



[Home](#)

[Summer 2014](#)

[Fall-Winter 2013-14](#)

[Summer-Fall 2013](#)

[Spring-Summer 2013](#)

[Winter-Spring 2013](#)

[Fall-Winter 2012-2013](#)

[Summer-Fall 2012](#)

[Spring-Summer 2012](#)

[Winter-Spring 2012](#)

[Autumn/Winter 2011-12](#)

[Summer 2011](#)

[Winter/Spring 2011](#)

[Autumn/Winter 2011](#)

[Summer 2010](#)

[Spring 2010](#)

[Winter 2010](#)

[Autumn 2009](#)

[Summer 2009](#)

[Spring 2009](#)

[Autumn 2008](#)

[Summer 2008](#)

[Spring/Summer 2008](#)

Three Poems

by Jillian Benedict

Dressage

Breath beats out of
runner's lungs, music
from warm wet drums
stuck between ice
and a cold place
on the trails.

I watch from the car
pumping heat into
naked palms, hoping for deer,
mouthing my invisible bit.
Forever tied to the belt loop
of your jeans.

Foam drips onto jackets.
I tongue the hard metal bar,
accepting that it tethers me to you.
You smile. I settle
on a radio station.

Regulars

I'm ready to jump out of my skin
and land amongst the thick rimmed
coffee mugs and over easy blood
of Sunday brunch after church.

Splatter on half eaten toast,
fleshy jelly spread across pores
of wheat and burnt white,
marrow leaving a light, bright crunch,

throughout Grandad's dentures,
plaqued with Western omelet.
Grandmom's decaf coffee
shining in the aftermath of dissolved Stevia

In The Raw, like my make-up-less
face. Flat next to sister's box-born
firebird hair and sweet 17 black eyeliner,
I watch her dissect eggs. Pretending she's
not hungry,

Winter/Spring 2008	like last time, and the time before when brother was too busy cutting
Editor's Note	Boar's Head and beef to join us amid
Guidelines	the old dull utensils of the past 20 years.
Contact	<h2>Veins and Fingers</h2> <p>Blue strings sit beneath my skin, puckering, catty-corner to trigger finger and palm where they disappear into scarlet night to dance in the throbbing rhythms of ventricles and atriums. Bursting under quick steps and sweat, before returning limp to their own cold fingers.</p>

Jillian Benedict recently graduated from Widener University with a dual degree in English and creative writing. Her recent work has appeared in *Apiary* and *Sassafras Literary Magazine*.

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