

# 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.

