

January  
*by Britt Allen*

In summer  
and early fall I ran  
this trail. Once  
I raced home with  
a berry in my fist  
for you, a small  
heart lolling  
in my palm.  
You taught me  
the universe tastes  
like raspberries.  
Today there is  
nothing blooming  
over a backyard fence:  
the world  
sealed  
in snow.  
In the canal's belly  
beneath the woolen  
rosehips lives  
a speechless splash  
of green, watercress clustered  
like sisters in the water.  
I take  
a picture, think  
for a quote about hope  
to send you  
and interrupt your  
metal indoor day,  
the war on the radio  
and in your brain.  
I will turn the ashes into snowflakes  
where I can.

Alaska

*by Britt Allen*

All I want to do is write that mother  
Fucker out of my chest,  
Every dark hair, each manipulative daydream.  
I want to scrub his genes out of my siblings  
With Listerine and spirit them away,  
Take new names from constellations and jump  
Onto trains, head north, fly away, bathe  
With ice chips til we're numb. I'll teach

Them to (un)lock their screaming  
And how many murders end domestic disputes.  
We'll write a new story, one where we bloom  
As triplets from a grizzly bear's womb, our mother  
A mountain. There will be no fathers

For us, only love, only streams  
Of bright summer fish, midnights laced  
With gold ribbon. The mountain  
Will hold us to her earthen breast, all warm  
Breath, three bears bumping noses through  
The night. Safe.

**Britt Allen** is an award-winning poet who graduated with her Master of Arts degree in Literature and Writing from Utah State University in May 2020, where she now teaches academic writing. She is interested in the eroticism of violence in female confessional and lyric poetry, contributing her own experiences and voice with her art. She lives in northern Utah with her partner and rescue dog. Her first chapbook, *Harvest*, was published summer 2021 by Finishing Line Press. Follow her work at [brittallen.org](http://brittallen.org).