

Nesting Doll

I paint the apron

I part the parted bangs

I speak

Then call myself Begonia

I write the black begonia

I love as love does not

Whoever you are

I am

We are

I breathe, I stand

LUKE MUYSKENS

Dog Medicine

She bleeds when you clip
her nails and
flowerstain pillows on
the bed. The floor
is wet like apples
thinsliced times 100.
You look at the clock
which grows and becomes

her face. Love is
heartworm. When you don't look
it eats a hole,
but there are pills
you can take to keep your shit
strong. The furbaby
makes a whistle whine,
which nothing can hear

but her felt, feeling ears.
I watch her make a violin
in thirty seconds of chemical,
animal brilliance.
There are a million
phosphorescent tablets
that make this feeling

drippingly gone,
like painless blood, like
placebo, like popping Tictacs.
It feels, with the wrong
combination, like
wasted grain in dogless
winter months.

For The Boy Eating Jolly Ranchers

they're great—they're free

and full of sweet
mainlining memory
these sugarbones

when a world's inside
a small hard smell
the tongue becomes
a galaxy and

you're planetgazing

how to believe the taste
isn't real?

you had one
—watermelon—
when your mother collapsed
inward like a star
too big for its own
fireeating fire

you had one waiting
in the hospital with Baby
like you're having one
now but

don't you know
there's no fruit
on this rock or on
any other spiraling tongue
that can match