

A Prayer to Murderers

I heard the vulture laugh
and it was you. Now
ash glistens on my skin.

If you would give
me a coat darker
than a pine forest at night,
eyes that see
glare between the stars

you would hear
my steps like rifle butts
clicking on mortar

and I wouldn't startle you
like wind chimes

as I steal among you unnoticed
holding your face, death without food
freezing my heart
as I hang you
in trees.

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