

Say She Never Meant To | Kari Gunter-Seymour

Say she'd always been squirrely,
a minor emergency of the self,
free-birding without a flicker of care

or pinch of refrain, draping lanky arms
around the neck of the universe,
cards tight to the chest,

sapping sad songs through the night,
recollections steeping like a potion
of pennyroyal and black cohosh—

a bowlegged mountain boy,
blood in the bath water, a mangled
metal hanger he once hung his coat on.

