

## Imaginary Friends

### *Pterodactyl:*

P quietly pets the spot where my Adam's apple has gone missing, while tero leans to milk my mouth. The bellied suction buckets woven sea and wolf silk; we tunnel the pulped membrane, swaying at her slender crest. Deference, really. To our blind spots I mime, "hold me together, but tear me apart first." In this moment I forget my mother.

### *The caterpillar on construction paper, smiling:*

His antennas are erect, awakened and curious. I'm jealous of this taste. My paws crunch and fold at him; pinching and ripping the globular segments. Ptero laughs as his legs march through the thighed tinsel. By now, aroused and disemboweled, caterpillar suggests an insular planning.

### *Machete:*

As they choke the splintered handle, I finger for the mahogany, fiddle-shaped switch. I cannot bear to watch. Mother looks on from the bookshelf. Neglecting my foreskin, they plunge into the esophagus. Scoop out paste and sequins; Ptero shoves what's left of caterpillar inside as a replacement.

### *A paleontologist:*

He romances his left femur and pleads guilty to stealing his own bones;  
runs away with all of us, writhing.

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