



Twisted

by Laura Philon

Yes,
I am twisted.
Like a green lilac stem
When you forgot the scissors,
Like the toothpick in your mouth;
Its mint long gone.
Like a wet lycra bathing suit
Carefully peeled from your body,
Like pajamas wrapped wickedly
By the wind, around a clothesline,
Like Fritze's chain around its stake
After a visit from the mailman,
Like the side yard elm tree
After the May twenty-second tornado...