

JAMES BELFLOWER

from Juked #5, Spring 2008

THE PORTCULLIS

Fathers left will be crossed by saws

a portcullis of wounds

Mother will struggle with
the mornings rope away
sneaks the arrows feet

But I've pocketed jujubes
to lure robins spreading
like a cloak
 and hired
absence my boy lain
quartered in a trail of throats

 aimed
roads stop like targets and

I am left a sheet
 flung to compass points