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Carrots

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Tennille Wright

Death was just another dream softly
lined when he approached his first coffin.
It was wide open and his father lay
folded inside like a baby sleeping.

He was young in curiosity and it possessed him
to touch the upturned face of inheritance. He
placed his fingertip on death it lightly moved skin
above the bone of an orange knuckle.

Boldly, he told his mom that father smelled
of carrots, her brow formed a thin cross against
her pale forehead and he knew to be silent. He
sank into the blackness of his child suit and
thought of the strange word, carrot. The kid
within wants to break it down. Two words
lie here, care and rot. He asked his mother
a few years later if father was all bones
now, carelessly she told him, he might be.

There is so much he wants
to uncover, so much
underground he doesn't
remember. He digs now with
large knuckles, they look a
lot like his father's
fingers, rough and
clumsy, with large
grooves and scars
carved by
the dirty and
greedy
hands of
time.