

THE SINISTER SOUND OF A SOMBER HISS

Slithering and Slithering
Squirming and crawling across
the sandy, desolate desert floor.
The grainy particles shifting slightly
as my twisting body
slides and glides over them.
The scorching sun streams down
on my slick, shiny skin.
Destined to stroll in
unbearable closeness
to the ground for my
unchangeable sin.
Staring at the world,
from my low point-of-view,
I am looked down upon like
a dirty, filthy stain
in the center of a clean,
white floor.
Wide open is my mouth
as I devour my afternoon snack,
Feeling the iron -tasting blood
drip, drop, settle,
into the back of my slimy neck.

Hissing and Hissing
The sound of my hiss is as
sweet as the forbidden fruit.
I have an evil and vindictive
nature that is sure to allure.
I have a sweet yet bitter tongue
that is as hazardous as a
double-edged sword.
The burdening evil conception
in which my ancestors
have conceived,
Haunts me and taunts me

like when I deceived
Adam and Eve.
I creep up on unsuspecting victims
and strike their innocent heels,
Only the sinister sound of a
rattle, shake, shake, rattle, shake,
But it's too late,
the venom spreads,
and now you're almost dead.

—*Brittany Violet Long*