

Fury

Its fists would be insane
had they intellect to lose
knowing nothing
but white knuckles
cracked and broken,
bloodied.
Bloodying.

Its eyes would scream
in agony
had they tongues to cry
with pain of seeing only that
which blinds them
when burned into their lids.

Its heart would wrench all
withered veins
to bulging, then
to bursting,
would smother all
incessant beating,
had it hands to kill.

— Amy Fee