

Dreams of a Peasant Girl, Running a Fever
M. Elizabeth Scott

Pig's eyes, hall
of the vulgar sopping
in a bowl of broth,
like a sponge

Alone in a sequin dress
upon the feral mouth

Fever in a green tiara
splendor in the

To contemplate the piss-soaked
caravan to enter into a vision

Is to say
there is another reason

To lunge towards the thing
that's been forbidden

Something rustles her
– a maiden hue, a stunted breath

But nothing burns
like the dead air

That thralls beyond
that velvet curtain