

Caving In, White, Salted Flesh

The only sound
He makes is the one he makes
With his fingers, snapping off
A pincer, boiled-red, shelled husk
Caving in, white, salted flesh
Rising like clouds, fraying.
My mother watches all this
Like a rapt audience. If she could,
She would rise up in a passion
To applaud, convinced she is
Not the metaphor in the bowl,
Pink leg dangling, suspended
Over the rim, chest in pieces,
Spoonfed and well-dug, emptied.