

Skull Trophy

Gaza

Light poured from my chest and every bird had called your
name

As I drove by a deer carcass someone had cleanly taken
the head off of.

I thought of you. I knew you'd find it full of wonder.
Someone had desecrated a corpse for a sportless
opportunistic skull trophy.

That alone is some hillbilly shit.

The bigger picture is that we've lost feeling in our left
arm.

I guess there's no real evidence that we ever had any.
Its in the worst of us that you'll find the baselines
And the indications by which to measure.