

HEATHER CAMPBELL / Three Poems

Ragged

The garden in place of the one we used to have stepped in shod-full of cutters and chrysanthemums overtop those edible ones be done by July those red-with-black ones those thorny one-directional ones those yellow ones grating out March those bite-round-the-ankles ones. The garden in place of the one we used to have full by June dug down forged new roots out here, full two weeks' trip out and no heading back. The garden in place of the one we used to have pushed out the bottom of our planned and left plan and handwritten roots run ragged and no heading back.

Tongue-Rot

Salt-water nose on you tries beginnings thick with syllables over and over
logged brick heavy in *down down down* you'll never get to the meat of it, the real
roast, the full snap at the hindquarters even fur and soft down baby fuzz full mouth
you're stuck on *down down down* shivering with ocean at your back and all over your
sleeves you'll never get him out in time if you don't get past *down down down* you've
got maybe four seconds more before his lungs are sponging the floor he's eyefish he's
done for you've got to get help you're tongue-rot he's gone.

Bottle You

Foam from the lip like the one disease given a headwind, foam from the prow like destination's turned her back on the whole deal, flip of the cards and the faces are shrieking like they've been bitten, down the back of the bottle foam like broken stems, picked off with a shotgun from fields of mostly rock and sod, laid table streaked with foam from the lip like a bottle of you, down from the head, the temper of the gamble, the gamble of the tip, the drop of the lid.