Cry Wolf

Born girl in the wither-lands and pop her hinges one by one to floor. No reason to wade towards the sad bucket feeling.

To love this twice-ghost of twill and songbird dead, I need her soldered to me. My grief often catches in the shivery goose trap.

The life expectancy of this kind of animal counted on the rings of a circus top. I say topple her years into a noiseless field.

She learns the word albacore and cartwheels off a nearby cliff. She lives and dives again to come back as ghost moth and shrill.

I hold her to a broken tooth. I hold her though to touch means to cut and barber; to touch means I am pressing juice out of her scarcest bone.

Cradle the shy end of her—that suckle and sour mouth going, Mother, I noose you. Forgive her for all her knife and flesh games. She is so small.

These are the things she loves: touch and the color opal, little lamb of every sugary rhyme, and that look of red faces tearing out her seams.