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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