

Garden of Flesh

In the garden, blood-red rose bushes stand erect. Menacing green vines stretch and crawl the length of the concrete wall – thick, lush, and entrapping. Earthworms slither, wild and fearsome.

The tattered clothed children, with blackened fingernails, dig holes that are dark and deep.

“What makes this garden grow?”

The door of the woodshed beckons me. My breath quickens, my heart beats rapidly. I nudge open the door and gag. There, in heaping mounds, lie severed hands, arms and legs of rotting flesh. I turn slowly and stare back at the children grinning at me.

I scream.