

Dirty

As days stiffened to ice and snow, field mice
would squeeze in, slipping through the smallest space

in the cottage walls, the *d-Con* in place
along imagined paths where the dark rice

of their shit might be found. And how poison
scatters. Chemical green mixed with small turds,

bits of shit mother called their “calling cards”
—genteel words, fact recast beyond reason,

curlicued script left behind like a name
coily slipped. As if dark truths could be cast

off, refashioned by imagination
to cloak our discomfort, our silly shame

in the body’s workings. As if what passed
through the gut were the cruelest machination.