

Mercy

Wire

Crooks lay in a weighted state waiting for the dead assassin while the rust pure powder puffs, a shimmering opaque red.

Papers spread, no one driving, we hurled direct ahead, the windows dark-green tinted the hearse a taxi instead.

Snow storms forecast imminently in areas Dogger, Viking, Moray, Forth, and Orkney.

Keeping cover in denuded scrub, the school destroyed raised the club, panic spreading with threat of fire.

Crowding beneath a layer of foam, refugees intertwined, alone.

Within the institution walls in pastel blue, clinical white, slashed red lipsticked walls, mercy nurse tonight.

Seems like dark grey stockings in the raking torchlight with 4 AM stubble, a midnight transvestite.