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Compound

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Brown: Compound

COMPOUND

**MICHELLE
CHAN BROWN**

The gray dogs keep hanging themselves on 14-karat chains.
Bluebottles fill the mailboxes with the whispers of their mating.
We've left wet fruit for the visitors, but they won't come.
With flying, lurid colors, we pass through metal detection.
We lock away all the visible invalids and re-armor the car.
The latest maid empties the garbage of raccoon corpses.
Foragers go undetected, long beards and eyes of dried cherry.
Every fifteen minutes someone detonates the rocking chair.
The sun autopsies the trees, unzips their scarves of black lace.
We're a low laugh away from death or overstating the case.