

LIZZY PETERSEN

Before Your Arrival

I see a semi cleaned only enough
to say, EAT CARP,
then corrected, CATFISH.

How often on the highway did I forget
who was passing whom, the world using

its feelers to measure the width
between me and a wreck.

(Like a fly, I should land feet up.)

The cows fit like eggs in the shadow
of a silo in Illinois...*if*
a carton were cut like a silo.

Their necks are led by July to the spot. July turns
me nauseous expecting water. At first
I am tunneled by the wait—that pregnant

cat a boy trimmed the whiskers of,
her belly now fat and stuck
behind the couch—

and then I am impossibly through it.

LIZZY PETERSEN lives in St. Louis where she is the Managing Editor of *River Styx Magazine*, a lecturer, bookseller, and co-teacher of the Grand Boulevard Workshops at Gateway180: Homelessness Reversed. She holds an MFA in poetry from Purdue University, where she founded and coordinated the *You Are in Indiana Now* reading series. Her reviews have appeared in *Poetry*, *Sycamore Review*, and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

