

Third Place: Poetry

"VIOLENCE"

By Blake Williams

My oldest work will be my cruelest
these poems will be the razors that I use to
slash
cut
carve

smiles into the body of my literature
to reveal the teeth behind the skin that
gnash
chew
rend

the flesh of my dignity apart
leaving only scraps for maggots to
eat
rot
fester

these poems will be ugly, brutal
little things that my critics will look at with

disdain

shame

disgust

they will vomit at the rotting corpse of

rhymes and the meter of broken bodies will

lurk

stalk

haunt

their journals and blogs while my corpse

shudders with laughter and tears mocking

myself?

them?

who?