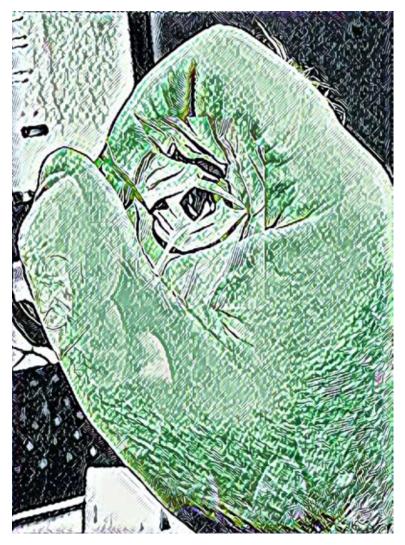
Househole



Artwork by Jim Zola

Poem by Holly Day

She watches him as he pulls the bodies off the wall, the broken bones and smiles over chicken-wire poses, crackling fireplaces threatening the fragile taxidermist people those sightless eyes.

She imagines the frame that will stretch her own corpse someday, when she, too, has been ruined for him too many times to prod numbly back into place. She can already feel the change in his touch as he caresses her in bed more like Braille than love, there are

broken bones here, too, and too much pretending that nothing's wrong, she sighs.