

Heather.

by Johnny Dantonio

“Calm, Heather.
I'm beside you, my dear.
In the end,
it gets all better.”
Gone Heather,
with her hands in her hair,
silent for help,
over-involved now scared.
“It's not just you —
many children have kids,
without plan,
but they survive, too —
Please don't shoot!”
“Why not?!”
“This isn't just you!
dearest God!”
A dusty glass
Sprayed with blood.

