

Upon waking from an apocalyptic dream

A careless Father
Now spends time with
His blackhaired Son
In the reeds along our trail.

I carry the Virgin statue
Heavy, arms hurting
My legs sink into marsh and I shout the prayer to the line
Behind me.

My dog begins to limp
A bruise not a thorn
She tells me: a slow bruise
On all our hearts.

We come upon
Those monsters in the
Clearing and my heart
Shakes

I show them the rust-covered statue wet
And dewy our group picked it fresh
From the lilies of an Italian yard
They ignore the group in a line they
Take me and I leave the Virgin

And I leave her sinking
I leave her face cast in sorrow unending in
The marshy mud
So does
Everyone, the lime, as they hurry ahead leaving
Both of us before
I even leave her.

So the monsters take me on further
I jump from a tall waterfall
Into that strange pool
-a grave of dull swords.

-Kimberly Campanello