

jenny HUSK

Hand in Errors

In rest her hand. Soul, connect, prayer gets
all the calls—careful. Die, sick knock. Open
halt and who gets the spy gel?
His leash strappen
in fact; dies to sale a burnt wand, held in. Die
and learns that she's off with her sue gun;
she shopped, died often, brewed none,
got all her wages for wand lore.
Dies off, treats in, and errs
in hands. Die, Iris Glitch!
In Sir Land's chaffed match hand
she's a wondering ankle owner
with a tin eye, sees her own fault
met and cuffed to band.