

EASTERN ORPHAN SUBTEXT

“At least I haven’t burned the house down
or killed you. Yet.” It’s tempting
to be smarter than the code, a key of discernment

with god another bangle in the open air market, pink
plastic voodoo. Next, the ginger and carrot stalls, morose
needs, row after row of gutted chickens

awaiting bowties. Out comes money devoid of explanation.
Out comes spite at common stupidity. Oh my,
the Siberian tiger stalks the sentimental food market.

Double entendres. And as you acquiesce to read this
the tiger comes for me, the smartest girl in the room.