

## I Wanted To Make You a Necklace Sarah-Kathryn Bryan

So, I looked it up: there is no difference  
between warm-blooded bones and cold ones – now that  
it's late summer the literal balances the cool

and the cold blood thrives behind the bark.  
I let it out at the belly by  
the way they hang, and am

covered in shadows and  
thin copious poisons. So much will grow here  
a couple of springs from now.

All the animals  
foam at the orifices I make  
when I bathe them sweet

in peroxide. To put my hands  
to work like this for you  
takes days, peering down the ballast

slope – all I want  
is a spinal cord's memorial: to thread  
a pretty leather string

through a pair of rabbit vertebrae. I bury and wait  
because you're quick and fright  
leaps across your blood

to the brain. I would have liked,  
I think, to live with you in a  
place that's quiet

and dark like here, behind the bark.  
Beneath the ballast and the blood. Somewhere  
precalcified.

#MMPPisLIT

[www.meowmeowpowpowlit.com](http://www.meowmeowpowpowlit.com)

