

**UNDER HER EYE (A Women in Horror Poetry Collection, 2)
Edited by Lindy Ryan & Lee Murray**

**A showcase of poetry from some of the darkest and most lyrical voices of women in horror,
Volume II.**

EXCLUSIVE SAMPLER SELECTIONS

THE HOUSE SHE WORE by Caitlin Marceau

No one spoke about the house
my mom wore as a ring,
that was too tight
and cut off her circulation,
from the friends who loved her,
from the family that taught her
to want a husband from the time she was small,
even though she'd always been happier alone.

No one spoke about the house
my mom wore as a dress,
that clung to her body
and highlighted her wide hips,
her sagging stomach,
her drooping breasts,
that changed without her permission
every time her belly swelled and gave him a son.

No one spoke about the house
my mom wore as a pack,
that bent her spine
and got heavier each year,
her shoulders curving,
her body breaking
under a weight that no one helped carry
until she had a daughter, who wore a house of her own.

No one spoke about the house
my mom wore as a shroud,
that covered her body

when she was still alive,
her heart struggling,
her memory failing
in a home she didn't know but had been forced into
by the same people she had been told to love unconditionally.

THE VERY WORST KIND OF GHOST by Tiffany Michelle Brown

I'm hundreds of miles removed
From the apartment in Tucson where it happened,
And yet,

His jackal-smile is reflected in the dark glass of the microwave,
Then the hollow plane of the TV before it snaps on,
Then the chrome handle in my shower.

I've reproduced new cells since then,
Grown new skin,
Toughened my spine and thighs and nerve,
And yet,

There are stolen moments
When his guitar-calloused fingertips continue to
Painfully gouge divots into the soft flesh of my hips.

I've moved eight times,
Packed up chosen memories in cardboard
And bubble wrap,
Greeted new beginnings with open arms,
And yet,

He's always there.

Because home is not where you sleep,
Or fold fitted sheets
Or cook *coq au vin* for special occasions.

It's true what they say,
Home is where the heart is.

And in that sleepy, desert college town,
In an apartment he said belonged to a friend,
With Event Horizon playing in the background,

He cracked both my body and heart (home) wide open,
Forced himself inside,
Left muddy footprints on the welcome mat.

He continues to overstay his (un)welcome
Because there's a part of him that never leaves.

He is a stain on the dining room wall that can never be erased
Or painted over
Or destroyed.

I wonder how many other homes he's broken into,
How many hearts he haunts,

How many times he's found himself
Embedded in the foundation,
Lurking under the bed,
Hiding behind the open refrigerator door,

Never once acknowledging that

He is
The very worst
Kind
Of ghost.