Not an Exit

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Recommended Citation
Bethel, Lorri (2018) "Not an Exit," The Oval: Vol. 11 : Iss. 1 , Article 5.
Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol11/iss1/5
The bleeding started
in the first month
of the thirteenth year,
with power

and howling
for a childhood
that never was,
for safety from

the groping hands,
shame, filthy core,
swinging dicks
blood and gore,

closed, locked doors,
the pounding,
the screaming,
the not letting in,

the drowning,
in the wine glass
of the mother
who never was,

the not listening,
the not knowing,
the not wanting
to know,

the big door shutting:
orange rejection,
the clicking lock,
peeing in the bushes.
Not an exit.  
Run and keep on 
running until 
it is far enough. 

They are coming,  
are here inside,  
they are outside  
and upside-down,  

hanging from  
the monkey bars,  
hanging from the  
private parts.  

They are in you,  
your panties,  
your squirming legs  
your dreams.  

Not an exit.  
Just a detour,  
a blinding shot  
to the jaw,  

to the vein, the gut,  
the heart, the soul,  
to the footlights,  
the stripper’s pole.  

Polaroid pictures  
in the precinct  
of black eyes  
and, black souls,  

the cracking  
of teeth, bones,  
hearts - all instruments  
dead and alive  

that play this song  
over and over and over  
for the power  
and the glory,
forever and ever
Amen.