

Lots

Christine Bettis

I feel lemon in the owning, an orphan. She walked the walk in a hospital gown. No glasses. Glass sits in it in the window, in it in the light. He was milk and a building, stones collected when he was a child (where to begin). A part of me has hardened. You gonna take your writing out for ice cream or you gonna set fire to it? "I do," they said, in paled code. More water, less sugar, probably not. My mother drowsy. Made a mountain say, "I'm sorry." Take me to your orchard in rows, at ease. How do you feel when someone gives you a trophy? Like a needle, the hole it leaves behind in the skin. So what if he's a sexy proletariat. If you are dying then I will drop like glass from your hands and run. But a clear lake. The comma is a step away. One day, he'll shelve his umbrella for good. November 2008 I voted in a blue cubicle. Drank cava from a bottle under vowels. Kind of like a plant inside a drum kit. I remember my mother's fridge: ice flowered over and oranges. Unopened envelopes and hands collapsing on a table. "No," she said, "it's a cowardly name... the woods are where people go to hide." Finally washed that dress he took off and threw on the floor, heavy when wet and near tears. Detroit, I hope you still hate me.

Christine Bettis is a poet in the MFA program at UNLV. Her work has appeared in *Queen Mob's Teahouse*, *Similar:Peaks:*, and *Two Serious Ladies*. She spends most nights thinking about cults and poetry. She is from Detroit.