

Junior Division Poetry

**Euthanized**

Emily Collins, Stephenville

I couldn't shut my ugly muzzle.

Her pallid face still haunts my soul,

Her silver eyes are ghosts in my mind.

My tongue tore holes in her heart

And left her on her knees.

She called me a monster, me and all of

My rabid tendencies;

They could not be contained any longer.

A whelp, for too long have firm hands laid on

To bruise her skin and wrack her bones...

I am sick for but one.

Pry out my teeth

Take out my claws

Neuter this anger before my hateful seed spreads

From the wolf in man's clothing, hiding under the bed.

I'd lie to you

To stay alive

But you won't lie to me

When you put the dog to sleep.