

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

