

Caelifera Whispers

We make windchimes from the teeth of dead family
dogs. They sound like rattlesnakes, gyrating
against themselves as the wind dies.

Grasshoppers leave our yard, wind carrying them over
the trees to other children
where they can whisper secrets.

*The moon is the sun, turned around.
Boys live there, never homesick.
If you squint from worlds away
you can see their curled-up cheeks, still awake
late on a warm night.*