

Bearing the Serpent's Lamb

Job for a Cowboy

This virgin churns on the back of her own indisposed and throbbing body.

Nauseated she chokes on her own vomit emitted from her distended and desiccated throat.

Weak and obscured this woman's body begins to convulse and twitch in her now soiled sheets with an abdomen beginning to flourish as her ribs now unhinge and shift.

Beneath the rib cage lay a sweltering child.

A child forcing and pushing outward for decampment of his mother's womb.

Bearing a bastard child.

Bearing what is now the son of the new world's lord.

Bearing the serpent's lamb.

Overwhelmed she grows debilitated and weak.

Staying attentive becomes more burdensome, a struggle to stay awake as her body starts to contract, she mutters one conclusive, crowning breath.

"Why would such a God allow such deep evil? Theodicy!"

The curtains are slowly lowered over her solitary and meaningless life.

Her chest lay open, a gaping wound revealing the damage left inside.

Her own body only used to mask the beast that dwelled internally.

This orphan child scowls over the remains of his birth given or igin, his own mother - only to grow through his adolescence to clench the name of the Antichrist.