Landscape of Toxic Ferns

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The very first shape I made was the shape of the great barrier reef. Coral cut my foot, handfuls of marbles spilled into my open wound. One was an egg, the egg of a bright green bug. The clinic didn’t treat bugs. Was anything saved? asked the toad in a blue coat with gold buttons. A red wagon, a snowball, chapped lips & the memory; rain puddles covered in dust. The landscape was repopulated with more toxic ferns. This is a story about living with defeat. 3 of 5 posters on my wall were wet, I was a bad influence on the gerbils at the pet store. Each of my scars received a name & they used their names against me. I wasn’t the only one using my toothbrush, man slime, red wine, foam. The toad wasn’t sure which was the prayer.