

Poetry
Cody Miller

Tired of Cotton

The teddy bear haunts the
Backyard when it's been abandoned
Beside the trampoline, and all you can do is look on
Like you've retrieved a memory. Instead of bouncing with a child and
Reaching for what looks like watermarks in the sky, the bear
Sinks further into the turf like a sunflower
That's been cut because it's too whimsical.
You kneel to watch a blade of grass bore into the bear's head
And steal what a child would think of as brains.
But there's no child to watch the ants pick cotton in the shade.
All that remains is you and the sound of weeds growing and
Tearing through brittle thread. Once the weeds grow clear
Of the decaying, sun-roasted fur, you watch them
Stretch in the rain.