

Once I Drew a Maze with a Minotaur Waiting at the End

Once I whipped an apple on the ground
to mimic the end of the world, its splatter
oxidizing the concrete
in the shape of a fat Buddha.

Once I broke a bottle, blood blossoming
in the center of my palm like a harvest moon.
Trembling at the sight of it. Imagine licking
shards slicing the tongue.

Once I loved myself, but I find
love is a sour tasting
apple—all pucker—hurt
building at the core, and out scurry worms.

Once a squirrel plummeted
from a maple, and it shook
the daze out of its head, leaving
a lesson of stability.

Once I found the Minotaur and asked
whether it was best to be caught or lost
in a world of right angles. He said, mazes
are like this: one wall after another.