The Hunter

She smelled like
pine needles
and fresh churning blood.
It drowned out the baked cherry muffins
she carried on her arm.

An untrained nose would have only caught
their warm scent.
But a nose like this goes deeper. Like a dog sniffing for its meat.
Searching for the
hot sticky syrup that
moves with each heart beat.
A pounding that calls out like a mating animal.
Find me.
Have me.

She knew the area.
A nymph among these trees.
Singing a siren’s song to him with
each skip of her saddle-shoed feet.
Innocence always
smells sweeter.

He was skilled.
A hunter.
A weapon.
His cross hairs were raised,
and it was time again.

He usually let her pass.
Too young.
But something had changed.
She smelled different today.
She had that thick musky smell
of a woman.

Keeping his distance,
he watched.
It would be over far too quickly
so he savored the time and
followed silently behind.
His mouth watered.
Aching for a taste.
Back quivering for the attack.
He could hold back his instincts no longer.
He began to
move closer.
Creeping through the underbrush,
silence his only sound.
Following his senses as he closed in.

She twisted and turned
a familiar path.
Into the heart of the forest she moved,
deeper
and
deeper
into his lands.
Her red cap could be seen,
bobbing along.
It wouldn’t be long before he ended
her song.

He sensed the time. His hunt was through.
He prepared himself for the prize he would use.
A spring and a scream,
smothered at once.
Claws barring down with a clean slice then two.
He ripped
and he tore.
Soaking in the glory.
He savored each thrust
and inhaled the scent.

He thanked her for playing as he
smoothed her
sticky
He moved away but then stopped and stared. Memorizing the scene of the life that he took.

The blood slowly spreading around her body like a crimson cape.

Contemplating a Pair of Scissors

Long, dried, and dead at the ends. Muddy blonde waves and rats spiral on.

Never have seen the gleam of sharp sheers. Never released from this prison of fears.

The dampness of mildew and a musky thickness fill the air she has been breathing each day.

Dirt, dust, and moisture cover the surfaces she lives on. Shaded eyes, Bruised, and bloodshot, stare through the barred window pain.
Memories surface of a life or a dream.
Young, and naïve and beautiful too.
Golden curls bouncing.
Sunshine and dandelions and rain on her tongue.
Rosy cheeked dolls and tea cups and songs.

Back to her dungeon as the boom of steps pound.
Metal door clangs as the locks click their warning sound.
He is here for her now,
just like every dark day.
The numbers have clustered and all become one.
She only knows the years by the length of her mane.

Surrounded by brick and bourbon,
as the monster moves near.
Calloused hands
and dirty nails
grab for her hair.
He pulls her roughly to him as he has every day,
this is the new game he taught her to play.
She feels tightness at the roots,
as he twists deeper into her.
Tearing out clumps and scarring her more.
She grits her teeth and accepts the hard blow.
Closing her emerald eyes,
there is nothing left but to surrender to his torturous touch.

As the door closes,
locking her in.
She takes a deep breath,
and her prison comes tumbling back in.
His return will be soon,
she knows the routine.
Her body must be given for old food and a drink.

A request she asks,

for scissors to trim
the tendrils that continue
down her wringed neck,
across her bruised back,
along her thin frame,
past her bare feet,
lying matted and uneven
on the dusty cement floor.

These metal contraptions she has heard of before.
With this tiny item she hopes to find so much more.

He pauses and thinks as the evil in his eyes follow her curving silhouette.
A grunt is her answer with a slap across her cheek.
Leaving her unknowing,
her mind in a flurry.
For her hair is not what she intends to cut.

The banging again announces his arrival.
She has learned how to please him for her own survival.
The gleam catches her eye and for the first time her lips form a smile.
He sets them aside,
a payment is required.

She knows what to do,
as he grabs for her breast
she puts her arms up freeing her wrist.
The monster he is attacks her once more.
Stretching out her fingers,
her skin feels the chill of the metal.
Clenching them tightly she adjusts in her hand.
The sharp point in the air
and swiftly it moves.
Slicing through the flesh
over and over
this time she thrust.
Finally releasing
they both fall in the dust.

Standing there.
Unmovable.
As her tangle of
split ends
soak up
his blood.

**Aquatic Rest**

Lying silently
    against the floor.
Her head rests gently
    on a bed of
    lace coral.
Red hair
    trailing out, following
    the gentle
    flow.
Eyes
    Closed.
No bubbles form
    from
    her
    lips.
A home she
    has made among the shells
    and sand.
Her friends are flounders
and starfish.

The clown fish that swims seriously by.

Her fingertips beyond wrinkled from a long hot bath.

She is here in the shadowy blue haven.

Her skin slowly turning purple with each ebb of the tides.

Contrasting with the thick brown ropes that tie her delicate wrists together.

The skin raw and rubbed underneath no longer hurts.

Her ankles have stopped bleeding where they were fin bound.

Silent.
Burns around her swan-like
neck, still
    graceful tilted back
    where it
    lay, are
    rings
    of crimson as her
    lips
    once
    were.

The
    grey
    cinder
    block
    that brought
    her to this
    resting place
    sits a foot away.

Sunk
    slightly into the
    world around it.

Locking
    her
    there.
A
    prison
    of
    aquatic rest.

A crab
    scuttles by.
He'll be back for a
    taste
    once
    the skin has
    softened
    some.

The scavengers
    will find
    her.
And her tranquility will start to fade.

Each nibble will reduce her.

But for now the salt has cleaned her wounds and for a moment she shall sleep here.