

# M O U L T

*Leftover shell of a cicada, translucent amber,  
attached by hooked feet to a willow leaf.  
Slit up the back so small I wonder at the conjure  
it took to seep away.*

*A minute desiccated toad on the cool concrete  
garage floor behind the head of my spade.*

*The skull of some slight animal complete  
with teeth and wormy line down the center  
locking both halves together like a puzzle.*

*The eggshell of some small bird, white,  
chalky, with a loose piece of membrane,  
brittle now, it sticks to my sweat damp  
finger until I lose it to the wind.*

*And feathers: red, blue, black and white checked,  
most an undistinguished mottled brown.*

*A glue gun. The broken, headless, one-handed  
torso of a mannequin hauled home  
from the dumpster behind Shopko.  
Using the fragments, I paste together  
my fresh self. A cachet I never had before.  
When I return from the hollow  
in the lightning struck oak,  
rotting from the inside out, they ask me why.  
I consider the answer while combing  
splinters from my hair.*

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