

Chicken

White-limbed.
Wisp-armed.
A scatter of feathers, twisted delicately over

Down there, he lies.
The moss-tinged film that smothers everything

What's that? A fat
pale-bodied bird that's balding and
shedding His flesh-covered feathers and
wax yellow blood

Face holey; unholy, He's high up
but not whole, as wax
and tar and sticky hot stuff squirms in soft leather skin until they
dig at exposed sweaty flesh which screams
shrill as His face melts into a
Rat-hole Riddled Swiss Cheese.

Eyes: Big. Bulging. But not
Blue like how He was born but rather
red-veined and tear-stained streaming
clotting curdles of
red;

Chalk-limbed, flush-faced, a tomato perched upon an
imitation chicken of tofu and
feathers.
and skin that blisters and bubbles and bleaches bright
white
in the sunlight that

has been his undoing; the awakening of
wax and he thinks this as he hurtles
head-first towards blue,
with a face wormy with holes
and a back burnt to stripes

and two roasted-crisp eyes

that see his father's lips blown
thin by the wind and
the sky;
stretched out to drink a
single dead tear that already
mourns.

Too close,
Icarus.