



# MY ALCOHOLIC MOTHER DIED LAST WEEK

IAN HUNT

*Poetry Contest - Third Place*



The liquor store has one elongated aisle where whiskey and vodka roost together. While the fluorescent bulbs hum above me I stare at the bottles. What if I stretch my arm out until my fingertips brush the cold metal on the back of the shelf and

*Run* with my arm locked in place so bottles explode on the tile floor, my sneakers squeaking as I run *through* the raspberry vodka *through* the opaque liquors *through* the margarita mixers that bounce in their plastic through rum *through* gin *through* things I haven't heard of all the way down the aisle until there are no more bottles to tip over and sharp glass leaves float in alcoholic puddles. Why not be brave? My fingers tingle.