from The Bone and the Body

Laura Kochman
I remember the story about the woman in the woods in a house with chicken feet. I remember the horses on the beach I thought I saw horses running a house running away. The beams of my house rolling away in a flood of sand, crabs carrying splinters from each rotten room. Each crab is a key to each room each splinter a tooth that has fallen from my mouth the gaping doorway