

Carpentry

by Andy Jones

the word of the day is “deconstructing”
everyone in book club is reading something new
I’m still checked out with that poem I read about
a missing cat, a mother’s love,
a night that becomes less lonely
when the howling creatures feel understood

I made a discovery,
there’s this rotted hole underneath my ribs—
a giant maw with splintered teeth,
all the more perfect to bite
down on the little girl inside of me
and shake her until she starts to understand
the state of her future

I’ll rebuild this body
better the second time around