

The Dead in Paris, Parts 5 and 6

by Gary Hardaway

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.

