

**Thrown: In which it turns out that Heidegger was right.**

*Chip Burkitt*

When she awoke she was already guilty,  
And she could not recall the days of her innocence.

Before she knew to call a spade a spade  
Her hands dripped blood,  
And her own history had become myth.

Naked and alone she straddled the beast  
And rode its iambic rhythms  
Into song and dance and yearning.

The soles of her feet grew callused with running.  
The wind of her passing became her companion.

She feared so long that he would ravish her  
That when he caught her it was by surprise  
He wrapped her in a soft, white robe  
And brought her good bread and red wine.

His kindness led her to repent  
The things she thought and said and did

And so she gave her heart to him  
He kept it hid and gave her his