

4-15-2021

## Blue Bathtub on 9th Street

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### Recommended Citation

Hewey, Elizabeth (2021) "Blue Bathtub on 9th Street," *The Oval*: Vol. 14 : Iss. 1 , Article 19.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/oval/vol14/iss1/19>

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# BLUE BATHTUB ON 9<sup>TH</sup> STREET

Elizabeth Hewey

My limbs are wilted by gravity  
as water drains from the blue bathtub.

My thighs, belly, and angry breasts  
are no longer delicately floating

but have become rusted anchors,  
holding me against the tub.

Why soak in still water  
when I could be in a river?

My toes pointed downstream—  
mountain runoff so fucking cold.

My body a log in late May  
being pushed up against a barricade,

touched and cut by other twigs and branches.  
Each healed scratch of my body feeling

the pressure of the dark brown current.  
Only my twisted hair and blank expression

would be above the water.  
Legs trotting until my pinky toe

stubs itself, hitting  
the violent rocks of the riverbed.

My body liberated from the dam,  
and pulled through the undercurrents

rising up for air, like quick interrupted words.  
My thighs, belly, and breasts shaking

from the flood and like a log rise  
to the surface, aching for solid ground.  
Then I'd be virtuous to be so heavy.