

JAWS

The withered corpse unravels
into a flock of moths.
Its lips pulse & flicker
in agitation. Its eyes
blue marbles rolling in ash.
The hands twitch instead of
clutch, but clutching
continues. The blind grandmother
taps her cane, clicking
through the compass points.
Mites feast on dust, disintegrating
thoughts filling shoes,
escaping under the door.
Having lost their bearings,
assassins pause. Jaws
chew on the root, worrying it
ceaselessly. Jaws that
can't stop chattering, that
want to fit around the world
& bite into its pulpy flesh,
jaws wearing away molars
trying to get a grip.