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Garden Bones

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Spring morning, my Rottweiler
hobbles across dew tipped grass,
hip dysplasia rattling his bones.
He stumbles, struggles to squat
near the moist corpse of a newborn bunny
he killed yesterday.

In the subterranean acres of my mind
reserved for suicidal ruminations
& admiration for animated pornography
I'm overwhelmed with envy of his organic hedonism.

My spring evening, I scour an abandoned basement
lit by one dangling light bulb,
steal rat carcasses from spider webs
glimmering in the sporadic lighting so much
like twinkling stars in lost nebulas.

I boil their meat
with stolen spices
from grandmother's warm kitchen.
Watching snuff films in black&white
I eat cold soup out of garage sale vases
which once held anniversary roses.

