

TARA SKURTU

KAZOO

Dad remembers walking to the Chicken Man's
with his Romanian grandmother. Chickens

in chicken wire cages, a butcher block
taller than him in the middle of the shop.

She picked out a plump one, and the man
in his white apron grabbed it by the neck, took

off its head, tossed the rest to the concrete.
Ten or so seconds it flapped and scrambled,

marbling the floor red. Black rubber fingers
of the chicken plucker machine smacked

the body smooth. Back home she gutted,
separated thighs and legs, butterflied breasts

while he played. Came out of the kitchen,
a slimy narrow tube in her hand. She stretched

the opening, held it to her lips, blew between
the flaps. A larynx, like a kazoo. "Here, Eddie."