

As their Sunday offering.
 When his nails grow too long, they
 Chop them into croutons for their
 Dinner salads, while the meatloaf
 Is stuffed with his shoulders.
 When he is bad, they put him into a plastic bag
 And close it with a twist tie.
 He sits in the refrigerator,
 Barely breathing.
 But when he is good and guests come to visit
 They say,
 "This is our boy. We baked him ourselves."

-- Lydia Tomkiw

Chicago IL

solitary
 the rag
 rug in my
 own room
 kept to
 itself
 till the
 animals
 began
 to march
 & a dish
 of honey
 was brought

clouds
geese
 large-eyes
 birds
 anything!

cobblestones
running
 metal struts
 dandelion
 born
 & dies

ragged
clothes
 on
 scarecrows
 straws
 made into
 bodies
 red
 ribbons
 for
 buttons
 small
 black
 feet

catacombs
sneaking
 in a
 small
 place
 a candle
 held in
 both hands

stakeout
the
 hour
 of burglars
 in
 tartan
 pants

lobby
of an
old hotel
 a touch
 of mildew
 a round
 green mat
 an umbrella
 stand