

Bacchanalia

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The party gathered evil to its bosom, its members
burning down a pecan grove without feeling
guilt's lithe fangs.

The owner of the grove, an elderly man with heart
problems, had a stroke when he heard
about his toby jug loss.

He lived, but his body looked like one of his pecan
trees, a paralyzed heat having taken both down.

The backcountry heathens play cards underneath
the doomed army, the insides of their mouths
feeling like pincushions when they try
to speak, a lavage not in nature's plan.