

The Family Bends II

JASON TALBOT

Hands

once swollen
in prayer, and
arms
stiff like branches,
whipping
papier-mâché heads.

*

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.

*

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.