

Jetta

Hanna Davis

I've been taking my life into account along with the seasons.
It's autumn, and I've been poking around all of the rottings I can find:

A handful of bad teeth.
flossing isn't optional, you know.

A molding houseplant.
I didn't know it could get that bad until it did.
Until I touched it.

I think about the bird that flew into the hood of my car.
There one moment,
Exploding all the feathers of life into my headlights with a dull thump.
Blood and bone meshed into pavement next.

My mind quilts them together
In one great big cloth for me to gather in winter.
They shelter me at night when I have nothing else to wear.

All the world is quiet save for the insects and the dirt,
Finding nostalgia in biting wind and yellowed lights,
The smell of deer skin and exhaust,
An antler in pieces.