

**A SOLDIER AND AN UNMADE BED**  
(Poem by Emily Habermehl)  
(Artwork by Cara Walz)

Her head: swirls  
Rains down on a pillow  
She wants to rip out the seams  
Of each day she's lived  
Grab silversteellinty needle  
And sew it all again

Rogue thread pop, pinch out – toss

Anxiety is the night watchman  
5 years  
15 years  
(How many times do you get to make it right?)

She wants the past  
To be written in chalk  
So an afternoon shower releases all

Sweat stained bra hung to dry on the balcony  
Crimson tampons in the bathroom trash  
Cat with a human face  
A single girl serenade

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Details are sprinkles  
On top of the cup cake  
She has to count them  
Before she is allowed a bite

(She might starve before it's over)

Excitement a leap frog  
In the left side of her chest  
But it's painted blue

Her mind the needle skips on the record  
Catches snags in her throat  
Ripples of urgency spread  
From the pebble she tossed in the pond

(Find it!)

Her ears always with radio static  
She tries to capture words like moths  
Pin down to make meaning  
Read cryptic signs in wings

Too bad she's  
Drowning  
In crackles whispers rattles hums

(Where is her antennae?)

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As a soldier  
It's an insult  
All his energy be spent  
Guarding an unmade bed

(What are you fighting for?)