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Mother's Red Wedding Dress

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MOTHER'S RED WEDDING DRESS

wouldn't fit me. *Big boned*, she said,
Grandma could knock a man out.

That year, I put a kid's head through a window.

Blackout rage, damaged film in the retina, yes,
been in another's mouth who kissed, ate ice cream,
then spit on my cheek.

Don't talk about my mother. In dreams,
my spine split and healed jagged as a saw
blade, mouth turned to a fanged snout.

Get that dress away. I'll lick the meat from your bones
like the old dog we threw food—
gone wild from chains.