

# The Dead in Paris, Parts 5 and 6

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## **The Dead in Paris, Part 5**

The virgins await you, scented,  
oiled, and dressed in loosely gathered  
folds of pure white cotton...

The virgins smirk

and flash sharpened teeth  
that sink deeply into bared  
and weathered skin

and the hardened muscle underneath.

The pain is not exquisite  
and goes on forever.  
The blood that gushed in Paris-

testament to the power-

fouls instead your arms and ankles  
as the sharp teeth cut the tendons  
and etch the bones.

## **The Dead in Paris, Part 6**

We built a wall from the Gulf  
of Mexico to the Pacific,

then one around DC, Atlanta,  
Phoenix, San Diego, Peoria,  
and Des Moines. Still,  
the bullets flew and the dead  
stacked up in morgues.  
You get the picture. We got  
medieval on their asses  
and the sieges  
ricochet and rumble on.

