Taylor Rae Botticelli

BAD TAXIDERMY

I wish my face were mounted

for all to see

somewhere expected

like that coffee shop in the Tenderloin.

Patrons could stop

and stare

at my fixed expression and perhaps be temporarily unburdened of that awful sensation

of growth.

My home of reclaimed wood

in its angular assertion

somehow

softens.

Close up they might see the cracks and craters

of my ageless face,

shot and carried

before hanging.

Teeth lined up like San Francisco housing,

hillside

and trying to get higher.

But from the position at which I would be visible,

no one would notice these things.

Passersby would continue,

like always,

paying no particular attention to

my severed head.