

Sarah Biggs

THE WHORE, OR A BULL

Prowler of femur undulations
consumer of dreams, laid out on a table down in the city.
Curly spicy fries. The Da Vinci hips, sweet-gumbo razor,
combing tangled Ticks into straight order,
those colorful entities that lived under the covers.
The barbeques, pineapple drinks, mental stimulation,
wormwood the star and absence.
Yarrow boy doing strange dances for the newscaster
in army pants. Tainted. Reminded-
the pulse of second thought, the remaining wonder.
Was going walk towards that space of theoretical
cobblestones, they waited underfoot.
Now a gargantuan tree marks the spot.