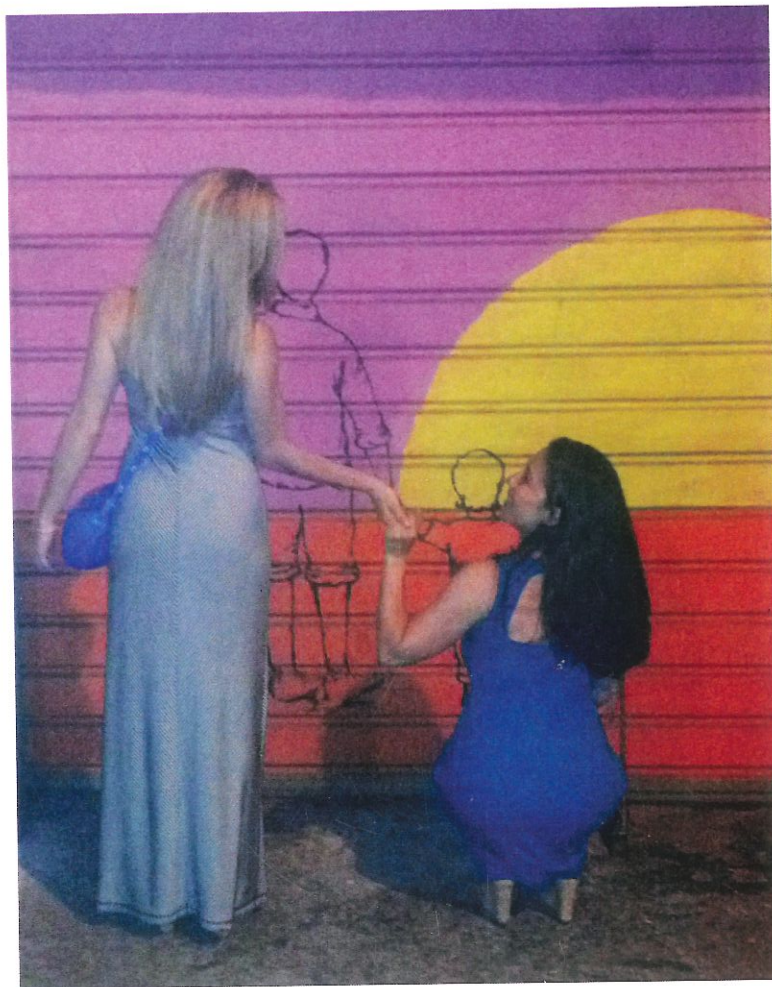


Third Wednesday

Winter, 2014



Cutthroats

One boy dreams a flame horse
pawing the flawless snow
in the cold Chusovaya hills.
Domino birch woods
laddered to the blessing quiet
numb the first terror, the last breath.

One boy deep in her thick blond hair
follows the long girl of sun and pollen
to clouds of gold and flower.
He drifts blindly
to the unbelievable rip
and falls down the darkest pathway.

One boy stares inside himself
at the soaked diaporama of pride and nerve
before reaching the blunt end of thought.
The perfunctory laughter of slaughter
turns him into meat.

One boy's marathon heart
calls out to live.
What they will do to him
rolls in red tides,
things seen in tales of low horror
when the murderers chuckle
like indulgent lovers
in the brutality of their pleasure.

One boy gasps in the tightness of agony
the cone of his throat
opened wide to the sky
where the fraudulent air denies him breath.

One boy is ahead of the game,
un-moved,
cut throat dead
in the aura of his blood
where his killers still rummage.

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