

THE SHINING

Daddy will be
the death of you,
the best of you.

Daddy would never
hurt you, harm you
—no no no.

Daddy loves you,
hugs you. He says
it, I love you.

When he says it
his breath sings
the air, his beard

stings your cheek.
Daddy splits
the door—

he splinters.
He's the axe.
He's the key.

The snow
won't cease,
it annihilates

the sky;
the grand hotel
sighs, wind

rearranges drifts
high up
into its eaves.

Daddy's at
the center
of the maze,

hair aflame,
twisted
into horns.

Originally Published in Prairie Schooner

There's ice
in his eyes.
He groans

and lurches.
His blood
is yours.

He wants
to stay there
forever.