

Appetite

There was no blood of Englishmen, no goose--- only the gold shaped into bricks by hooks that spread glam across the Sunset Strip. Men wore head coverings to snake dances, primitive rituals giving way to night-long songs about the hair of lovers. Abandoned bottles and powdered surfaces misled surveyors who didn't have the sense to push the button behind glass. There a pristine track lay hidden, from tears to strings to tape, as children awaited the release. For years, they would feast on the crunch of bass and drums, the squeal, the swagger that had been withheld from them. And the men would swallow platinum, gold having become fodder for boys with only dreams.



How the Wasp Stung Itself

He should've died between "once" and "upon," body whittled to aluminum shell, wings too slow for air. Only females have stingers, he'd read in science class, yet he struggled to squeeze into jeans, anomalous venom leaving a trail. When he grew old enough to breathe nectar, the stinger began to curve, pricking him numb until the day when he floated next to the queen, guzzled too much as if to mock his own creator. Mother merely shook her head while she pondered laying eggs in his body, salvaging the sagging flesh for a new generation's cocoon. Yet somehow, with only half his wings intact, he rediscovered motion, fled, colored his skin like a rainbow to embrace light. He learned to sip slowly as the migraine of buzz turned melodic, a chorus of notes picked clean.

