**Death Metal**

Adina Edelman

Your words

are choked.

Just like the beltway

after your trailer s k i d d e d

and squashed

three cars like soda cans.

Metal scraps scattered

horror falling like

shrapnel.

There is an osmium weight

on your lips, strips of steel

woven tight to trap sound.

You watch the widow

her hands empty

her face a rust-red.

The shrieking silence you sit in

is the still body after explosions

a leaden hand sliding eyes shut.