**Goliath**

*By Vincent Morse with the help of Stephen King’s novel Misery*

Like the tread of Goliath striding into the Valley of Bones,

“Geeee-yahhh!”

She charged with the force of bull-like anticipation.

He howled like an angry drunk

Legs pumping, knees flexing, elbows chopping.

Hair bounced, joggled, came loose.

Now her passage was not silent.

A picture:

Arc de Triomphe clacked affrightedly on the wall

On the bunched salt dome,

Her fist slammed like pistons

In the stale sickroom air.

Veins standing – his head back.

Pain burst,

Whitely radiant in the center of a nova.

“Scream all you want, no one can hear you.”

Her grin more widely,

“Geeee-yahhh!”

“Geeee-yahhh!”