**Say She Never Meant To**

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.

