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From

*after Jennifer Gravley*

I am from chapped hands, hospital corners, pack of Salem on the sewing machine. I am from truncated surname, dry river bed, nails bitten down to the quick. I am one in a series of three or more. I am from colic, small pox vaccination, pierced lip mermaid. I am from April, from Monday, from a body in motion that will not change its velocity. I am from the back of my mother's hand, her disintegrating spine, stoic German farm stock. From gingerbread houses and absent mother clichés. From mildew behind the faucet, from gates rusted shut, from blighted orchard.

Deborah Hauser

Deborah Hauser is the author of *Ennui: From the Diagnostic and Statistical Field Guide of Feminine Disorders*. Her work has recently appeared in *Bellevue Literary Review*, *TAB: The Journal of Poetry & Poetics*, and *Carve Magazine*. She leads a double life on Long Island where she works in the insurance industry.