

July Night At Greenlake

by Robert Crisman

In the vault
where no one had dared
since your first stillborn screams
I swept out your dead
The gnawing things
boneless and dusty
and stinking of churches

You came to me then
and I took you
there in the shadows
under the tree on the grass
near the reeds by the lake

I dived in your roiling green sea
I hunted your cravings, your lusts, and your rage
all the bottled-up needs of a lifetime

We lay them out on the grass
entwined as they were
with those ghosts
that had gorged on your marrow

We gave the ghosts nicknames
Fat Tony, Casper, etc.
and watched as they skittered away
in the dark
as your cravings
named also
took wing
hunted mine
And found them

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and bled them
and wept
as the moon tracked its way
through black heaven

