

*d*ictionary of Feigning Survival

} *by Jennifer Militello*

Having altered the original,

cup rain in your luxury hands.

Drink from evening's ventriloquist baskets
what can't be coaxed from between its teeth.

Wind as the red inevitable.
Toxin-skinned. Semi-succulent.

Taste the salt that earns our keep.
Taste the laced-with river.

Do not love what you have driven away.

Come closer. Divorce your use.

*d*ictionary of RESIGNATION

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Enough. The dogs of god are loose.
Finally the nights you do not sleep
like packs outrun the wolves.

A wafer of darkness dissolves in the mouth,
as a language that has panted in the dirt.

The sky like the filter on a smoked cigarette.
Crows the smokestacks belch
to mar the possible, mineshaft days.

Touch is a rough crypt of covenants.
Random things awake.

Draft horses cart their owners to the grave.
The inept shall inherit the earth.