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Two People Dying

Izzy Ostrowski
Denison University

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Two People Dying

Izzy Ostrowski

You had never found a favorite part of your master's body
but you were eager to sleep in the warm spots, where the gore caked up.

Maybe if you were collared a bit tighter—or had bothered to raise your head then—
you'd have had your own square inked delicately into one of those reductive little comics;
a seat at the table with the people you loved—your place in the sun, the hiss of baking upholstery.

When you turn your face away, the light only catches on your fine hair and the crease on your cheek.
There is a star on your jaw from where the tack broke the skin, and a stripe of errant blood and plaster.