

KARA VAN DE GRAAF

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## Sonnet with a Wishbone in the Throat

I trussed the hen and cut the breast  
clean, pliable, soft with cartilage.  
I thought my mouth could swallow it  
whole, but the bone went brittle, broke  
through the skin of my neck like two  
thorns. Its prongs scissored out above  
my clavicle. Windpipe split in a perfect Y.  
When I speak, each phrase kaleidoscopes,  
modifies, a duet of whispers I lip into air.  
I sound sweet when I want to be bitter. I bite  
back my anger's flare. My voice box grows  
into an echo chamber, buzzes double-alive.  
Forgive me, I must say everything twice:  
once to punish, once to entice.