

Rusty Steel

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In the onset of winter, the blink of an eye is all the time it takes to split the sternum and pierce the heart.

Four days will have gone by when the maggots and other insects begin to consume the flesh.

Thirty days until the beetles come to feast on the tough dry meat.

One hundred twenty days for the moths and bacteria to consume the remaining hair.

Spring will bring the warm humid rains as summer creeps upon what is left.

Fourteen days more until the steel blade bleeds dark red onto the newly polished and washed bone.

Eternity for the soul to forgive.