

Shearwater, Little Locket

He's got a little locket picture of the maids' commission.
With bees blowing through the bushes,
he makes the first incision,
and these dolls race through the garden.
A chef on boneless roses opens the bandages,
and this empty house discloses
what the guest's dreams are hiding,
as he rests above the arbor with little flowers
crying for all their heads he's harbored.
And the then midnight market stalls fill with up chloroform,
the face within his locket mouths "take off your uniform."
They kiss him before parting,
then melt into his pockets.
He's trampling through the garden and he's got a little locket.