

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

<u>solitary</u>	<u>clouds</u>	<u>ragged</u>
the rag	geese	<u>clothes</u>
rug in my	large-eyes	on
own room	birds	scarecrows
kept to	anything!	straws
itself		made into
till the		bodies
animals		red
began		ribbons
to march	<u>cobblestones</u>	for
& a dish	running	buttons
of honey	metal struts	small
was brought	dandelion	black
	born	feet
	& dies	

<u>catacombs</u>		<u>lobby</u>
<u>sneaking</u>		of an
in a		<u>old hotel</u>
small		a touch
place	<u>stakeout</u>	of mildew
a candle	the	a round
held in	hour	green mat
both hands	of burglars	an umbrella
	in	stand
	tartan	
	pants	