

VOODOO

I can't imagine you kept the shrunken head
in a bag the whole drive up from New Orleans.
all humid with hibiscus and bourbon,
it needed to breathe.

Mouth stitched shut,
it pleaded for a little tenderness,
so I brought it as close as I could to home.

In the spice cabinet,
it slept with the cinnamon and rosemary,
flavoring everything we ate with such
swampboat magic
that we forgot all about bayou curses.

Every night, though,
I'd kiss its wrinkled brow
and sprinkle brick dust at my door.