
Letter of Recommendation

I opened the door and a man stuck a fork in my eye.
It popped out.
“Thank you,” he said, and hurt, I sat on the grass outside.
I slept hard.

I woke restlessly.
A woman with my balls asked, “Did you want these?”
They were on a plate
with a melon-scoop and a pair of scissors steeped in blood.

I struggled.
She left.

A policeman came by with a letter and my belongings,
vandals in tow.
“Looks like they actually have legal right to these,” he said.
“Look at this.”

I held my eye in front of the page and saw my letter
of recommendation.
“He’s a fine pupil; hmmm, I feel compelled to be honest

He’s got fine eyes, pretty fine pupil, pretty blue iris
and balls to spare.
I recommend you help yourself to them while they’re good,
they’re all that’s left.”

Matthew Burden