

Pedro Guerra

"Discretion"

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Having no idea that his youngest son was dead,
The farmer and his sweet young wife slept soundly in
his bed.
In the shadow of the mountain, as the cattle hung their
heads.

Grazing only feet from where the broken body lay.
It would lay undiscovered for another several days,
When the farmer would find vultures at their banquet in
the hay.

The killer traveled eastbound in a golden brown sedan,
Weighing his most recent deviation from the plan.
Counting down the hours 'till the sun came up again.

Hired to hit the farmer, but the farmer's asshole son
Had not yet decided between poison or a gun.
Suddenly he realized he would not use either one

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