

RICHANDA GRANT

## IN THE KITCHEN, ON THE FLOOR

At two in the morning, as the party died,  
I found Kelly, after all these years  
in the kitchen on the floor. Her fingers  
were wrapped around the neck  
of a bottle of Jim Beam. Her skirt  
was pulled a little too high, and I almost  
felt bad for her.

Our fathers had worked together  
in some accounting firm where I had  
eaten jelly doughnuts and had too many  
Cokes under my father's absent supervision.

I wondered if she had done the same,  
but I doubted it. She ran track, and her  
mother the Dentist made her brush  
after every meal. Sometimes I smiled  
at her in the mirrors of our high school  
bathroom as she brushed, flossed, rinsed.  
All the while wondering how her mother  
could exert this power over Kelly from  
her dentist's office across town.



Celeste Heule, *Tenting Upping*, yarn on paper on paper, 2004