

Lori Lamothe

Mind Fishing

The front yard's a galaxy of yellow—
every last petal burning steady

like candles that won't
blow out.

I'm skeptical about color like that.

Some days I'm a girl so long untethered
the only light that reaches me

is a desert of dead stars.

Some days tangerines and hawks,
a lace collar, certain words,

a chipped door painted blue

reel me closer even as I'm slipping
off the hook cast into existence.

And I still don't know why
it scares me—

the gravity of ordinary things.

Lori Lamothe is the author of two poetry collections, *Trace Elements* and *Happily*, as well as several chapbooks, most recently *Ouija in Suburbia* (dancing girl press). New work appears or is forthcoming in *Borderlands*, *The Journal*, *The Literary Review*, *New Madrid*, *Painted Bride Quarterly*, and elsewhere.