

# The Warning

*by Bob Boucher, November 2012*

Allen's arm was throbbing  
his forearm hurt like hell,  
something inside his arm  
was gnawing at his bones.

Out to his patio he ran.  
In the morning sun  
he saw a small black hole  
in the palm of his hand,

Dripping blood.

The hole was not large  
smaller than a quarter,  
smaller than a nickel,  
smaller than a dime,

The size of a cigarette burn.

Something in his arm was eating him alive.  
Allen pounded the railing with his fist,  
pounded the railing with his open hand,  
over and over and over,  
he pounded the patio railing.

A small black bug crawled out of the hole  
gave Allen a sinister smirk,  
opened its wings and flew away.

Allen sprang out of bed,  
eyes wide open with fear.

At that moment Allen knew.

He was doomed.