

BALL AND CHAIN

ANHVU BUCHANAN

He is the bloodhound on my trail. Hunts after me clippers in hand if I haven't returned for dinner. I'm waiting for my escape plan to dry. I never wanted to pollute this neighborhood with my operas. The hatchet in his grin creeps closer. This is the opposite of picnic. There's no one left for me to barter my earlobes to. He finds me skipping stones across the lawn. He's chained me to the table. This isn't a meal but the interrogation I always knew would happen. My mouth stuffed full of metal. He tells me to warm my hands with the bacon he's brought. I'm confessing to the kitchen sink. I'm stalling until my left cheek feels naïve again. He tacks my hair to the wall and goes to check the mail. How can I ever be giddy about silverware? The smell of monkey bars lingers in my stomach and I'm counting up from one to warmer weather.