HATE EATS

BY KAREN HOWEY

Hate eats,
Eats and feeds on
Human flesh until
All that remains is
The white blanched skeleton.
How did this happen
This love leached to hate,
As slowly as
The opening of a flower,
As stealthily as a wolf
Stalking its prey
Unnoticed until
The fangs are in the
Neck—and then
It is too late.

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