

HOUSE OF FLIES

Jodi Balas

It was Good Friday when you came in. thick coat of oil - sin slicked hair pushed back into the memory foam. It was raining on the night I told you how her mouth was a vacuum. Swirling above my head is a cave of teeth - a blown matchstick. A body is only a body you say so cavalier, spitting shards of bone in a bucket. What do you say with a mouth full of ash? How do you tell your mother she was right? Sheets fold under the ore of April under your eyes, I'm horizontal. No light still no light I meant to say I started covering my mirrors at night. The Irish still housing cadavers below their floorboards - where behind every man is a shadow of a man. I ripped off the band aid more than once for you a scar resembling a murder of crows - the necropolis of birds. A body is only a body close your eyes for long enough and you'll start to see how easy I could swallow you, just ask the fly in the merlot, the bag of feathers I carry on my back.

