

BRANDON MELENDEZ

ODE TO MY UNIBROW

o unruly garden the first time you graced me with your hive
of coarse bristle I grabbed the smallest sickle I could find & cut
you from my face each morning I watched you dig
yourself back out from the parceled flesh where you refused to
die no matter how many times I tossed you to the guillotine
or cursed the way you stayed alive untamed
 you flaunt that face of rough edge & howling
lycanthrope between full moons. o monocled brow o
unhallowed survivor even a decade later you grow despite me
 I'm sorry I've named you sod ugly
 with vines we both know loving myself has
always meant dissection & harvest even if I never embrace
 your loud & abrasive clot please grow
 & grow & grow show me how to see
your reflection in the blade & rise anyway.