

Oshouo

The pile of dishes in the sink piled up for months
until the drain was clogged and the sink became a pond.
First, a dragonfly. Then, a ghost and a pair of lovers.

turtles feel through their shells
bamboo cut and strewn every which way

a bonsai tree hangs by its roots
like a frying pan or dried *kyuri*

long ago a man hung just the same
on the veranda between spittle and curses

beached koi breathe under pine
incense or empty turtle shells

i was born in a sink biting something raw
something slippery my lip caught in hook

long ago a photo of great grandmother
my neck extends from its turtle shell

i curl up in the sink push away
soap bubbles, dishes and a lily pod

my love is a horn bruising
out of the shell on my back

who would want this?