

# Junior League Therapy

*by* Rene Foran

Emeline,  
being a resourceful human,  
decided that the best way of exorcising  
the demons of her past lovers  
was to describe them using three adjectives

Using her calligraphy set,  
a graduation gift from her uncle Ted,  
She carefully wrote out each word  
on a vellum note card  
and tied them up  
with a navy blue grosgrain ribbon  
    She poured herself  
a glass of sweet tea  
grabbed a box of tools  
from under the kitchen sink  
and set out into the evening shade of her backyard.  
She slid her sandals on her feet  
as she scuffed along  
letting the screen door slam behind her

    Macy, the neighbor's beagle,  
commenced to yapping as soon as the screen door had fired its  
warning shot  
and she continued to keep up the unholy racket  
as Emeline strode across the yard.

Hush, Macy,  
she said under her breath  
She had every right to yap, Emeline thought,  
if something rightly disturbed her.  
That is why she did not scold her directly.

Emeline knelt down in the grass  
and dug into her toolbox.  
She pulled out a pair of scissors  
and cut the ribbon on the stack of cards.  
She scooped up a handful of tacks  
and started sticking each despicable adjective  
onto the fence that faced her kitchen window.

She laughed as she stuck up the word flaccid,  
it kept falling down

When all was organized,  
with the fence looking like  
the most fucked up version of the Wheel of Fortune  
that you could ever imagine,  
it started to drizzle.

Emeline retired to her kitchen  
and enjoyed, all by her lonesome, a glass of port.

And it was good

Y'all can just hang out there in the rain all night!  
She cackled, leering at the shameful jumble of words  
But come tomorrow?  
I'ma start throwing knives.

Rene ~ 2013

