Hammered Rocks

Hammered rocks echo
echo through the ravine

Ankles muddy
in their blood

Arms lifting through mechanical
lifting some force

Hands feel only
dropping

Legs feel nothing
nothing is pain
shackled and chained
Led to their slavery
By fat bellied horseman
With shinny sunglasses
And twelve gauge shotguns
And a smile that says:
“Please run boy
I’d love to shoot you
d
o
w
n”