

Chelsea Dingman

Little Hell

I can't breathe this
morning—my dead father, smoking
at the kitchen table, marred

by the scenery, trees
on the flatbed of his truck
going somewhere. He's

a terrible dream I had. Empty
rooms, dust in a corner. He
disappeared near Hope, ice

beneath his tires, and I
went south, to vultures
feeding on entrails

in the yard, dead
armadillos. I escaped
the snow, not its secrets. They follow,

whispering of mold
in the grass, corpses
of trees, naked and shivering.

