

girl quits her country  
moves to one with lions

sources milk from swallows  
builds a beach because

she likes sun better than you do  
lumps grow in her throat

(not real ones) some-  
body carries her baby

another carries her kindling  
the monster who licks her ear

does so with underdog desire  
(making up for the loss of her baby)

it makes sense to swim  
into whales' mouths

anger is for queen bees  
until sundown (do you know

the sun never really goes down)  
monster man comes with spice

from the world's underside  
—girl does snake drills

just in case lizards drop legs

ANN-MARIE BLANCHARD

## Halfway House

In the rhinestone room,  
Jenna discovers a boy named Gulliver.

She asks him about travels  
but he won't talk of ships,

squalls raising hairs on horizons.  
He talks instead of monster-making,

fangs that fit whole where nobody  
(other than he) goes.

Gulliver is tired.  
Jenna is not.

Outside, a wolf stalks rodents  
smaller than Jenna's only rhinestone.

Gulliver lays on a velvet bedded  
onyx that overlooks an orbit,

yet sleep only wakes him.  
Gulliver says his tears taste of soup;

Jenna steals a drop,  
doesn't understand its flavour.

A day passes,  
no—an era.

Bones are not adults' bones.  
Bones are not children's bones.

Ann-Marie Blanchard is originally from Lakesland, Australia, and is currently pursuing her PhD in Creative Writing at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee. Publications have appeared and are forthcoming in *Bat City Review*, *Sycamore Review*, *Westerly*, *Going Down Swinging*, *Bone Bouquet*, and elsewhere.