

dog days

as summer passes away,
blackberries sprouting from the
burn pile begin to look like bruises.
my mother bought one hundred
minnows for the water trough. *they*
eat mosquito larva. purple juice
smears and stains my nail beds, the
rim of a kitchen bowl. the burn pile
sits impatiently. fire ants parade up
the street of my achilles tendon. the
minnows keep dying. I pinch &
flick the little blood clots, elbow-
deep in this discard still spitting out
new life. look down
before you step. my arms are striped
pink and torn through with thorns.
burn pile now home to the rabbit &
opossum & copperhead. my mother
takes me by the ankle, pulls me
from beneath bramble bushes &
deposits me next to the water
trough. I'm falling in
love with dark corners, a hidden
fullness. growing from the rot,
something sweet.