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## Heavy

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The underpass was silent. A metallic stench hung in the air as I padded into the creek. This flow of waste crimson-soaked my socks. Had I done this along the way? Disgust tied a knot in my stomach, but I kept moving. Heaviness crept up, captured me, and became my driving force. I felt her before I saw her. Inching toward her, I felt broken. I knew her: the raven locks and October-sky eyes. I remembered the feel of the silk-spun blouse—tattered now, it had also turned to crimson. Heaviness dominated my desperation to reconstruct this marionette. I collapsed to my knees and the gun slid heavy from my grasp. I had severed my strings.

**A BRIEF LOOK AT LIFE**

Psiren Blue

I'm humbled to know that one day  
We'll all be rotten  
Some of us will have aged like a fine wine  
And others like milk  
Spoiled, rotten, ripened past our primes  
Cast out in the morning trash  
For fear of flies and maggots