

War Remains Unwashed

runner

Karpov

January 29, 2024

On the first morning
Of that new other life
The air seemed sharp
As we slowed down at the bridge
Turn and huddle
Eyes wide open
To watch a dog tear a
Corpse apart
Listening
I heard the crunch of bone
Like teeth biting into ice
And face wet with tears
Empty
Hoping to regain a dream-like landscape
But this place is hell
They are looking for a way out
They look at me, dragging flesh across their lips
Lips of confession
One approaches the fence, and you flee from here
Convinced the forbidden animal would laugh
That death exists in and outside of war