

Owl Pellet

Cut me open,
like a third-grade child
learning the intricacies
of the owl's digestive tract.

Find faded singsongs,
wishes to plunge ink into flesh.

Examine torn fabric,
sun-bleached
imagery, forgotten
idolatry.

Feast your eyes
on shattered
polycarbonate gluttony
that at one time held the depths of the ocean.

Within the folds of regurgitated
matter, the promise of an individual,

but all lies crumble beneath the eye of the scalpel;
like the nine-year-old biologist

you will find nothing but hair and bones.