

PLATE 51: ACCIDENTAL, HYPOTHETICAL, AND RECENTLY ADDED SPECIES

JESSICA BOZEK

our wombs grow branches
antennae to turn us off

our legs of serrated alloy
sting of stranger heads
of a burnless sun because
our skins have creased

& we are foliate, we are
brief cases

our eyes oilbird
our poorwills ocellated

our tuftedcheeks
grow common, go
least & laughing

our appetites have gone
short-billed, the way of other
small understory birds

THE PRETEND-DIMENSION DISTRACTS THEM FROM THEIR FAILING POKER FACES

the sisters constrict walls windowless & bruised a room to fit the hollow reducing
their father's body into softened ground this dark darken box might have been an old
washing room with the wood reflections of an almost forgotten fact of the building
but here in the ribcage floor, ceiling, furniture there is only one room a single
door what is outside opens the cold body out onto a corroded balcony is cold
& what is inside has become so too the construction-sister wishes that the room did not
smell of the men draining blood in three musty chairs that the men play
cards around a low table had entered with slide-rules instead its surface of
hipflasks a trompe l'oeil she wishes that someone at the worn boots of the quietest
would apply a compress to a damp hound her rising head squints into the airshaft-
glow