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## The Mood This Afternoon

Krista Halverson

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# The Mood This Afternoon



Krista Halverson

At the door is an oven mitt  
attached to a Sister whose face is red  
in the steam of soup.

Perfumes slosh in the bottles she dusts  
around. She's very good  
at cleaning me up and the traces of me.  
I would like to go out

with a squirt on each wrist, my best  
clothes heavy and wet with scent.  
Until I can't smell anything but me.

I should have a dozen more pictures  
of myself, in frames. There are babies floating  
on all the walls of this house.

Here is what else I want, in writing, so you can't  
forget: my daughters to sit in piles  
of my clothes. My sons to stumble  
on my pearls, clicking  
on the bottom of the drawer. Someone  
who looks like me  
to bring the youngest home from school.

And one more thing,  
I look like a witch, and someone  
ought to tell me.