

BRIDGET LOWE

Blue and Red Ink Picture by Nijinsky in the Asylum

The crossed angry eyes,
the double tusks.

Not in a child's hand
because not a child's story,

though perhaps the exact darkness
a child at night

in a bedroom knows,
a child's mind alone—

the bedroom a broom closet,
the child's body the broom

and the straw of the broom like hair
cropped close to the skull.