

Winter In Her Blood

Gaza

Poison blackened veins like the roads through the grasses of North America.

It's an old hand that carries the candle through the dark.

Shaking and praying. Winter in her blood.

Panicked. Confused.

Desperation in the flicker of light on the whites of her eyes.

Moaning, gasping, clutching a screwdriver frantically stabbing.

It looks like Ms. America got into the pills again.

She tripped on some errant talking points and broke her hip on Afghanistan.

Heavy lies the crown. We're not the first and we won't be the last.