

One Giant Eye

Cyclops accuses me of poisoning his dog
and kids, while the kids run circles around
us both. They're fine, but he won't hear it.

I try to pack and leave but Cyclops rifles
through my suitcase, asking if this book
contains a recipe for nightshade toffee,

and did I wear this shirt when I stirred arsenic
into the milk? His wife laughs it off. Their daughter
grabs my hand and gives me Elmo. Cyclops

needs to cool off, take a shower. He bursts
back in a second later, wet as a tongue and fully
dressed: *What did you do? I know it was you.*

Even as I make a fist (thumb on the outside)
and plant my feet, I fear the worst.
I haven't seen the dog in hours.

Tanis MacDonald

OPPOSITE: Nicolas St-Pierre, Tokomachi, Niigata, April 2017.

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