

Cannae

"Human Head"

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Standing with a slight slant, the head seemed to be
twisted on just right.
Collared shirt and tie. presentable to who, I don't know.
A smile stretched
across the face with puppet strings holding each side
up. My head fills with
images of old horror films. A smile stretched across
the face with puppet
strings holding each side up. Severed limbs, headless
torsos. Doesn't that
ever wake you during the night? Demon shaded light
tones tip toe around my
comatose body. Disturbing tremors creep underneath
skin layers. My eyes burn
from the salt that was there. Just remember, the
narrator's only there for
advice.

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