

Women's College

I loved when the older girls hazed us
blindfolded us in the back of a car,
the Blue Ridge Mountain wind whipping our cheeks, the older girls pushed us
out of cars, pretended to brand our feet
after making us roll down hills, blood just gushing
from some chick's knee.

Oh, my first "Bo Rap" was the best "Bo Rap," as us freshmen
swarmed the Art Dorm crooning to the Queen classic.
I guzzled cups of blue jungle juice and by the end
I, too, was serenading a lampshade... *Is this real life?*
Is this just fantasy? Mama, oooooouuuu... Carry on, carry on.

The older girls dressed like Bowie
decked out in periwinkle tights chests glittering.
But when it struck midnight off they went,
a dozen of women, to partake in the ritual of streaking
across front quad giggling, giggling,

streaking like a flood of candles bobbing
through a moat of statues. From the porches
I watched them zigzag across fresh Virginian lawn
knowing I would never become them, knowing I was far
from home and yet where was home.
One night blindfolded beside the creek it started to rain
and I wish I had thought
to put out my tongue.

Bees Responding to Overdose

sometimes I watch honey

as it puddles slow in a white light

district at dawn and the girl is there
down in the water-streaked streets
a quartet of bees hums over her
as though the girl is a comb of honey

rather than an opioid statistic on the sidewalk
I imagine she is still in her childhood home

dressed like a funeral
wearing those black tights
 bitching beautifully

about her brother's collection of ammo
the lone gun parts resting against a stereo

hair in her eyes, she squints, thinking of
the belt she forgot to wear that day

I have had to learn the hard way that there is nothing poetic about death

no, not with the body
under the ground and all

mouth slack, jaw ajar
holding the breath of dirt

but still it keeps
 ghosting across the page

It's true that the girl soldiered on for so long
until the bees mistook her body for rose

Slow Dance, Bullets

How long should we stay here - you ask

Forever or maybe ever - he says

But what about the world - you ask

They have nothing for us anymore - he says

Keep dancing with me - he says

But what if we die - you ask

We will - he says - But it will hurt less if we're moving



Meaghan Quinn is the author of *Slow Dance Bullets*, forthcoming from Route 7 Press. She holds an MFA from the Writing Seminars at Bennington College and has studied at The Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, MA. She has been nominated for Best New Poets and the Pushcart Prize and is a recipient of the Nancy Penn Holsenbeck Prize. Her poems have been published in *Prairie Schooner*, *Off the Coast*, *Heartwood*, *r.kv.r.y.*, *2River*, *Adrienne*, *Free State Review*, and elsewhere. Visit <http://meaghanquinn.com> for more.

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