

BETH BACHMANN

oil

In the field of horseheads and empty drums,
neither was made of skin, so what
was the oil for? *My heart's welling,*
I said. *Give rope. Jackpump,*
then *consume me, love.* The thirsty birds
had no feathers
for wicking water. No feathers for camouflage or attraction
or flight. We hot-blued the gun
to protect it. Against the sky, the horseheads, the birds began to rust.