

Death

If I were to shoot you
on either side of your heart,
one shot . . . and then another,
you'd have two punctured lungs,
two sucking chest wounds.

Now you're good and fucked.
But you'll still be alive long enough
to feel your lungs fill up with blood.

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If I shoot you there with the
shots coming fast, it's no problem.
The ripples tear up your heart and lungs
and you don't do the death rattle,
you just die. There's shock, but no pain.

Phil Klay, "Redeployment"