

GOD'S HEAD

**JENNA
KILIC-SOMERS**

My father scales red snapper
under my mother's white orchid tree,

the butter knife cutting through
a layer of glass. I pick a scale

off the mulch, hold it up
to see a rainbow in its shimmer.

The Christian promise isn't there,
and I toss it back into the dirt.

*Bury them all, my father says.
Make a grave into a garden of fish.*

*Their heads will spring
from earth like flowers;*

*their eyes will stare long after
you cut their bodies from the ground.*

At that, he shoves the fish head
into my face, a puppet warning,

Say, Bismillah ir-Rahman ir-Rahim.

I jolt backward and fall under

the orchid tree. He laughs
and pulls me up, fish-slick

hand greasing mine. The garden's
entwined around itself:

orchid grabs bougainvillea grabs
honeysuckle grabs roses:

white, fuchsia, orange, red.
I fell into a canopy of rainbow,

but this place is a burial ground
of tree frogs, lizards, roly polies, June bugs,

anything we kids could grab.
He slits the gut and takes

my hand: *Grab here, at the base
of the head. Now pull.* The body comes

out of the body. I fling the mush
like a piece of rainbow. I bury it.