

He Was Slim And His Eyes Were Wrong

by Bobbi Lurie

He was slim and his eyes were wrong.

He was from a species of the creep family, a diagnostician told me as a favor, later, after I was forced to declaw him.

I will say, in my own defense, in the dental angle of a root canal, in my Caramelized, free, buried, air of malnutrition brought on by fishing; by the guts of fish, the mirror through which I saw their fatty, frantic stares at death: glaze-eyed.

The dog smell of the ocean...

Trying to hide, and yet, what continued to permeate was the shiny.

