

LUKE APPLEBEE

IMITATOR

Plastic mummification
preserves her body.
He prods taut glad wrap.

She awakes
bound to a table.
Tears stream.
Profanity spews from trembling lips
like verbal diahorrea.

Which implement will he choose?
Scalpel, nurse scissors . . .

'God help me.' She splutters.

I will.

He hisses
and clutches a cleaver.
Heavy oak handle in one hand.
Duct tape in the other.

Black adhesive seals
her scarlet lips shut.
Confusion and rage boils
within her like a kettle.

He scratches his thumb—
a nervous affliction.
Epidermal layers are flayed,
peeled back to reveal raw pink

She writhes.
Sweat and tears
fog her slim frame

He raises the blade
it descends and sinks
into her scapula.

Shocked moans are muffled
then cease.