

cute little space bat with scissors

by aksania xenogrette

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lazy as a daisy

remember that summer

before ethylene sailed away

it was all us gales up at box creek

he was all of six and sewing up dolls

charming the cactus on rhyming piano

all those moths. he threw them in the fire

he played marionettes with spiders. you smiled

he spoke calm into the sputtering candle

all those moths

swam like minnows

up the tulip tree

a raccoon cub
on each shoulder
with your winnowing ring

I AM A FIRE SWAN!
THIS IS MY QUILT!
YOU ARE MY QUEEN!

word for word.
and then he flew...
finely as we've ever sewn.

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