Pork Finder

In the blood river of our final battle I found a dog with my le gs and danced on bird skulls that popped to the rhythm sent fro m the death machine.

You were the Pork Finder and you knew your job well.

As bits of the children and their imagination rushed overmyfeet I held you close as I kissed the blood off your lips

through your last shiver and let you go.

Gaza