Vengeance is a cold wind. She slips her way below my bones, where I need her vindication most.

Conversely, her rage is on high *burning* in the patronage of teen girls in pleated mini skirts knowing clothes don’t matter near as much as wandering hands finding their way below skin—my jeans, anyway

Well-manicured and bitten-off nails alike have pressed pads of fingers together enough times to know that Vengeance is the only spirit listening

When a hand passes through Benediction, Prayer, and Plea alike, *girls who were asking for it anyway* know that no god will remove a man’s grip from their legs, thighs, hips, chests, necks, wrists—

Snap

Like a branch from an adorned tree *wouldn’t be* snapped up in the jaws of a wolf? Get real.

Girls, the gods won’t fight monsters on your behalf. What do you think you were sent to his lair for?
Let’s face it ladies: no god will stop his scabbing skin from imbedding in yours.
What warrior could stand against him?
When he wears their own faces?
Don’t you see it, girls? He is their idol, just a statue of what they pray for
And the gods? Well, they must be listening to someone.

Remove your offerings from the altars of weak gods.
Consume the bones of the strong ox, yourself.
To pray to Vengeance is to swallow the blessing and spit it in your hunter’s face.