

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!"

