

SALLY VAN DOREN

Deranged, the Brown Rabbit Ate Her Way out of Her Cage, and Started Teaching English

Fire is the temporal haven of desire.

Ecstasy thrives in the floorboards.

Partial heating vents repel toothpaste clots.

Corners, pondering self-extinction, round, tripling their weight.

Dieting resides in the intergalactic toilet.

Caution, pride and hunger coast from bubble to bubble in the simmering oatmeal.

Each toenail bends.

The Queen luxuriates in her attendants, showering while talking on the telephone.

Cattle elevate.

Toast links the yeast of serendipity to calamity's crust.

Totality breathes as the boy carts his grandfather's bones to market.

As if fear is enough.

The one sentence, lodged in her vein, bleeds the bright red blood of sleep.