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The Gamble and Jump Rope

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The Gamble

Halie Brown

And on the 8th day,
God said:
 “Let everything be lost,”
And with a shake of a hand
And the crackle of die
It was

Jump Rope

Halie Brown

A mouth full of cotton.
Venom-soaked fiber.
 He slipped through the grass, the rocks and plastic.
 Curling and winding over the wheels of a turned-over trike,
 Into honey-glazed hands. Sugar broke off across his scales,
 As he stared into a starburst of a smile.
The cry of a siren.