

# 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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