

## Mixed Media

When your wife turned into an ice cube, she was also a tiger, so you couldn't lump her into the retro Sears free standing ice crusher and chip. When your wife turned into a right angle, she was seventeen right angles that went off the page, but the judge made you pay spousal support for six months.

When your wife began to melt, you found her in the back bedroom with a cracked mirror and her dead mother's furniture she busted for fun. When your wife showed her teeth, they were rotting from retching and pills. When your wife was no longer your wife, you thought about the sky and the long branch where the dark birds gathered. They had wings and a sky and their faces were printed with the Song of Solomon. When your wife stopped or was it started screwing the boy hauling box in the warehouse,

she'd forgot where she'd leashed your tether. She forgot the key to the bird cage. She left you alone on your perch raising one clawed foot before the other like one of those Indian elephants so long in the circus it doesn't know unchained from chained. You were sore and looking back. She was a tiger ice cube still melting, still solid, a mistake you made over and over, a wound you kept small and close in your cage.

