

The Nose Inheritance

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poetry

There are a dozen noses living under mine
When this one dies (by which I mean I kill her)
Another will rise from underneath,
shed her mother's skin,
and snort out the afterbirth

What's up my nose, if not a prophecy?
From my wide nostrils spill forth Something Unsightly.

In snorts and sniffs against my upper lip,
Something Unsightly says:

*someday somebody will finally take a scalpel
to this unfortunate schnoz
and snip away at everything inside that feels*

It is more a hiss than a whisper,
like my grandmother when I ask her:
where did your nose go?