

Call to Arms

Caitlin Irish

Two girls sit in a darkened dorm room, words
loaded on the tips of their tongues, wanting
to pull the triggers. They hesitate
a moment, not knowing what the guns
are loaded with, not knowing
if there will be kickback. The bullets fire
from the barrels of their mouths, hitting
one another dead on.

Relief and understanding take the place
of bloodshed, and they let out sighs of repose.

They share a nod between themselves,
as they see they are one in the same.

Tears of joy falling,
they reload their guns.

They do not turn the safety back on.