Six And The Jagged Maggot

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Recommended Citation

Available at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1992/iss1/49

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What would it be like to feel through a severed ear?
Would it listen to the screams of its agonized master
Or block it out till the annoying noise subsided? lead
A new decaying life of decomposition?

Would the ants march in perfect harmony clip-clapping
Soldiers the only triumphant trumpet sounding the
Rip and tearing of flesh, would it hear this?

Might the cool breeze of night sound soothing
Like the sea, or rain like cannonballs smashing through
A ship's bow during an evening of fire, or a mosquito
Buzzing unwanted buzz, buzz, would it listen?

Sound waves traveling with cries of the hungry, wounded
Or dying, groans as the earth shifts uncomfortably and
Yelps at all the injustices accosted on its crust and
Below, such atrocities, would it care?

Perhaps it would wish to retire from such utter
Overkill, things are just a loss to dwell on and there
is always something to replace a sudden silence

I ponder all these questions and thoughts, only
Deciding at long last how fortunate it would be
To be severed and dropped somewhere quiet, turn
White as angel dust and dissolve into the future. now it's dark

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