

Edward Micus

Minnesota: March

A million years at sea,
another million sunning on a stone,
now we're put up like jam,
shut up like the insane,
all winter long we've baked a flaky white.

The air has a mood, our blankets
are all gone sour. Love, if we could
sweeten them on the line,
palm the wrinkles out.

Slug-heavy, we're clumsy as thumbs.
Our teeth fatten, the whites of our eyes
have cracked. There's a static
under the skin, a castanet of bones.
Our breath rattles the teacups.