

JAYNE BENJULIAN

Constellation

We are anchored in the stars
—Larry Dossey, MD

Before I could grab nitrile gloves
& drop the body in the garbage can
a black triangle dive-bombed

the driveway—
two wingmen & one flying point—
pinched the headless mouse

another victim murdered
next to the house. Last night
a back-door corpse, this evening

one flat on the blacktop.
From woods to grass to iris stalks
like heat-seeking missiles, mice

clog the air compressor, chew
garage door wire, collapse
gasping in glue traps or,

beheaded, are lifted into air.