

Hyena Spit The Poem

by Peter Erich

Pulp and flesh falling into dry grass is a gaze you cannot shake is sun following the ax handle the grit in the grain that burns like acid on the blade is salivating over your disgrace is rotting peaches and the warrior you want to be is useless sound. Worn leather boots, you are your past, dismantled and placed in buckets is venom and holy water and open hydrants, these are your last rights, the bruise that bled.

