

Of a Wicked Boy

It dreams of a real boy's body
like the ones on the carousel braying
as each kicks the other off

his chosen horse. They're animals
threatening to buck their restraints,

trample the whimpering
organ. Of course it wants to
touch them. Why not

their skin, the splendid
bruises, the wounds, the sweet

wounds? Instead it mouths the wrong
words to their limericks as it falls
asleep beneath a tent of colluding shadows.

It dreams of their bodies taking off
by hoof in a romp. To one it begs to be

taught the game, but the boy snorts, spits
in the thing's upturned face. When it comes
to, the doll finds its wet lips

warped into a grin. At its feet,
the boy who can't stop laughing

tucks the rest of himself back
inside his pants. They're all laughing now.
All touching it—a soft hand

for every stiff limb. Their big teeth
gnash at its fingers; their knives dive

over, over. Stripped of its vest and trousers,
they go for the torso, planed crotch
in search of the city of blood and nerves

only real boys have. Pinocchio holds
still, prays to their blades, "Please, strike bone."