



BY HENRY CARLSON

Warlock

It's always the raising of the dead that goes so wrong.
Say nothing of kindness.
Tell your friends I am kind,
and I will have nothing
left to eat.

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Cleric

Dogs want for fields
to be hounds.
Dawn wears midnight at your bedside.
Bites at his bones.
Starved and wretched as you are,
he's seen worse.