

Refurbished Doll

Raeya Wilhelm

I lie in a field of ivy, weary,
thoughts drifting with the circling crows.
Things are easier this way.
Not like the shovel
removing the snake's head,
or my broken wrists in autumn.
More metal in the ear could fix me,
or perhaps a river of ink.
Most efforts are in vain.
Screws jammed through my bones
or thread pulling flesh
like a refurbished doll could
not stop my corrosion.
Do we glue the dead leaves
to the winter tree and
pretend they never died?