

## NATALIE HOMER

### Liquor Outlet

It starts in the citrus  
hour of evening, my mind

on an imagined meridian

where I can smell the sting  
through the sugar.

Behind the storefront window,  
an arched tentacle,

black, but purple in the Clarendon filter of memory.

Driving past becomes a ritual,  
and the displays shift with the seasons.

Now, a neutron star  
in the form of a disco ball,

its flashes silver drops

of rain, a verse  
illustrated in real time.

I imagine what's next,

a paper parasol stamped with cherry blossoms,  
or a Ferris wheel with frosted bottles in each gondola.

Going up is easier than coming down,

and the top notes never last long  
because they are the sweetest.

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**NATALIE HOMER** is an MFA candidate at West Virginia University and the poetry editor for *The Doctor T.J. Eckleburg Review*. Her poetry has been published or is forthcoming in *Ruminare*, *Salamanca*, *Sierra Nevada Review*, and others.

