

Relationship Chicken

a grocery list of unsaid thoughts and half told truths
our split tongues squabble in allegory
as we un-tell to one another

Isn't that the golden rule?
Who can care-less?
Think-less?
Talk-less?
Be-less?

They think our heads are cut off
Our self-fed fear chasing us down the street
we never questioned why we crossed the road
or why we're really running in the first place

but maybe we were made to run
for you have chicken legs
and I have chicken feet
Playing this seasonal game of forked roads and dominos

Dodging devotion like cars
and affection like foxes
we know we're not decapitated
but unequivocally hollow like the cages that hold us

Colliding at a crossroads of heart and head
and if we have wishbones
I'd break mine
hoping you're the first to scream

chicken

