

Sheila Wellehan

Wink, Not Wince

I relish the taste of cheap whiskey,
the way it burns my whole mouth and throat.
The pinch of tattoo needles excites me
as ink stains my blood and my bones.

I love to shiver as I swish my tail
in chilly, treacherous water,
shimmy inches away
from the shark –

Spindle pricks make me grin, not grimace.
I giggle forcing my feet into slippers
until they rip.

I'm giddy tumbling
and hitting the gutter
from atop a pumpkin carriage –

Locked towers are my favorite refuge.
The click of the key means I'm free.

Sheila Wellehan's poetry is featured in *The Night Heron Barks*, *Rust + Moth*, *Thimble Literary Magazine*, *Tinderbox Poetry Journal*, *Whale Road Review* and many other journals and anthologies. She lives in Cape Elizabeth, Maine. Visit her online at www.sheilawellehan.com .