

Dog Beneath the Skin
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It is true he looked into me with a flashlight and determined
I need more flaxseed. Dried out and hollow inside, a single walnut hangs in my center.

Very excited! Yes... feeling ex cite did!

Lost at this convention center, my head right at other peoples knees.
I can smell my mother. I try to follow the sweet scent of her secretions.

(A grapefruit!)

How quick it grew, eating up all the little cells.
Bulbous, contorted, she hyperventilated her way into a seizure.
Fingers flipped inward, eyes rolled back as a dull rock shredded its
way through her.

The rock had teeth, hair, a rough
template for an amygdala.

(Oh! Our brother, he's lived inside of us all along.
Shiva, Shiva, Sitting Shiva.)

I remember Paul 's mind melt ing , their reclining body declining.
"Going to see my daughter today, she fell in love with a man.
She fell in love with a m a n."

And his face collapsed onto the floor just like his sack of a body did.

But it is not a shell it's
a bladder.

I absorb radiation but can no longer extend outside of my electric fence.
I give no light, I have no saliva, no sweat.
I shake and I quiver at your feet.