
POETRY | SPRING 2015

The Interpretation

By Elle Silver

My thighs are
Two worn out butterfly wings
Pressed together to make
One hole
Gawking at the gaping cave
My heavy head
On my rubber neck
Could collapse into
Myself
Caught in a net of circular chaos
From the constant shedding
Of dusty scales dyed
The color of
Malady
The red Rorschach test
Stained between my legs

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