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Love Has No Height, Love Has No Distance, Love Is Pure

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Matthew Lai

The End of an Era

Jeriann Watkins

She feels its approach
deep within her abdomen.
The horsemen descend upon her,
bursting into her life

Each carries his own unique weapon.
The first inflicts blinding pain
inside her head, inhibiting
her ability to think clearly,
or even at all.

The second causes her to curl
into a ball, hugging her middle,
begging for the pain to stop.

The third is the most gruesome.
With his arrival comes uncontrollable bleeding—
enough to cause pain and fatigue—
but not enough to finish her off.
The blood serves mostly as a distraction;
it keeps her from being able to fight back.

As ghastly as the bloody horseman is,
there is one more: the cruelest of them all.
He rides in before the others
and stays after they have gone.
He forgoes physical affliction
and delves straight into her mind,
shuffling her emotions like
a poker deck,
occasionally even removing cards,