

Sloth Girl

By Arianne Amparo

Suicidal sloth stirs and releases her death grip
on the branch she has been anchored to
for two decades or ten hours.
A tender heap of suburban fur,
she throws herself into cold clear water.
Cleans herself and the parasites she houses.

Every morning, sloth girls everywhere surface.
Mascara smeared across their eyes,
bangs stuck to their faces like wet leaves.
Their too-long manicures feel their way
out of shower stalls and bathtubs.
Electric screams fill clouds of humidity
and let everyone know that they are alive.