

WOLVES IN THE PAGES

How much would you lose, sister? Only myself, gaining
on sunrays like the stagnant arrow every optimist tattoos

into lamb flanks. My success, only measurable by this line
of absurdist dresses I wore, crawling through your guillotine

of shuddering bedroom. You've no heart to impress. I cater
to its hypothetical aesthetic. Victorian madam, orphaned

in head-to-toe velveteen. A little rabbit, roughed up
until realness hit with the toy wand of everything infants

crave and grow to shun: food mush, raspberry bellies,
an audience to my earnest puking. Unlike Virginia

I take every stone from my gown's prophetic depths.
Answer: It costs 30 pounds to float above life today.