

Amy Thomas

I walked downtown and stepped on a *pornochanchada*.

earlier in the day I'd bought a pumpkin. placed it deliberately on the corner of my coffee table. cradled the stem in my mouth like I loved it. an unnerving dust refuses to settle. instead it wraps me all up from the inside. my pores are a smoky mess in the swan light. when I see his stigmata breasts I make a little hole in my own lung and string a thread through it. tied a sailor's knot in it. painted the ends a murky yellow. cackle with the know-how. my do it yourself attitude.

pity for a non-storm. find me ankle deep in the guts.

when there was a lion a single ruby jammed between in its teeth, you croaked a wet one. I went out and he was obtuse. tiny wires a breath from his eye nearly punctured the dull blue. I stared demurely at my hands. my hands were slicing each other open, sinew, sinew sparkly fresh in the light. one tendon I snapped out and hummed *fried fish?* somewhere beneath the softened ground, my father makes a three quarters turn for the camera. a snarl in profile. hair matted, never mattered. the tendon rests against my cheek and rouges there.

my own spotted face slick with it.

melted a penny in the craggy mess of it. deft hands made a room for it, frame of little teeth, whittled down to squared raw. shadow box, a jaw wired shut. the wire a length of honeyed antlers. he pulled from the deer one hair at a time, one tawny eye plucked as a cherry pit. swam there minted and coiled. placed between my lips like a sweet thing. his lung heaved out like a cello string, bass sigh. we'd constellate there. trade lengths of ribbon. every inch a clot hung there. the stream, blubbering tributary, leaking knots. left once a glimmering bonesaw. i'd crack open a bone there, knuckles deep in the marrow. like a sweet thing.