

Katie O'Neill

Iconoclast

Her eyes are too conspicuous:

Puddles of shamrocks, with thin rings

Of gold around the edges like rickrack.

She hates sentimentality and doesn't believe in anything

Except the discomfort of holding hands,

The awkwardness of knuckles pressed against each

Other in bumpy rows until they settle into spaces where they fit.

She is fascinated by *rigor mortis* and hates dental floss.

When she cleaned her room at 11 years old,

She left the Bible outside her door

With a stack of Judy Blume books.

Maps frame her windows and the flowers in house are all plastic.

She loves statistics and is herself either very much

Bigger or smaller than the next nearest data point.

She knows all the answers and doesn't believe in anything

Except the mahogany bookends on her desk

That are carved with frogs.

The word escarpment is stuck in her head and

She has learned that there are 137 anagrams for it but her favorite is

"As men crept."

She likes words but she likes numbers more,

And doesn't trust in anything,

Except that if she scrapes her knee, there will be capillaries

Underneath the skin, waiting to ignite.

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