where the other eye should be. pencil circling for symmetry, the violence towards the headtheir white-halves and draw tor flight, but the birds expose Only one eye is needed

asking for horse hair to nest. presenting stiff plumage, qream bubble where they pass the other white as Little Red's one-half coursing with color Birds flit forth,

Little Red Considers Symmetry

*Please recycle to a friend.* 

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Edelora Ansoa imagino

Bad Girl Gone Badder by Michael Allen Turner the disease closer and closer waving some wand in the air. so fenderly and ignored the tugs as she beckoned to yer husband's bed post. She wiped so gingerly, to love herself, to piss in the pot, her leg tethered to reveal the secret. She remembers what it was their legs in and rub lotion on their arms industrial blue, women in bikinis who dip to the keyhole you will see sparkling water, Lyeke are baglocks in her brain: if you bring your eye She makes the raft to handle the to and fro.

Little Red Tethered to the Bed

one that rages with the memory of its birth, to muddy the stew. Or she hopes for a river, woman hoping her basket springs a leak of sentences spliced together and just one

On the path there's a cacophony too well, the stomped out story. and harden the earth, she would know,

as all things come home, with the desire the water this time, she will come home to come and release it. She will not boil the scent locked away for some season

to create or destroy.

alone would not be enough to bevel to the seeped-in well. One woman's footprints a sentence laid out from their doors This is the greatest palimpsest effect,

> bath trodden by many women. to her head as she travels the well-worn This basket of dried reeds held It gave up its water to hold water.

Little Red Embraces Militant Feminism

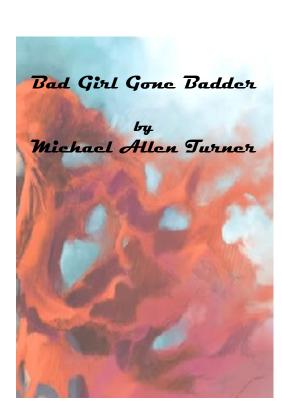
to me? Can you, for once, bring the dirt that I still haven't gotten over? cyorus, that small cloud of outliers What have you done with the crowd's and there I go-another representation. You have the drip, and I the beep, finy yawns which need to be pinned. incisions on the table, ұре мау уои leave to understand your coffee breath, inside out. I wouldn't be able strings and this turns my knees I Ne sky is neid with four and me, just anatomy. that covers your mouth, You with a blue square We can never kiss.

Little Red Goes In For Elective Surgery



She collects eyes, especially wolves' eyes where domestication curdles on the cornea and pupils flood with kill light. Each pair leads to more bones dangling off her punctured neck. She rattles hollow. while the restless reeds succumb in her basket's herringbone pattern, so forget their whispering while holding water's edge, now they lull pupils to pinpoints.

She's chicken wire grown into bark—made to look purposefully impossible. Several skeletons burrow under her skin to try to curl onto her brainstem. They alter her breathing, increase salivation, make her lonely for the pack, mix the tale with digestive juices—the ladle coming down like an answer.



Little Red's Basket of Eyes, Necklace of Bones