

Wrath

Stab the mute fat back of a playmate
with a sharpened pencil. Fling a rusty chain
at the sister who left your bike in the rain.
Slam a door and watch it quiver. Sweep the plates
to the floor the way you've seen mother do.
Hurl a skillet at your lover's head. Leave
cracked plaster for all to see. You've been told to
count to stay calm. The shrink says to breathe
should the edges go dark, *one, two*, if the face
starts to flush, *three, four*, but what of the arms –
five, six, that rush with a charge, *seven, eight*,
and carry a voltage so thrumming and warm
the night becomes molten and bends, *nine, ten* –
that say to the hands: *Rise. Now, rise again.*

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