

# The Turkey and the Tall Tree

*by Agnes Ezra Arabella*

The bench was set by the water  
Marble  
And dedicated to a man  
etched his name,  
the year he was born,  
and the year he died.  
She had been suffering from  
a dark narcolepsy  
that reflected off the clouds  
a lightening bolt energy  
like a screw  
turn screw and wrench.  
Door knocking,  
door opening,  
the wrench like a knife  
caught on her skin  
She sat next to the tall tree  
and watched the swans  
One emerged from  
green algiec sludge  
balanced on the water  
with all her pretty  
cygnets and her  
male mirror  
leading them  
like  
a carousal  
at Coney Island  
going round and round

the lake  
a sculpted  
horse with a turquoise sash  
the lights shine in the mirror  
the light bulb soft yellow  
she called it citrine  
but it was more like a feral  
Ariel  
She wondered if it was the mermaid  
or the horse?  
Staring at the turkey in the tree  
A pine  
with a bench underneath it  
The call was  
a crunchy  
crusty shuffle  
Above her head  
A strange nuanced beating  
A thumping  
that felt larger  
Than a tree bird  
Felt larger than robin,  
yellow finch or a crow  
A strange assemblage  
a gold mermaid  
to look up to  
A different intuition  
to look up to  
To see a plump turkey  
wrestling the branch  
of a tall pine tree  
Baring steady  
An acrobat  
with a large plume  
A magician

Against the red curtain  
Looking into a Magic 8 Ball  
Will the rabbit  
be pulled out of the hat?  
So plump when it jumps to the ground  
Does it look over the edge  
like a girl who wants to jump?  
Assess such consequences  
Conditions  
To break a limb, laceration  
or traumatic brain injury?  
Her thrills really are  
the feel of a clean kitchen.  
I wonder if she will take  
a third?  
She stood standing  
looking at me,  
breeding the chicken  
breast  
first the canola oil  
then the bread crumbs  
her hands were slimy  
as she swung them in the air  
At her daughter, standing,  
grown.  
"This is your father's wake.  
Don't just stand there  
like a Goddamn banana.  
Get the pasta salad from the fridge  
and put it out! They are waiting!"

