

# Pig Destroyer, Terrifyer

These strange thorned vines  
spring from the ground  
they wind around me  
as they bind me down

She moves across the rose garden  
suspended in a dark cloud of flies

Her toes drag  
the tops of the flowers  
and leave them blackened  
and shriveled

In her wake

Her hands dangle from thin strings of skin  
her forearms they're like gun barrels smoking crimson