

in packs, could prowl

11.29.2020

muzzled dogs, canine
instincts
there are boys with silverteeth
these are the boys

whistle for another
drink
these army men
(they offer condolences.

you touch your lip and still
come back with blood.)

sargeant, look! this dog,
this dog is a boy! (no, he is a dog or
he is a prayer for divination.)

sargeant shines your eyes on the
chapel steps, slick with liquor she shines your
eyes (when glass is smashed it shines)

see
defeat is a liquid, lucent white
the boys pale their cheeks &
drink deep
lovetorn outwards they cry