



Anatomy of the In-Between

Sometimes the two worlds meet like
oil and water – tiny droplets, viscerally
float, submerge, disperse to memory

Like that half a Red-Eared Slider in the garden
marked by some hungry canine's crescent
shaped like death – but from the
left, he still looked living

Or the Dead-Bird-Box Turtle
we stopped to move
but walked up to the center line
to find his shell was feathers
head, a bent bird's neck
stretching into forever

Or the mushroom carcass –
bony ribcage blooming from decay
I'd swear it was an animal, except for
those roots

I whisper into them, and listen
for an answer
from some empty tin can
on the other side