

Wilderness House Literary Review 6/1

Robert Vaughan
Betrayal

1)

You could have eviscerated me; removed my innards. I'd have been better off. Blood lets pain subside. Death lurks, slithering in familiar shadows.

2)

A handy hunting knife might have plunged deeply between the blades of my back. Swiftly, to the hilt, with a slight twist. Leaving it where I'd have fallen.

3)

Or how about performing hara-kari, drawn and quartering, like a hulk of flesh hung from a hook in a butcher's freezer; frozen, like the butcher.

4)

One swift clobber with a club, croquet mallet, baseball bat, golf apparatus. Heightened intensity, swifter result.

5)

But public flogging, rallying support. Woe is me. Words are powerful, swords in which our paths cross. A former sandbox void of play, a pool now hissing with piss.