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In the Hour of the Wolf

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The tide threw up cadavers submerged

Limbs ribs entrails uniforms insignias

Onto a moonlit beach:

Their bones tacked on the glistening sand,

Skins shaken loose

Held salty puddles and rusty bullets.

As wave after wave tugged them back

To the tide-mouth,

Their silent howls climbed the darkly vault of the universe.

The nighthawk, a promithean bird

seasoned at its job,

Burst open with its beastly beak

Bladders of their bituminous pasts:

like dark blood,

a poem inches

Spread painfully on sand