

feral thing

Michelle Detorie



1870

1870



FERAL THING

Fang of a cat, found
when one was scavenging
the dirt.

Rotted out half-jaw.

But still the tooth —
almost yellow — almost blue.

Luminous above the black
sand caught
between the bones —
teeth comb.

Cat that was wild. Cat
that was blue.

No funeral
for the wild cats — invented things.

Turned wild — turned dead.

The fig's roots
thread through the cavity
of a pelvis, of a skull.

Claws curled up under
the house, under
the girl.

Only the jaw drifted
to the yard where it was found — tip

of the spade knocking it loose
from the packed ground.

The fig tree
with all its green hands reaching

toward the sound
of the blade on the bone.

The bone
reeled up —

spade like a bucket
lifting out of the well —

the jaw in its gleaming metal
mouth.

Half a jaw —
half a mouth,

It played a tune.

capable
of a half- growl —
half song.

A tune for the dead.

I dragged the tooth
across the stone path
as one might light a match.

A tune for all
the wild (living) things.

Author's Note:

Michelle Detorie's poems have appeared in How2, Typo, Diagram, La Petite Zine, and elsewhere.
mdetorie.blogspot.com

Colophon:

Feral Thing was published in an edition of 50 copies in July, 2006. Text is in Garamond, cover titles in Old English Text. Paper is Pegasus Digital. The cover's background image was provided by Squidfingers.com.

BIG GAME BOOKS
Washington, D.C.

feral thing

Michelle Detorie



inside #9

Big Game Books