

Sean Ahern

THE SHELF LIFE OF DUNGEON PIXIES

I met you in the dungeon of Martigen-zu
you bought me a beer
and liked my skeleton-mermaid tattoo.

You caught and stuffed me into a
wide-mouth mason jar,
arms folded in under my breasts, legs
pressed to chest.

Your entire body turned to
tighten the lid,
slipped me to seal for the shelf.

I could see your face glass
warped, looking past
for pickled persimmons, peaches
someone else-

When you came for me again, you
shook me and shook me, turned
me sideways
butter knife pressed to unseal-seam to
pry open for release.

Finally, you pulled me out for
my brine
to make cocktails at a party
till everyone is besotted, bent, and bound so you
can pickle them just like me.