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## Bluegill // Our Disillusion in Three Acts

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SAVANNAH SKINNER

# Bluegill

a twist of nicked blade  
weighty in palm, quick

& bloody lush of trash-fish  
spilt over wet shale:

these delineations of membrane,  
of silica spine—sunlit copper  
& glint of intestines in miniature.

curiosity in its realization  
gains a new layer of nausea,  
whispers *isn't it lonely to be god?*

how licks from the dull knife  
carve in us a deliberate fear.

# Our Disillusion in Three Acts

## ACT I: THE PLEDGE

examine the ordinary  
girl: bluing collar,  
her hackneyed legs,  
wrists a repertoire  
of exotic knots—  
tethered bird in hand.  
are you watching closely?

## ACT II: THE TURN

you subtle skill,  
sleight of claw  
    or nape of neck: clutch  
    the delicate tarsus.  
sternum as trick lock,  
    heart as vanishing  
cage. slip a canary  
    down my throat,  
    her punctured lung  
    up your sleeve

ACT III: THE PRESTIGE

& reveal another from the mouth.  
amidst the beat of wings,  
canary in the crook grows cold.