

Accordion

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Everything blows, blows away, even fear,
in the wind of anonymity.

The eye of the cat-torn mouse,
its occult gift,
sticks to the rock like a morel,
stem and ball and all.
By summer's end, it's independent,
drained of recent horror.

When the blood leaves my arm at night,
my arm is independent.
I hold it up, my own dead arm,
and flap it at the sleepers
in adjoining rooms around me,
like an artificial branch
shaking into being.

When you hate yourself,
there is one less house
keeping you in, at home.
I'm running amok with emptiness
and there's no such thing.

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