

KRISTEN KECKLER

Star Pawn

Sometimes I wish Charles Simic
were my boyfriend
instead of you.

In a crooked alley,
he'd find a spider
in a wedding dress

and call her March.
Lend the future
to an old widow,

smoking on a tomb
smothered with pigeons,
like black and purple

tattoos. He'd ink the whole
damn thing. Love it
if I bore the constellation

Capricorn across my torso,
wouldn't say it looked
like little moles, bruises.

Inside a shadow box,
two fuzzy heads
dangling from a mirror,

we'd finally get some sleep.
Feeding our tigers.
Fluffing the scarecrow.