

# AMANDA SCHRADER

## Four Poems

### The Black Years

*Out of the black years come the words, the herald of death.*  
-J.R.R. Tolkien

The feminine curse of emotions crawls  
like a parasite around him.  
He tries to forget the jackhammer  
rape of his mind,

writes a recipe for hate.  
Hate tastes it.  
Hate will replace loneliness and longing,  
a smoldering black snowball in his cold white life.

His final throws are thrown at you.

These pages weep for them.