18 Months Without a Head // Spider on My Headboard

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The crowing reaches morning sunlight
as an unhurried gurgle, alive still & Lloyd Olsen

whimpers from nightmare to daybreak, dry heaves Mike's
sunrise anthem. Perched among the hens, the rooster

need not have frightened the neighbors outside
closed curtains. No one wanted to see the rooster without a

warning. Even Lloyd, especially Lloyd who missed
dinner & lost grip that September

evening to axe a species into legend. His bird unhinges
simple realities—sky is blue, can't live with

head cut off. Scuffing wings announce an en-
lightened body flipping off quaking onlookers. Mike defies

mutilation, flashes Lloyd an unweighted neck hole
Spider on My Headboard

Your house is not this place, Spider,

the headboard view from those many eyes
could peep my sleepdrooling face
sneak giggles while spinning meals.

The webs you put in corners have no home
where I rest in the dark. Seeing you
my lips stretch along blunted teeth, reach
for seconds to steady breaths—

Do you see yourself in shiny
doorknobs warped belly-big, needle legs knocking?

I hovered a shoe next to my bed: printed
stains where I laid my head to rest.