

JEALOUSY

sneak .

i saw him oil his eyes.
i saw him trim each joint,
smooth each seam of muscle
he poured over his striped coat
before he moved up the path .

"rizraklarooo! "

i sprang out
with a bag of rusty nails
to tear his back ,
but he'd gone .

so i haunched on the path ,
tossed the nails
one by one
at the stripey bees above my head,
then took to stroking puzzled moths,
their green eyes burning into black crisps
in the yellow from the porch;
ravens thundered off to red and black ranges .

"raklarizzz" , i said to the moths
who beat themselves to death
in the light .

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