

Tinker Bell in Hell

by Gary Tillery, SFSPE

I thought I caught a glimpse of her
in the garden the other day,
mini AR-15 slung across her shoulder,
K-Bar on her hip.

She was likely on
some mission of mercy,
flitting to the aid of a
beleaguered friend.

I couldn't be sure because
of the commotion.

Two Christians had come to blows
over what Jesus would do.

I was a youngster when I saw her last
—that era when Pirate Island reigned
as the most dangerous place for fairies.

Being winsome and helpful
was in fashion then.

Now we live in a world
with more weapons than flowers.

If, one day, you have the impression
that you've glimpsed her in the garden,
darting among the blossoms,
look again.

More likely, it's a locust. Ω