

## Jessica Cuello

### CHAMBER

My shoebox rattled with shells  
found at a garage sale:  
*Honey Cowrie, Perspective Sundial,*  
*Chambered Nautilus*—sliced  
perfectly across, a hole punctured  
in each chamber where the dead had lived.

Far from salt-thick water, I listened  
to the low echo, breath from bone.  
I put my mouth against the pink lip  
of the conch, its curl of teeth.

Once I crawled into my brother's room  
without breathing; I meant to show I  
moved invisibly; I wanted his eye  
to stray from his comic.