



From The Fossil Shop

Victor Altshul

When I Woke Up and Saw Them Both

I said I know who you are
that was all it may have been a lie

the blackness had not been like sleep
there had been no something there

no something where
don't think about it now

ghosts are hissing at me,
whispering of dripping caverns.

inside are slimy creatures.
I believe they are called fossils

cut by fossil doctors with long knives

take the water away throat hurts.

no one told me I'd be wheeled inside
and held down and

breathe this

Life is a piece of string pulled tight.

Victor Altshul's collection of poetry *Singing With Starlings*
appeared in 2015.