

bunk

by Jane Flett

we were supposed to skip school
at least
she wanted to

spend a day sat down
the concrete steps
by the canal

I bit her ear and
it was burnt toast

I stole her scabs
for voodoo spells

we were supposed to bunk off
the girl
with the purple-stained breath

and me / the girl with halo shoes
but

afraid of dogs and dirt, I
stayed in class

in trigonometry
without her talcum
my cheeks were red

all our angles
were ever more obtuse

