

Michael Hudson

AMELIA EARHART ON MY LAST DAY OF DRINKING

My help's spelled out in oyster shells so white
they'd sting your eyes, but no one's

ever up there buzzing around for a month of
Sundays, for a broken wrist poorly
set, a jawful of loosening

teeth and this thick, forgetful tongue. The skin

of my fuselage makes for a pretty bad mirror,
but within its crumpled haze of oxidation

here I am, sunburnt and twisting
a reasonable spoon out of yesterday's flotsam.