

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

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?)

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

(What are you fighting for?)