

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.