## Woody Woodger

## **SOUP: A SERIES**

1: Come to a Boil

the trumpet whinny of lumberjack saws cut blister crimson across the bell curve hulls.

fine vessels all,
and each to be
drowned tight by the noxious,
tar bubbling
like mama's stew,
waiting at home.

concrete floors span, wet smooth

like glass. always left littered with shavings

those tufts and snippet curls daddy must roll around in,

judging by that shirt.

## **POETRY**

## 2: Simmer

jaundice chicken noodle.
oil eyes buoy
to the top,
but can't scale the lip.

her grandma fingers
break a yoke

on his head. tributaries silk down daddy's grit curls, sponge sweaty in a tar fever.

3: And Let Sit

a barbershop bathroom
where the rabbit boy,
pink, whimpering hell,
let's nose flutter
from brunette flea bites.

his towel, sliver-green bib: milking it for all its worth,

as mama fixes her bowl over some rabbit boy stew and has the kitchen scissors

show him how pretty those bright blue eyes could look

If only he would please, let her near more often.