

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.