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*rape*

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The unhurried sun ambles across an early evening sky, while the westernmost edge of the wild blue yonder patiently awaits its night on the town. Lazily inclined meadows rest comfortably alongside the meandering rural lanes. A softly spoken stream tells a never ending story as it freely passes. Elise gently eases the thirsty throttle, subtly subduing the still-drowning din, and softly soaks in her sublime surroundings. Coasting with carefree contemplation she allows her mind to wander appreciatively. Seduced by the seamless blending colours her eye has drifted from the road, so that as she effortlessly ascends a brow-beaten hill a sudden patch of treacherous oil takes her by surprise. Prevailed by the foul sickly odour, agonised antibodies rush to the rescue of an over-sensitized immune system rapidly crumbling in chaotic crisis. As the previously pastel palette, now intently jarred with garish florescent-yellow incongruity, pitifully testifies; this is no accident. With assaulted eyes streaming Elise laments the lush green fields of her innocent childhood, so crassly raped by the ever esurient landowners in their long-rooted lust for effortless yield. The blind profit has spoken hence these feckless farmers permissively plant their alien seed, leaving the poor lost natives helpless to stem such genetically engineered onslaught. A belligerent Bitch bellows contemptuously as they roar up the offending road, while Elise casually wipes away the tears and shakes the dust from her still-swollen feet.

Wherever this is, she will *not* be coming back.

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