

Human Head

Cannae

Standing with a slight slant, the head seemed to be twisted on just right.
Collared shirt and tie. presentable to who, I don't know. A smile stretched
across the face with puppet strings holding each side up. My head fills with
images of old horror films. A smile stretched across the face with puppet
strings holding each side up. Severed limbs, headless torsos. Doesn't that
ever wake you during the night? Demon shaded light tones tip toe around my
comatose body. Disturbing tremors creep underneath skin layers. My eyes burn
from the salt that was there. Just remember, the narrator's only there for
advice.

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