



::issue::04|03:.....

Burnt

Amanda Lucas

I think of your little body

bent

where he left
you

your bones folded like a dress
which having gone unworn lies
half-forgotten

You lie

beneath the sun beneath
the dirt and bark and the fires
which every seven years lick
and kiss the ground above
you as they pass

leaving you
unchanged
but making this
(our hiding place)
appear a little funny and new
with all the intensity
and brevity
of
puppy-
love