

BODY IN THE WOODS

I
The tiptoeing through daffodils
was an ass spanking by my father
always reassuring, "not to be a faggot"
with pleasure belt in hand

I hope the irony wasn't lost on him

II
It was the woods that would label me,
not the hard men that never cried,
and would never let me.

III
Glazed iced eyes,
too cold and sticky
for my maggot army to
liberate
Doomed
instead blanketed,
by the holed earth
not ready to let go
or put in the work.
Just hanging around till spring,
the scabs make (good eggs).