

A Servant. A Hanging. A Paper House

Pity silk in the elbows,
I rose like a flannel

throat in a fire
of fog. Once an apple

biter—now gumming
ghost leavings. Wisps

of chambermaid keys blinking
through my lips. Entreat

the door knob—Silent,
but overused in the upstairs

sky. Fingerprints rushing
the wood. Jack hammer

wrists splintered & paralyzed.
Crack—& the tin pops

open—flooding out scarlet
seminary ribbons. Pausing

to notate a pregnant
wing. In the center

of a glittering scream
hangs an egg. Icy

& blue—left and that
is to say, I love you

and could you please
return to me my tongue.