

Beautiful Men I've Known

Laura Webster

I play
with the shrunken
apple heads that
slither from the drain
across the bottom
bleeding
on the ceramic
of my sink

They've sat in the sun
too long
they've stared at their leaves
all their tiny lives
watching sun beams crawl
across their skin

I hold my mother's kitchen
knife
across dried out skins
folded over from severance
of the womb

They slither slowly sensing
I may turn on the water
blow their heads down a hole
turn the disposal on
mash around their shrunken
brains.