

Feast

Rowan dreams a forest as her fingers crack
under plates of steak and ale pie, mashed turnips,
blood sausage, lamb's heart, black pudding.
Her gut clenches it's own emptiness.
The hills shiver with hunger. Blood and fur
blossom on needled floor. She dreams herself
a creature with crepuscular eyes and yellow claws.

When the bellies are filled and the dishes cleared,
remnants of cream and custard coat her fingers
the scent of strange saliva whets her animal appetite
to lick the dishes clean, to pull her tongue
over the buttered knife edge, to scrape the last
of the marrow from the naked bones.

There is no pain in the transformation
of woman to beast, of skin to chestnut fur,
hands to claws, white thighs to muscled
hind legs that can bound through the underbrush.
The sting is in the shrinking back to her own
brittle form. The feast clings to her, films her teeth,
stretches her stomach, greases her hair, glistens
on her skin. From the pit of her, regret.

Dancers

I'm too old to be upside down,
a collection of bones in tired skin.

My clavicle is my best feature.
The rest of me just hurts.

Violet holds me, her palms
on my scapulae. I feel her

bones through her skin and mine.
I don't need to be reminded.

When this dance is over I'll be
three minutes closer. So will she.

Violet

Your upside down geometry
startles me, your acute angles
your pristine arc studded
with ribs. I envy your landscape.

I feel scalene.

If the men could touch
you those angles would rip
their palms. Their blood
would match your lips,
Violet. My lips are blue
like veins. My breasts
are blue with veins.

I am barren of miracles.

Inside you, a seed
with soft strength
will grow, will bend you
until it blooms and sweet girl,
it will ruin you.

**When your sister loses her mind,
yours is not far behind.**

I am selfish. Two slices
of bread and I eat both.

She will not remember
to be hungry. I remember

when we were luminous.

I let her sleep late
so she will eat less.

I like the quiet
without her. I eat quiet

when the bread is gone.

She always has to pee
when she wakes. I'm afraid

she will slip on the tile.
Although she is small

I am not strong enough

to help her. I am selfish.
Who will buy bread

if we break on the tile,
and who will remember

when our minds not our bones were light?

**If you would stop yelling
at me I could think better.**

*You're okay Karen stop crying
Karen sit down eat your breakfast
and there is no need to pour an entire
glass of orange juice into your shoe, Karen.*

My shoes are very small
I was pretty once
and who the fuck is Karen?

I search these halls all pink
and blue always pink
and terrible. Who put carpet
on the walls? I will find
my house. I could be under
these reeking clothes
or in this sink
if I pull the drain out.

It will be the same.

The kitchen,
I remember the kitchen
where I make things.

My bed. I remember my bed.
Oh God, let him be there still.
I have been gone a long time.

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