

Down in the Dumps, Raggedy Anne

tonight she's grafting grey skin to her skull, she's
stapling her body's quartered, lips sewn shut.
and all those dirty words trembling margins and
old-kept notes have me smiling clean from the
tips of these car keys tonight I'm laying down on
corresponding steel, trudging through hurried
weather, drawn on empty breaths letting tired
telephone poles rest their lines tonight. walk
away.