

He is wet and covered with Dawn
 the little dachshund tries to jump
 out of the sink into my arms
 I push him back and scrub his back
 he is the second of the two dogs
 to be bathed after being sprayed
 at close quarters their bodies
 do not actually smell of skunk
 but wreak of their intense potion
 that when diluted smells skunky
 my kitchen smells skunky
 tonight my bed will smell of skunk
 Dawn and French perfume

They Come to Get the Chickens

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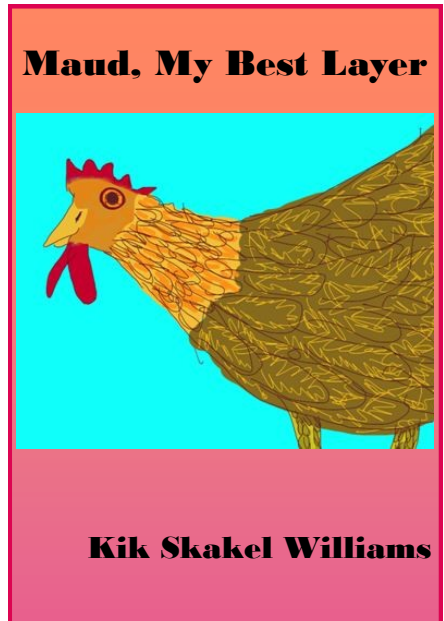
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Origami Poems Project™

Maud, My Best Layer
Kik Skakel Williams © 2015



Donations Greatly Appreciated



Tiny new white dots of ice
 Like nonparils and sparrow tracks
 Cover yesterday's snow
 A delicate snow scarf
 Too difficult to knit
 A white egg in the coop
 Sits in the freshly
 Formed nest
 Ready to scramble

Breakfast

forced from the flock
 her feathers fluffed puffed pissed
 she can't hog the nest—
 broody hen's put in another pen
 feels pretty shitty punishing the biddy
 for sitting on a clutch that will never hatch
 there's no rooster sister!
 no cock a doodle doo to do her
 no chicks will run around the grounds
 but how sweet the thought in the garden
 wee ones under her skirts they need her
 follow her cling to her constant company
 she takes a break at the coop roof
 a good look out for the cat or dogs
 so her babies don't get hurt won't fly away
 or go away anyway

Empty Nest

Maud, My Best Layer

Her wattle and comb began to pale
 Two days later they were paler
 She got slower
 Her beak opened to breath
 A fleck of blood in her eye
 This morning she let me hold her
 Her backside covered in shit
 The doctor said flies would lay eggs on her
 Maggots would eat her living flesh
 I bathed her with Mary Chess perfumed bath oil
 Powdered her neathers under her feathers
 Left water and an ear of corn
 Next to her in the coop
 The dachshund dug under the fence
 The other hens pecked her

One of the new hens
 Cockeyed half paralyzed
 Swirled spiraled around the pen
 Flapped on one side
 Like the Three Stooges' Curley
 Pinwheelled in circles like my brother Mark
 Who once thought he was Superman
 And once to make us laugh
 Did a Curley pinwheel
 In the middle of Grand Central Station
 —he was alone that day
 On top of a hill in Vermont
 His pickup truck still running—
 Mortally wounded
 Because I'd dropped her a quick snap
 I knew what I had to do

My Crazy Blue Egged Girl

I put her in a box with fresh straw
 Brought her inside
 Laid with her on the bed
 Laid with my mother on the bed
 No not my mother maybe my mother
 No my mother is dead I want my mother
 When does the eye stop to glisten
 Listen to me I'm dying
 Don't make me do this alone