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Bird in Mouth

I woke one morning to find your heart
between my lips, moving like a little
creature that knows it is caught. Imagine
my horror to wake up with your heart in my mouth,
its beat like the smallest firework.

I woke up so impossibly tangled with your legs,
unable to move under the tent they made.
I woke up under logs with a bird in my mouth,
fluttering. I must have hunted it all night,
as I slept, and caught it as the forest fell.

I woke up, and found that I do not want this
so close to my teeth. It makes me not breathe.

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Sarah Greenleaf is working towards her MFA in Film and Media Arts at Temple University and holds degrees from the University of Washington in English Literature and Journalism. Her work has been featured on *InkNode* and she is currently creating an installation that explores identification, culture, and information overload.