

## Alligator Teeth & Lavender Sprigs

I plant alligator teeth into the dirt.  
I rub lavender springs on the mound.

I encircle, hum, & vibrate  
this dance a seizure.

I am not crying I swear this is just a Tuesday afternoon.

He goes to sleep and does not wake up.  
His heart stops.

I go into the mangroves and find a small body locked under roots.  
It is floating on the water, a babydoll.

## Of Mice and Monsters

When I get up,  
there is hay in my hair.  
I am not alarmed  
my neck swings my head down.  
Something here is broken.

The bruise on my right shoulder goes away slowly. It turns the colors it is supposed to, purple,  
brown, yellow. It never blossoms in the way people say bruises do. It just hurts.

Here is where I am confused.  
My body the perfect imprint on the floor of the barn.  
Was I supposed to get up?  
I hear folks rustling outside, smell the dogs pulling at their chains.

Blood pools at the seam of my pants. I feel where the skin pulled apart. When I walk it breaks  
again and again. I throw the underwear away. The blood doesn't blossom just runs.

I straighten my dress out.  
The wrinkles disappear under my fingertips.  
I pluck hay off my chest.  
My head hurts.

When holding me a rib displaces, I can feel it shift. I cry out but nothing happens. Later that  
week the chiropractor sets it back. I imagine collecting my ribs and tying a ribbon under them. A  
bouquet of bones. They will never blossom.

Am I dead?  
My memories blur:  
a small mouse, unmoving in a palm that's not my own.  
"I didn't kill it! Honest. I found it. I found it dead."

## Ecological Grief

It starts in the branches,  
they splinter off,  
I find bark on the sidewalk.

Nothing stays the same,  
the sky is turning a bright orange,  
I try and kiss the sunshine from the streets.

I wander outside and on my porch  
lays the body of a two-headed fawn,  
it stopped making sense years ago.

It ends in the roots,  
they break through the ground,  
I trip over them on my way through the yard.