Black Widow

by Cole Kinney

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You were born to the purple.
Your eyes see nothing.

Death attends your waking in the Boston mornings.
Death lies down beside your sleeping in the Pennsylvania nights.

I live where you do not live.
I breathe the air of the free.
There is no brotherhood between us.

I bring the hammer down upon you.
It brings you to your knees, where you belong.

William Clarke Quantrill
31 July 1837-6 June 1865

Your life is the life of a woman.
Mine is the life of a man.

Hidden between the way things are
And the way things shall be
Is the hand of a God you have never known.

His face has turned away from you.
His vengeance comes upon you and all you call family.

Your hell waits for you like a black widow
Waits for her mate: hungrily.

I am your hell.
I am Quantrill.

Black flag.
Black death.
The night of burning forever.

And the last fire yet awaits.