

## POETRY | FALL 2014

## Pink Slip

By Samantha Barrow

You stopped allowing yourself to want

At first, you were patient expected to try again soon

but the body is grey now an overcooked leftover piece of steak in the fridge ready to be chucked

it has quietly begun to reek

Your beautiful precious sinewy sleek & floating earthly transport—one minute so capable—so on top of its game gleaming robotic in efficiency doing the universal bidding

lost it

All that purpose flushed with a fetus a giant drain opened your chemical operations slowed to a halt

Your concoctors of glow and possibility stopped receiving their paychecks and walked off the line like Santa's sad gnomes in January who know the North Pole is melting You are left looking out over your body's deserted factory watching the big bulbs belled in thin metal—a drop of moon dripping from silver petal—flicker off and grow webs

To your colleagues and students your friends and acquaintances it just looks like you're going through a fat phase that you've let yourself go

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