

MALACHI BLACK

*Dandelion*

She sleeps folded  
up like an old phone  
number, no name

on a scrap of nap  
kin in a stranger's calf  
skin wallet, her

half-closed hand  
in the shape  
of a shaved lamb.

She is the seed  
ingrown, alone  
inside an avocado.

Her heart: a handful  
of feathers  
rubber-banded together:

a dandelion dismantled  
by a breeze too cold to keep  
to the East Coast.

Starfish quiver in her  
head: slow rowboat  
floating on the bed