

The Family Bends II

JASON TALBOT

Hands

once swollen

in prayer, and

arms

stiff like branches,

whipping

papier-mâché heads.

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Little milky clouds

spinning

like fragile plates.

*

A song moans across the water, flat

and wide like early fog

and familiar

like the warble and flutter

of an old cassette

playing on slow motors and

mucked-up tape heads from

a yellow Sony Walkman, 1984.

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Lungs,
like orange
swimmies.

Heaving
warm water.

Fish shit.

*

A lost tongue,
hanging like a strop.

I'm bent
like an ostrich
with its bronze beak
buried in sand.