

ANDRE DECUIR

Vision

In the garden
stands a statue
of some forgotten saint
gray hollows for eyes
maybe gouged out over time
by the thorns
of a wild rose bush
oblivious to a robe
not soft and flowing any longer
but dry and cracked,
white chips scattered in the dirt
and the blackbird at your feet, searching,
with wings like stained glass
epaulets red
as blood in the sun.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Andre DeCuir is a professor at Muskingum University, and his short fiction has appeared in *Gay Flash Fiction*, *Dialogual*, and *Rose & Thorn Journal*. He lives in Reynoldsburg, Ohio.

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