

**'We Discover a Severed Thumb In The Woods'**  
**Michael Conley**

Lying either side of it,  
we play  
who dares get their tongue closest.

It nestles  
in a pile of wet leaves, real  
as a joke thumb.

It mightn't be a thumb after all;  
could be a stubby finger.  
It's hard to tell

without the context of a hand.  
It smells like  
the thing you can't find

in the fridge.  
You are winning: your tongue  
is practically touching it.