

Jennifer King

The Story of Your Stomach Is Epic

You didn't tell anyone except your wife
how your belly turned into a womb.
The girls thought you finally decided
to listen to doctors: stop eating beef,
walk the dog, your heart should be pumping
freely in no time. You dropped 38 pounds
in just two and a half weeks. The boys
didn't recognize you at graduation.
Then in November the tumors began to spread,
making multiple houses in the liver.
You said no to Eloxatin, refused Dr. Kariv's
injections. You let them make you sick,
like little doctors within your entire skin,
as long as the girls thought you looked good.
It was a little going away present for yourself,
pretending to feel fine.
Then at Christmas you would radiate
like a prism while you grew into
your favorite brown leather sofa chair.
That's when we left you to take your nap,
but Grandma was the one who caught you,
your green eyes gone placid and body
looking limbless while you just kind of
waited there.

The Yukon

Have you ever seen nothing, a deep blue
bear, the subject of your eye's consumption,
a nothing so rotten, dirt roads glow and
traveling fires float embers, begging
to gleam more than the Northern-most Lights,
the plundering sight to lonely passers-by,
wildly blue, unseemingly green to
sasquatchian men along anorexic
pines shrunken from the tree line, ice-blocked
roots fallen too soon before antlers from
the moose uncover themselves again, a
nothing so foreign as a soft-spoken
neighbor, not unkind but still nothing,
still beautiful? No good afternoon, neighbor

Jennifer King is a writer, editor, and book maker living in Austin, Texas. Her work has also appeared in *Farfelu Magazine*. She is the editor of *Bird Fly Good*, a yearly poetry magazine; information about its first issue can be found at www.birdflygood.com).