

# Hairshirt

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*Jennifer Urbanek*

A Rain of Acorns Pepper My Hair Shirt

To make an autumnal necklace you need:  
juicy garnets, jasper leaves, bronze pearls,  
staggered breath, and razor wire.  
Spring necklaces of dark rainbows  
are for loved ones.  
Fall necklaces are to be clasped firmly  
around their maker.  
A tight fit is desirable.

When the garrote is placed upon the soon  
to be unburdened shoulders  
it is ovoid,  
a circular shape like other useful objects;  
the wheel, the nipple, the moon,  
Charbydis, the gasping mouth of the caldera.  
As the cutting wire is pulled tight  
the instrument becomes smaller and more symmetrical.  
Until it ceases to be a shape at all  
and reverts to a segment of line.  
As the geometric form simplifies, you  
too change as your head now balances on your toes.

How to find a pilgrim;  
use binoculars, look high and low,  
crab walk to retrace their crawl, follow the stench of guilt,  
check the abyss formed by the Abbesses' copious fat roll,  
check the morgue, check the brothels,  
peek through the glory hole with protective goggles.  
Summer's steamed and sputtered out,  
yet the pious aren't back to sinning.  
They ground up stained glass  
and mixed it in their gruel.  
Their bleeding intestines  
revealed all mysteries.

## Little Bones

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*Jennifer Urbanek*

There Are Little Bones In Your Turds  
(to be read with an English accent while tasting genetically modified lamb)

Peering through one of Argus' heavily lidded eyes  
I saw hawk slaves scouring the runway for prey.  
Naughty nuggets who could damage a mighty  
engine with organic brittleness.

Brazen birds, who no longer fear the plastic totems,  
have the power to bring us back to earth.

Before the days of Da Vinci those bird brains  
have been laughing at us  
When Icarus took off even his captors cheered, but  
as he swooped and soared show(air) boating, overtly  
proud of his wings made of fowl parts,  
the current shifted.

His handmade appendages ended up covered in guano  
and the oil of olives, crushed by skin at high velocity.  
Framed by tangled tree limbs, a maenad perched  
upon our fallen hero's moist haunches  
eating champagne grapes with her bloody wine.

Crying out, "I'm eating stems. How am I to know where  
the grape stops and the branches begin?"

Dionysian mysteries dribbled down her  
chin and dithyramps burned in her breast.

When a swift starling deftly grabbed the purple sprig.  
He could decipher fruit from wood. He dropped a generous  
plop of waste that spread from Icarus' brow to cheek, in an instant.  
Surveying the damage the soft billed  
oil slick rasped,  
"Xenophon," in his strange voice and disappeared.

As they are now disappearing from Orwellian England.  
In the Americas the starling is known as a pirate. The young  
are put in bags to be attached to exhaust pipes,  
run over by lawn mowers, or thrown to the ground  
for grinning cats.

Since, the metal monstrosity has reached its sailing  
altitude, objectified women and a bevy of ganymedes  
will begin passing plate and cup to those restrained in the perverse  
reverse leviathan. The steel plate  
is strewn with ortolans, eggs, truffles oil, nuts, and bolts.  
The police officer on one side, and the arm rest hogging engineer  
on the other ask if I will assist them. I carefully drape  
the incardine silk napkins over their eyes and tie  
them in gordian knots.  
They lift the brandy-drowned bite-sized birds into their stinking  
maws. The birds lay against their tongues as they did in the nest,  
resting waiting. Holy men have been known to rub their tongues along  
the ortolan, prolonging the sensual pleasure.  
These philistines simultaneously crunched down;  
mashing arteries, eyes, brains, and reproductive organs  
into a phlegmy paste.

The feel of bones between omnivorous molars is better than chips.  
The cop uses a raccoon penis bone to pick out the shards along the gumline,  
the engineer uses an automated water pick.  
I push the little animals to one side of my plate, and put the industrial  
trinkets in my wallet. I could never eat flesh, but  
I can devour life.  
I pop an unshelled pigeon egg into my mouth, savoring  
the smooth, tasteless candy coating. I swirl  
the orb around the cosmos of my fuel port  
before biting through the gelatinous white to the fat enriched yolk.  
What a pale eyeball!  
What a dark tummy treat!  
Why didn't I think of this before?