Ellen Welcker

*from The Pink Tablet*

bedtime story:

The moral is the milk, so mammalian is the moral, eyes down: it’s unbearable to look (you don’t have to look) (you don’t have to look). You should know, though: one taste brings good fortune for the whole year. It makes the drinker invulnerable. It gives courage to children. So whistle while you work, avert the eyes and mama oh mama oh mama she’s a wolfpack of one.
come closer, dear.
Mama
wanna hold you
wanna feed you
old scones
Mama
wanna die you
wanna eat you
hold the phone
let me whisper,
in your ear: say I

have lit or licked a match
no match this fire
pit in the hearty
beef stew—jerky, kinda
tough, a little
kick, this this in the
meat of it the beef heart
beef of it: how

the children played at death
how the fire powered thru—

how the children played at killing
how the grownups did it too

Ellen Welcker has other poems from “The Pink Tablet” recently or forthcoming in Fact-Simile, Dusie, Pontoon, and H_NGM_N. Chapbooks "Mouth That Tastes of Gasoline" (alice blue, 2014), and "The Urban Lightwing Professionals (H_NGM_N, 2011), and a book, The Botanical Garden (Astrophil Poetry Prize, Astrophil Press, 2010) also exist. She lives in Spokane, WA, and works with the Bagley Wright Lecture Series on Poetry. With the writer Sharma Shields, she is building Scablands Lit, an organization that supports writers in the Inland Northwest.