

Cry Wolf

Born girl in the wither-lands and pop her
hinges one by one to floor. No reason
to wade towards the sad bucket feeling.

To love this twice-ghost of twill and songbird
dead, I need her soldered to me. My grief
often catches in the shivery goose trap.

The life expectancy of this kind of animal
counted on the rings of a circus top. I say
topple her years into a noiseless field.

She learns the word *albacore* and cartwheels
off a nearby cliff. She lives and dives again
to come back as ghost moth and shrill.

I hold her to a broken tooth. I hold her though
to touch means to cut and barber; to touch means
I am pressing juice out of her scarcest bone.

Cradle the shy end of her—that suckle and sour
mouth going, *Mother, I noose you*. Forgive her for all
her knife and flesh games. She is so small.

These are the things she loves: touch and the color
opal, little lamb of every sugary rhyme, and that
look of red faces tearing out her seams.