

Forces

Volume 2020

Article 17

5-1-2020

Dead End, Texas

M.J. Scott

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Recommended Citation

Scott, M.J. (2020) "Dead End, Texas," *Forces*: Vol. 2020 , Article 17.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2020/iss1/17>

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Dead End, Texas

M.J. Scott

out where the sand inhales
paling bones from the boiling surface
kissing the flats of scorpions' feet
and caressing their empty stomachs

where unbearable torridity
are just handsome words in abusive affairs
tempting the stewed gazers
to dream of being anywhere that is elsewhere

where the land takes shade
chasing the waking snakes from bathe
and grim masses in the sky bring
gnarling howls that warn their prey

where barbed wires cloaked in rust
slither across dying prairies parched in dust
and what once bore the colors of a pretty gown
is now just hollow thorns within rolling brush

where the night sky shyly bats its eyes
to the weary whistlers of a long traveled tale
who lie on scorched earth under blankets of dirt
in graves where violent stars once fell

#2 Christopher Zhou