PATRICIA CASPERS

Double Negative

I handed over ain't as willingly as rain-gullied snails collected after a storm and tried to wrestle the contraction from my cousins—ain't too hungry, ain't got no milk, ain't gonna eat watered cereal again—but it anchored their tongues.

Don't want no one. I gave what I seen, gave my hunnerd pleases and cee-ment heart and turned my hard, mischievous e to soft ash, and then gave more: the cousins themselves with their chick-fuzz hair, our summer names spun in sparklers against the stars.

Next went their mothers; aunts with nicotine kisses and babys and sissys and sunflower seed spittle in a Pessi can. Finally, I sent away my siblings and their redcapped devotion, as if we had never stomped empty Buds in burnt July grass, our bare legs splattered with the hot foam of each crush.

I gave all of it for one discombobulated alphabet: beleaguered, ephemeral, insouciance, for a carbon-black tap dance across cellulose, for my place at the front of the class where a student says I seen, and the word is a dull saw that grates my throat seen seen seen - who am I to topple

that domino of loss?

Patricia Caspers is an award-winning poet, columnist, and journalist. Her poetry has been published widely, in journals such as Ploughshares, PANK, the Cortland Review, Sugar House Review, and Quiddity. She won the Nimrod/Hardman Pablo Neruda Prize for poetry, and her full-length poetry collection, In the Belly of the Albatross, was published by Glass Lyre Press (2015).

TENNESSEE LOVELESS

Stay Calm and Scribble On, 2018 Ink overlay on giclée, 14 x 14 x 11/2 in



COURTESY TENNESSEE LOVELESS; MICKEY MOUSE (C) DISNEY (1)