

The ghost in my vagina led me to the woods.

*Piss on the bones.*

I did and gathered the face and spine of a dead raccoon.

That's all that was left.

I know a guy, and he got the spine.

I don't know anyone else, so I kept the face.

*Feel tenderly for that which unrepentantly eats garbage.*

I wrapped the face in tissue and placed it in an old toy chest.

The ghost in my vagina was silent for days.

In obeisance to the ghost I made offerings:

Dicks and yogurt and cotton and silk.

The dicks turned to assholes and nothing more happened.

Months passed before I felt the old pulse.

Go.