

Shorn · *Laura Jensen*

When she'd heard every word
she wanted another one.
Zhirz, her mother said.

When the patched dragon
echoed in,
Zhirz, she said,
and the dragon swayed and scratched

at its chest. When they sheared
her head, parted her hair
from her head, she swore she'd
heard every word. She said
zhirz, zhirz, and they said
dichotomy. She smeared
the mucus and tears
from her snout and went
to the dictionary. *Separation*,

she read, and hair sprouted.
*Growth, plants, planets, half-
of-a-moon*, she read, and her hair
radiated. *Zhirz*, she said.

It meant, *radiate*.