Gorjus

Claire Mikeson
Virginia, I can tell by your brow you are one of those who, when playing dress-up in front of rusted mirrors, sees down black tunnels of your pupils, spiraling already past a red fraying knot in your tender throat, into charged pulsing purple of your heart.

Already, you cast your shadow upon the sparse grass, September’s brittle skeletons, tracing the feral outline of your unwashed curls. You will never know naked, with foot soles stained dirt brown, mouth crimson, skin smeared with residual salt veneer.

Virginia, you will awaken in the middle of the night, shaken by reverberations of your own quivering atoms, too rigid to scream. There will be lines on your face from so much looking, fleeting dogwoods blooming in your furrows, Virginia, you will be one of those.

Already, there is dirt beneath your jagged fingernails, a dying bee clenched in your tiny palm, blood leaking like your humming song, and a decaying dress where the mud ate at your edges, first rendering the erratic child-dance, the razor of your quiet cadence.