NATALIE HOMER

A Color Called Love Letters

Yesterday I was int	roduced	to a	a girl	prettier than me		
		_				

We shook hands, stiffly.

The foothills are on fire again, the way a screen in the dark always looks lurid,

always looks like a cutthroat trout

before it's gutted.

Anyway, my body stood up straight as if it were a room painted a color called Love Letters.

I am the same person who broke wine glasses in a bag and scattered the pieces under someone's car,

who ripped a bleeding heart out by the roots when galls sprung up on the leaves,

who crushed a chrysalis because it was within reach.

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 *Ruminate, Salamander, Sierra Nevada Review,* and others.

FWJ PLUS • 109