

The Valet of the Shadow of Death

Looking at the valet of the Shadow of Death,
you puke inside your mouth, then swallow.

He is a jigsaw puzzle of lost people.
Underneath his clothes are surgical scars,

the autopsy Y, the cut off limbs from midnight
surgeries. You hand him the key to your car.

Later, the valley of the Shadow of Death is in darkness,
and the valet drives to the parking circle,

gets out, hands you the key to your car.
You tip him, and ask him about his tattoos.

He is proud. He shows them off, and his scars.
He guesses at the story behind each.

He tells you he wants to find his creator,
the person who looked through bag after bag

of medical waste, and with steel needle
and nylon thread, sewed him into being.

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