

K.B. THORS

**FORT WORTH (NÉE NORMANDEAU, BUT
WASKASOO)**

**THE HISTORY OF THE UNDERHAND PITCH
EXORSISTER
COMME DES GARÇONS
NATURE CHANNEL**

FORT WORTH (NÉE NORMANDEAU, BUT WASKASOO)

When summer's over I'll salvage every string
of white lights and wind them around your clubhouse.

Rough charm among trees, it will be the crinoline
you always wanted, a ring around your Adam's apple.

I'll call this my one and only.
I'll call it fortress.

See, I'm capable of building
codes—look how

decent it is now. Dripping girly
drapery, itching

to make the most of those lines.
Before a white hotel afraid

of rebellion, this was a river
crossing. Seam, seamstress.

See rose riser. Decline
the noun when they curtsy.

Lap up my pearl necklace
before she becomes a moat.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNDERHAND PITCH

I. RESEARCHING

how my hands

cracked

that mouth

on her

a raw sun

rising

II. IF IT'S JUST A LOB WITH A NAME

where do I direct this

dread, if not

the spindrift

the 88 stitches

between the first snow

and our popped fly

the forest silence

and the last latch

click

III. OR THE FUTURE OF SPORT

I don't know the width between our bodies
which I or she this is on deck, looking to catch
the striped story arc
but the scuff on our cheek
can't quite freeze and this state of undress
says leave well enough
is enough alone, but where
and how, when
all I sing for sits beside me, an olive an ache to steal third

IV. AND MELTING

where do I direct this dread when my body begs to differ?

EXORSISTER

she taught me to read with Billy Goats Gruff
I reported her missing two days ago

the older one throws the troll over the bridge
so the smaller ones can eat sweet grass

there's no safe distance in-a from-a
psych ward—the world is one
underlying condition:

personality disorder post-pussy grab
symptomatic aggravated assault

survivor guilt sounded out

Nobody can reject an organ on another girl's behalf.

COMME DES GARÇONS

For my eighteenth birthday my parents gave me a yellow plastic whistle and a Roads of Alberta book of maps. Walking home with headphones in and bare legs in the dark, how often I've done such stupid things. Day look at night, no keys spiked between my fingers, a vulnerable population walking fast because it feels good and velocity involves direction—look like you know where you're going when scared.

Much of this is the refusal to admit that I am scared, often. That the world is not for me to walk through. Music is essential to these stretches, Prince cuts through clumps of college boys, Frank Ocean through Bed Stuy, the train a bridge above my rattling teeth. Not for the first time I think if someone were raped tonight, better me than them. As if there's a quota. I might process it easier than average, why not take one for the team.

The black man drops his shoulders as soon as he turns the corner, assuming my fear as we smile, each trying to disarm the other. I'd bawl if it weren't so spoiled but I'm busy picturing myself in the hospital like Amélie imagined her funeral. I'd wear that paper gown, it wouldn't wear me. They don't know who they got, I'd think, smug even now. The victory being that they wouldn't take anything, from me or the team. They'd give—

more mass for the black hole, the heart with two eyes. Last spring I bought a whistle in a vintage shop on what happened to be International Women's Day. Wore it to a book fair then a hotel bar creating Stormy Daniels, the cocktail. Tonight I skipped a poetry reading to stay in, write this, and learn ASL for green yellow and red—the Supreme Court has no safe word so I might as well play in traffic. My whistle is brass now. We've come to terms

with femininity, called a few shots. The soundtrack says it's masc 4 masc I'm after tonight, sips of boyish croon. They sell distressed yet relaxed style, agendered perfume by the Flat Iron building. I've never starched a shirt, not sure I'd press charges. Restorative justice assumes a starting point and French was last century—what's next? What does it mean to Pop Life? Rape Culture is an imperative form: ready to wear.

NATURE CHANNEL

When the scare owl ceases
to be effective, pick it up
and throw it at the pigeons.