

**an accident at the death castle or
mission accomplished**

and the face of the cliff roared against the sun
soldiers braving in white light
throwing stones at eagles
the irony lost

alfa lima alfa

sleeping lions prodded with rifle butts
snake eggs crushed under size twelve
standard issue black leather
sanded smiles bleeding through lips

mike uniform tango

towers of black smoke twisted baladi
former tehran now free
and soot fell from the sky
lining the shoulders of ghosts
blowing their cover

private alphabets hit a fat wing
and she helicoptered to the rocks
collarfeathers spelled surrender
he scrunched a dumb burnt nose at her
and got mad

everything reminds you of everything

and so the tacky blue of prom jackets
and the sweated backseat taffeta
anthems and daddy's gun
and mama so proud of her handsome boy

bring your ass, alphabets. quit fuckin around.

the wizened hematite of her eye
watched him closely kneeling over
she thumped the dust expectantly

he raised a jagged block of castle
to silence her proud white head
she flapped up to beak
through his round red cheek

sarah hunting

you crush snow
like the bones of children
under your brick boot
and ask bristol to pass
the chapstick
to keep your smile from bleeding
careful not to chip
your nails on the trigger

the sun hangs on the tundra
an oil spill
smearing the horizon
red-throated loons are buckshot
against the orange of a liquid sky

you are hunting sarah
you are beautiful
your hair is wound into a bun
glinting like the pelt of a young seal

you are not scared yet
not yet searching bathroom
vanities for the right wink
jewelry boxes for the right pearls
clawing through your delicates
for the most accurate hosiery

track answered the phone
when they called sarah
scribbled the message on the end
table's stationary and went back
to chugging milk from the carton
wondering how many kills
mom had made on the day
she was asked to lead a nation

you kneel on the frost
to aim sarah
your inuit guide grimaces
against the wind
as you lift your rifle
to the flank of a caribou bull
letting your bullets peel
the chill air like nervous laughter
will you make willow a muff
of reindeer fur sarah?
will you fashion of antlers
a mobile for trig?

your hunting boots
have an aggressive tread sarah
they grip the earth as if to own it
you've got your balance
not yet climbing in slick black pumps
whose sharp heels drill ice
with every step