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MERCEDES LAWRY

And You Cannot Prepare

A shout from the fog. Echo swallowed in fear, prickles at the neck. The trees are dumb holy men who've turned the corner. Evil hums in the long night picking its nails. Lock and double lock or recite prayers, what keeps us safe is magical thinking. It is the nature of surprise to woo us from our warm beds. The tragic astonishes even as it sits on your chest watching every bit of breath hiss from your open mouth.