

WEDNESDAYS' HEART

TONI SCORSESE

The package unwrapped fetches not a smile nor a surprise. It beats, seeping unexploited hope, no longer granted amity or support.

Another cleaved seam flays the raw, splintered husk. It ambles, hunting unbridled oath, no longer able to capture and retain promise.

In due course the stripped bark exposes a drought within. Yet to forgive the brother, to forfeit the pet, it duly fleshes the draining oneness.

Woeful, doleful it renounces a necrotic, neurotic, psychotic, pathetic ache. Anguish replaces wonderment. A hollow fossil remains, awaiting the next slaughter, ossified by the assault.