

Breastfeeding Roadkill

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Abstract—One thing you have to know about me
Is that when it's windy, I'm reborn.
Now I'm in San Francisco on a Wednesday morning,
And I'm a stranger to me and you and everything familiar.

Index Terms—need, want, desire

I.

When I reach out to touch the skin of experience,
and meet that flesh:
How does that hand lead me?
Gently?
Or does it crush my bones,
Cold grip dragging limp body.

II.

For the raccoon that won't decay,
Stubborn bones and cursed earth.
I too want to laugh at death and say:
These are mine, forever, forever, forever.

III.

In my bag: Murakami short stories and shibari hemp rope.