

Mauled

Today I wept and shook,
called out for the Lord to
save me, saw
past the veil.

My body mauled by evil
things. Bloody and
broken. Evil things
biting me, breaking me.

I am a child with a broken finger
stepped on by a playmate
in retribution.

I am a fat caterpillar, burst
open under the
wheels of a toy train.

I am a teenager
bicycling in an unknown
neighborhood, chased by a dog.

I am a centipede immersed
in oil.

I am a middled-aged man
with a broken collar bone,
having fallen on my head while
helping a student.

I am a baby
opossum drowned in
a bucket.

I am wandering under a
canopy of trees, my lunch in a bag:
raisins and some milk in a
jar.

Eventually
I will go home.

--Joseph H. Rosevear