

Wonder

by DS Maolalai

a bastard world. a five-eyed,
a many-legged, wet-feathered
thing. I step in my yard
full of cracking cement above sewerlines,
stare at the dirt caked
at the base of the bulb
of the streetlight like burned
scrambled egg. walls sweat
their gutterways. crisp packets:
scuttling rats. they hunch and they move
with breezes too weak to raise flags
in the weight of the rain –
bust teabags on the side of a cup.
a rotten gut hangs from a coatrack, my rib-
bones, like a bag full of water, coffeegrounds
generating gas.