

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.