

## sackcloth

*Kyle Hunter*

i am a good person  
i tell myself  
i am a good person  
i feel remorse  
as i lead the kid  
to my knife  
as i tenderly pull  
away his pelt  
it clings to his muscles  
like a reluctant soul  
cleaned and cut  
with a strict      sober eye

i am stitching the path  
i took to get here  
i am stitching a way out  
can you admire the way  
i construct my guilt  
how i hide it in a coat  
i took as my own  
how i feel      every coarse memory  
i am finding myself crying  
for what i have done  
i am finding myself crying

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KYLE HUNTER {[kylemartinhunter@gmail.com](mailto:kylemartinhunter@gmail.com)} writes and wrangles his five kids in Indiana. His kids force him to practice law so they can have extravagances like food and instrument lessons, when he would much rather use his degree in oil painting. His poems have appeared in various journals, including *Main Street Rag*, *Abbey*, *DASH*, *Rat's Ass Review*, *So It Goes*, and others. In his free time, he also helps edit the *50*, a poetry anthology (<https://x.com/the50anthology>).