

WE ARE STARVED

Always blood and those who give of it so freely.

The hemophiliac, the martyr.

The meat-packing plant at the end of the street.

Piles of ice dumped out back, soaked through with the blood of deer,  
their hind legs broken, stabbed through, hung to drain.

And the children, always the children.

Gathering the ice into small handfuls, licking as one would  
a snow cone.

161

We did this because we loved the deer.

We wanted, somehow, to tell it.

Our mouths full of salt and a senseless speaking.

We thought this was how you brought back the dead.

We thought you would believe us.

JOSHUA KRYAH