

Carapace

by Tia Prouhet

He collects our broken pieces. He gathers our abusive fathers, our esophageal tears, our peanut fetuses. He takes them up, filigree strands around his lithe fingers, and knits them into thin cords.

He is in love with broken women.

Wrapping bones badly mended into sweaters, he coos a saccharine film until we are coated. We will be digested.

We soften, we relax. The ground is littered with discarded letters and carefully purchased heels.

Legs spidering over inches of back and thigh, we stick. Our bodies turn to soup and we are sipped, we are loved, we are consumed.

