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Taxidermy

Heather Bechtler

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off their plates when they’re done. I wonder what South Carolina is like? I swear mum said there’s a beach called Murder Beach —

“Catherine, keep walking, you’re holding up the queue.”

OY! More security dogs, I’ll send them a message so they’re not suspicious.

I. Am. Not. A. Terrorist. I’m just trying to get my family to America.

We’re moving there. Do you understand?

They didn’t. And neither did I.

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**Taxidermy** | Heather Bechtler

Tiny clumps of hair
Once caramel in color
Crumbles beneath the lowest
Lair of pallid
Trampled dust.
A lump in the back of my throat
Rises as the bone shows.
Our teeth have clanked
Collided in battle, our hooves
Finger-less and delving, we were
Ambiguously a hiatus in the water-color
Sticky like honey whilst Satan licks up my spine.
Burning sweet like the water that runs from the Nile
Into the mouths of every little insensate frame and comatose sky
Lacklustre pallor only children could buy.

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**Untitled** | Lauren Copley

*120mm Film*