

idle hands

after/for natasha manners

by morgan jones

I.

from granite was carved
the power to wield crows

we become the uncanny murder
looking for strength in pillars

II.

corrugated iron for chicken coop cut
sparks and smells like new year's eve

III.

raise a glass to perpetual adjustment
for it takes a bunnings to raise a child

of loose threads for private castles
full of white rooms in endless procession

IV.

the grass is always greener
when it's astro-turf