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Weather vane

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Weather vane

I staged my own death,
hosted my own funeral
and from the roof of the church
the weather vane's beak guided me
away from the sunflower fields
where you were born
and into the tundra
where your doppelgänger roamed.
I had nothing but an empty matchstick box
to ward off foul fowl.

do you remember when I found you
wearing a chicken onesie
in the parking lot at 2 am,
crying inside the car we used
to go chasing ufos at night with?
do you remember abba
on the radio?

and do you remember
that weird thing in soledad? do you
remember after the accident
when you covered my skin in tar like
black honey, rolling me in feathers
from the dead angel in
the trunk of your car?

(you were good with duct tape.
I was good at holding my breath.)

at the airport, you told me:
“don't be a chicken,”
and pointed to your arm
as if the rooster tattooed on your skin
with cockfight blood instead of ink
could set an example for who
you thought I should be. but

I was the boy with the yellow bike
rabbit with the highest jump
a heart out of its beat.

About Jona L. Pedersen

Jona L. Pedersen grew up on an island on Norway's coast, but has since relocated to the US to pursue a degree in English with a minor in biology at the University of North Dakota. When they aren't studying, they like to explore the outdoors, spend time with their two rats, and make art. In their writing, Jona aspires to capture the wonders of the natural world – creating stories which tread the line between reality and dreams.