

LEANNE AVERBACH

The Gift

(a tale of revenge)

I dreamed you telephoned.

Unscrewing the receiver
I bared the works
plunged my fingers
wittingly among the wires
and yanked out plenty
(the static must have
driven you mad)
enough to slit off
a lobe
(why squander all
when it's just love
not art
at stake?)
and I laid it tenderly inside
then tightened the device
so you could hear
my body part
half way round
the bloody globe.