

staring at the smoldering body
with blackened fingernails off to each side
wind dependent drifting column of smoke.

someone says it is a crime being covered up.
someone says it is a just war.
someone says it is how infections are stopped.
someone says it is a victimless sacrifice offering.

before i can know...

it rains and beats down whatever was true into a thick mud
that makes it difficult to walk around.

the fingernails become tiny boats that float away.

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wf.h.
2024