oils

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### Recommended Citation

Lipscomb, Katie (2012) "Antichrist Oils," *Forces*: Vol. 2012 , Article 9.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2012/iss1/9>

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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.