Schizophrenic Shed

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She huddles in the streak
of sunlight that pierces her
blue eyes, hands of vices, a barbie
head, hair knotted in dirt.

Its body is outside the tin doors, a
decapitated reminder of the voices
that speak a forgotten language, change her tones,
we climb inside to the orange shag remnant.

Peeking out, a bandaid heals the headless nub, I
follow the S curve of her lynching string
looped over an eternal highheeled foot, half-
buried in dirt and chewed to the heel.

We grasp each other’s hair and braid the
silky strands together, wiggle sandy toes until
they pop, white plastic record player skips
old mcdonald old mcdonald, had a had a —

she blooms into teeth and her inner weather
beats her fists to her porcelain head, she is
shattering back and forth, but with EIEIO, EIEIO, it’s over —
except for new childbass voice that sneers,
shit, I eat you up honey.

I lick my teeth and scoot back to a corner, an ache fractures where our siamese twinning ended,
in the headsnarl there is warmth and a buzzing that she bends closer to hear.