



bird head
by Tee Linden

tiny eternities of bird head skeletons buried
beneath the porch and I am

clocking sweeter prey in the pink of the afternoon. that's flushed blood
I smell in your cheeks beneath the beard (I spy. you.)
between the white, taffy-stretched trees, fishing in river up to your ankles, denim sodden,
from my dark side of the moon

the rotting stink of eucalyptus and
a sherry in my fist as I am

early for the night watch, tongue salt-tipped from the hair galaxy coiling up your sternum
dusty moths flutter chaos through the forest (you can't sense. me.)
remora cloaked in shadow, anticipation is mango-fibre stuck between my teeth. fighting to
revolve within your gravity

but just outside your periphery
I skulk from my creaking rocking chair

step down through the universe, curl bare toes into crunching, dead leaves
drawn long and dark with dusky shadows seeping from the setting sun

single-eyed I stalk, drawn towards the
unknowing. you. my star-crusted lips are already parted



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