

BENJAMÍN NAKA-HASEBE KINGSLEY

*notes grandpa gave the search party upon his rescue*

in the woods i met a lady in a black dress

or was it a dark tarp laid over sickled branches

&

on the forest floor i coddled a mother rabbit nursing

or was it a cracked violin uncased

in my first year of sputtering faucets

i climbed a ladder of arms and wore a meaty necklace of sapphires

it was hard fitting a family of bluebirds over my head

&

when they crowned me king my subjects brought me gold bowls of grape salad

beetle feet tickled my tongue from my uvula insects hung

in my second year of burnt stove smells

i was asleep in lavender cotton and a trickling of fairies came dancing light

hello i'm cold and i think i'll go home now i said

&

to the men in orange vests flashlighting

or was it to the lightening-struck torch of an upright log

in the third year of fire alarms beeping

they said they found me rolling like a dog in a dead thing

i said please mind please mind the rabbits making rice cakes on the moon

&

weeks later they found me again dancing horizontal on the forest floor

in the final year of my kettle's eternal whistling