

Ink and Venom

By Ryan Ratajski

I've seen centipedes of sentences fall out of my mouth.
Scentless constructions of poisonous destructions
sent with the most devious instructions.

Wait. Bite. Kill. Devour.
Sugar. Sick. Sweet. So sour.

They digest dactyls and assimilate spondees.
They turn poetry into a paralyzing prose.
Their venom leads organs astray
to be vomited from the mouth in violent throes.

Wait. Bite. Kill. Devour.
Sugar. Sick. Sweet. So sour.

What mess they create on this paper I contaminate.
They lead men to their death and steal women of breath.

I deal in penned revenge: ink and venom