Animal in my Scope

AB Gorham
P. unpins her arms hangs them on a near-by barbed wire fence
Her torso’s shadow sways
for the way plants look up reach down
canoe-rhythm stitching together an animal’s wound

She puffs out her toad chest
arms dangling in her periphery
Sometimes
they wave & are every friend she’s ever had
waving goodbye to her

Her shadow’s slow rocket launch follows a fly
from windowpane to compost pile she eat as he eats face first
The discerning wasps in their search for paper
She chews
fist-sized hoards of paper spits them at her feet

The mailman passes the barbed wire & asks
Are your hands tied?
No, they hang beside me She calls him over
greets him with her tongue