

Landscaper, For The Wasps

by: Sara Wilson

The wreckage of raccoon,
a squirrel split and spilling,
the deer-half smeared
-have bloomed for you,
the meat bees.

A bouquet of limp jaws, spines for stems,
and chests, rib-petalled, warm
in the sun. Bodies blossom,
caught on branches like flower baskets
or splayed in beds, sapid and splendid.

Who planned these sudden gardens
where organs like tender buds
crack and unfurl at your feet?
And if such startled paths
are drafted by chance,
who then tends to these plots,
renders this rot fruitful,
just for you?

There are crushed skulls, roses.
Ruptured, a belly like a pink lily.



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