

Blood in the Bushes

Caedence Jones

confuse words for knives,
critique each syllable said,
blood bounds the mouth tight.

you tear at my flesh,
cut and pry my ribs open,
with wandering hands.

the gallows await,
cowardly, careful, callous—
with a righteous rope.

his legs drag me
limp, lifeless, down dirt-strewn paths.
branches catch and cut.

a shot echoes out,
dark forest swallows the sound,
leaves shiver in fear.

innocence is lost—
shattered under unseen eyes.
night swallows the world.