

Pitting Cherries

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Skulls choke the drain, dumped
here like a yardful of unmarked graves.
Mama's kitchen sink
a stainless-steel killing field.

Her Scorsese-style weapon a cross
between ballpeen hammer and nail gun
delivers efficient pointblank trauma:

quickhit to the head
instant redvelvet spray.

With springshot cocked and loaded
her itchy triggerfinger trips
another bluntforce nutshot
and the stress released
is like a firing-range fantasy or orgasm,

burst apart.

She revels

in the abattoir she herself conceived,
this crime scene for a greater good
with its cherrypatter high.

Then roams the hallways for days,
fingerprints and conscience stained
the shade of latent rage.