

Eyelash, Promise, Two Dimes

I give a piece of myself to the kettle, I give a piece of myself to the fish, the mailman takes my morning greeting and the stalwart black moth takes four hairs from my head. I give a piece of myself to that eldritch thing at the treeline, his mouth is not a mouth, he thanks me. I sit in the sunless stream, and she takes my dead pieces and carries them out to sea. I give a piece of myself to the hardwood floor and whatever lies beneath it, I give a piece of myself to my fleeting swain, she bites my cuticles and fingers my pulse. I give a piece of myself to the cellar, to the snapping apple, to the rainbow carrot, to the soda bread. The bog turtle and the brown bat warn me to stop but they take, too, they take my left pinky and my first memory. Something quiet takes my emerald ring. I am being bled white by goodwill and godspeed. My mother takes a shot at my ugliness and leaves with my wisdom tooth. I give a piece of myself to the laundry line and a dozen tiny pieces to my studies. At the market, I give out my words and wellwishes like raindrops, I give three pennies in exchange for three ounces of thyme and with my time I go dancing, go walking down to the basement, I don't open the little door, I haven't in years. I give a piece of myself to that cloud, it's shaped like a sycamore leaf. Do you see? I bloody myself for the moon and clean myself for a green linen dress. I give a piece of myself to some yore-time woman and she gives me a token of brass in return. When I am all emptied out I will lie in that yellow place where sky meets deadening earth. I will sleep and be mostly whole again tomorrow, I'll be whole enough but by each cockcrow a little weaker, I will be lessened piece by piece until I am only a ribcage, I am just my rib, tomorrow I will give myself back to the start.