

Blackbird

BY: NATASHA DOIEL

And all was quiet and all was calm.

Her skin was inked black, and she liked it like that.

Her voice was gravel and cotton. She tasted simple and sweet.

She had that kind of appeal that spoke softly. She snuck inside of you and spread her wings.

She was a blackbird. She stained you purple and then she flew away.

It was simple and you were broken.

And you were lost.

And she was gone.

Natasha Doiel is a sophomore studying psychology and English. She is from Southwest Iowa. She enjoys reading, writing, and volunteering.