



DISASSOCIATION

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Oh, every season is long for you now
especially in Missouri, where you're bound

to be restless in the honeysuckle
light of June evenings. But things happen

every day without your knowing:
your oven ticks as it warms, a slug

drowns in your bathtub, the chopper
flies so low your windowpanes rattle

(who was it looking for?), your lover
and your friend text each other,

I hate you. You've had a rough go.
It's hard to regain one's reputation

after throwing a wig into a dancing
crowd, but no one can tell you, *be more*

approachable when you must dip
your nails into your beer to test

for roofies (there's a polish for that now)
and all the windows in your house

are cricketed with alarms. Look at you
here in your thin cotton dress, pulling

at the threads that shorten your hem.
Look at the scuffmarks on your new

white boots. You refuse to ever be
the girl next door. Still you blame

the cracks in the walls for the poison
you spray every morning then wait

with the door open for it to dry. It's true
what they say: the men who've known

you before see you differently now.
A man asks *what's your name?* and you're

the one to respond, *it doesn't matter.*
They don't want to remember

and you'll admit it: I've occupied
the darkest times in their lives.