Wisdom Isn’t All It’s Cracked Up to Be

I painted over my mirror two days ago
Because I didn’t particularly like the grimacing
Owl that sashayed around the edges.

I regret choosing the color yellow,
Selecting it only because I was told it was cheery
And because the paint can happened to be giggling behind
My leaf blower in the bathroom.

The pellet I found on my bed yesterday
Stared at me for forty-five minutes
Before it cracked open on its own accord.
Amidst mouse bones and hair and what looked like a snake skull
There was a torn diploma, an inkless pen, and an unraveling string.

I found talon marks etched in sunshine this morning
And feathers floating in my eyebrows.

I Could Kill Death

I want to snap the neck
Of the crow that stole your collarbone.
It left you limp and sunken,
Folded like a paper airplane
Sent to fly down my ear canal
Leaving paper cuts instead of fingerprints.

But you don't soar anymore, do you?
Your wings are severed
Unlike that crow's.
He must have hooked out my eyes
And placed them in your palm
Just above the worry line.

Maybe if I sewed your shoulder blades together,
Glued a rod to your back.
Would that make the lily petals
Go back into your eyelids?

**Judgment**

Let frost encase flesh.

    Feel the marrow solidify,
    icicles on each vertebrae.
Pray there’s enough time
to form your igloo
    against the jury’s frozen retinas and
sleet covered voices--
    the ones that exist to etch.

Inhale their fog
so the lungs
    start to splinter;
if they shatter, you avoid
    the ear-bleeding scream.

Then wait for their chisel,
    ice pick,
to find your sculpted spine.
Mirror

Let me fight you
with my kisses.
Feel my tongue
trace my hate.
You can watch me
swallow each brain cell
dripping behind my nasal tomb.
But can you taste
my salt?
Once I’m empty--
full--
I can start
Leeching you,
consuming me
with my caress
until our empty container
won’t feel my delicious sting.