

LIZZY PETERSEN

Queased

Not a marble.
My boyfriend's eye is not even
a hemisphere. He pulled it out

and the plastic pupil's film
of calcium did not reflect me.
With my finger, this trout

on the shoreline of the socket, I fixed
to clean the lashes and saw

the gum of his eye as any girl would
her first front of a naked man.

A gallon of plucked grackles could perch his lid
and I would not have known, not even
at a dumb hour like dawn.

Of course the trip is over.
Notice this, notice that:

the plane, a grackle, cuts through
a grackle ditch (overcast sky);

the drive, a car plate reads KRPEDIEM.

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*.

