

At Dusk Come Bears
Matt King

At dusk
we will eat
our table laid
bearing witness to our TV screens
outside, forest and fire burn
twisting trees into wailing misshapen things
mishaps are our happenings
penned-in
by fists
nails dug into palms
tendons taught, begging to be cut
with a blissful unknown kind of calm.

As the sun goes down
we bear down
ready to wage war
black gnarly-fingered trees
poke at our door
scratching at our headlights
that obscure our scratchy thoughts.
Catch the man-beast
prepare it for a big feast,
Aim your guns, boys!
Get the noose around its neck!
Humour yourself with its skin, boys,
make sure there's nothing living left.

At dusk
we eat
tear it, bear it
all their flesh, all their bones
all our bearings overthrown
caught breathless by the bent-over-double-dead laughing caught in our throats
at what is left of the dead man
hanging on what is left of the rope.
Dark nights echo with our hysteria
as we plot what next to eat to cope.

At dusk we eat bears
nothing else left in the woods
howling at the midnight fires
bearing whelps born out of soot.
Bodies swarmed with parasites
minds at last alone
voices ripped of speech
lungs all scorched of woes.

Let them call us killers
of this land we own.

Poetry

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