

## **FENNELSEED**

by Henry Enzor

What do you violate?

My newborn tendencies have begun to slow me down. Everything in the world is not gentle and good and I wept like a madman upon finding it out. I thought you would wake me from another dream, a jumping spider between the inside of a glass and a slip of copy paper

I slide out into the grass and run away. I will die elsewhere.

I play outside. I love to the point of genesis, of creation, too hard and too brutal for my body to keep. I bury it behind the house with everything else. The dog. The cats. The squirrel. My childhood was a funeral and I wrote the eulogies, taking the blame for every little thing that died. All my loving was not a virtue, or a choice.

You come in like a sigh, you come in like a memory. Rolling in like a cloud. I remember love manifested in the form of a ghost at the top of the stairs, a figment of my overactive imagination with a name and a face and a story to tell, fabricated, born in the back of my mind so that the big house might feel a little less empty. In another life I think you killed me. In another life I am that very ghost. I bought gifts, picked flowers, kept quiet, lost sleep, vomited and seized and bled and broke and begged for a man who led me into the trees and left me for dead. Don't say it breaks your heart. Mine broke.

You know mine broke first.

I wrote you off in yellow crayon, and I don't think about if you think about me. You are not even the worms in the garden. I love them far better than thee.