

Colo R

By Whitney ReinhArt

WHY I LIKE IT: *Poetry Editor HEZEKIAH writes... Whiney Reinhart is a peach. 'Newly come to the writing for others to read world,' as she says, without a hesitation of hyphenation. 'A happy [pandemic enhanced] recluse who lives in Arkansas.' Her poem 'wormed its way out of [her] head and onto the page.' To me it reads like a most transcending testimonial to and for anyone who has lost a loved one to some form of dementia. I just can't fathom why she confesses to disliking them both in the end... it is as worthy a read as I am easily confused; and I just wish she or someone could throw me a line and explain her last two...*

Colo R

When I heard she had died,
I said, "Thank God."
She was my mother.
I despised her.

I loved the woman before.
I loved her laugh.
I loved her strength.
I loved her attitude.
I loved her ferocity.
She was murdered.

The woman who died was an imposter.
A poseur. A false version.
Papier mâché.
A cheap shell of air and disease.

The woman before,
She was a giant.
She was invincible.
She was music.
She was flirtation.
She was life.

The woman who died,
Murdered the woman before.
Her disease,

Murdered the mother I knew.

I despised them both.

And they are both gone. Thank God.

THE POET SPEAKS: *I am a writer who occasionally produces a poem or two. I don't think in terms of poetry. Instead, I focus on the story which needs to be told and allow my inspirations to determine their own shapes. If they emerge as a short story or flash-fiction or poem, that's how I send them out into the world. I have noticed however that the prosaic stories often feel therapeutic during gestation whereas poems are born out of nausea and a sudden burst of catharsis. And I mean actual nausea, not the hyperbolic kind. The honesty of a work is far more important to me than how it looks on the page. I am inspired by what makes us uncomfortable, challenges us, and the lies we tell ourselves. As my bio says, I'm not a huge fan of 'poetry' in the upper-crust, impenetrable sense of the word but rather, feel it is an important facet of the literary landscape which must be cultivated for interest. After all, beauty is often found among the weeds, no?*

AUTHOR'S BIO: Newly come to the writing for others to read world, I am a happy recluse who lives in Arkansas, just the other side of the Mississippi from Memphis with my husband and two spoiled Siberians. I am an unpublished MFA student with the intention of teaching creative writing. I believe I am a better reader than writer but others often say otherwise...even though I am a very good reader. I'm not a huge fan of poetry but am learning to consume it, like asparagus or brussels sprouts. Does anyone really like those? At any rate, this piece wormed it's way out of my head and onto the page so I figured why not go ahead and send it out into the world.