

# Feuillemorte

[They] kept I in a closet, a chiffonier, a cabinet within a cabinet, a cell within a room, a small room of no windows, a room with a valve at the beating heart of the house, a billet; a soldiering- a room that pulps and throes with every fist, a hapless fist; a clench of remembrance: I, beasting her growing hands around its thinning arteries, their arteries, hungry, starving- a knit of coronary spasms. [They] have no choice but to open both cabinets, quickly does it- and they do so in hazmat suits, unlocking an armoire to a sea of dead leaves, “Hi-Sweetie,” [they] gag, throwing to I

Fruity  
Pebbles,

candied eggs with saccharine yokes I mutilates in seconds, the tree outside buckling at the kneecap, a yoke sac pooling at a chin of gelatinous feathers as she giggles. “How you dooooooin?” [they] clap; innards gathered at her chest in tiny knots of bone and carcass, dregs of marrow cooked in broth and, “Almond milk, as you like it, with your favourite spoooon!” [They] throw to I the spoon and she watches on, the plastic ricocheting the cabinets velveteen linings, her leaves coiling, ebbing- creeping inward like

Armadillidae.