

Shiny

by Cooper Renner

I'm slim, baby, caramelized as a Slo-Poke buried in the fatty acids of some old dog's guts. The way they creep, frantic with finesse, free, locking their eyes in the dental mirror. It's wrong, maybe, but who'd dare to declaw them? Look at it from their angle, the one that drags the back molar into view. Like the beach after the latest storm, all those shiny bulbous things nobody ever went fishing for, that the sea kept trying to hide. I'm malnutrition, sweetheart. Let me permeate you.

