

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO THE MEN

by Sarah Bokich

Let them cook the turkey at Thanksgiving.
Let them pulverize the kale and peel the potatoes.

Let them fret in the break room about my mood.
Let them feel anxious about the tone in my email.

Let them gently shape my decisions and curry my favor.
Let them absorb my displeasure.

Let them be pleasant, carved out of painted Lucite.
Let them try to always oblige.

Let them cramp and bleed and hide it.
Let them bind their fat bodies.

Let them harvest themselves.
I will criticize the soil, the tiller, and the wheat.

Let them flagellate themselves
in the thousand different ways we perfected.

Sarah Bokich is a writer and marketing consultant in Portland, Oregon. Her work has appeared in *Voiccatcher*, *Cloudbank*, *Poetry Breakfast*, *The Woman Inc.*, and *The Timberline Review*, and her chapbook *Rocking Chair at the End of the World* is forthcoming this spring with Finishing Line Press. She can be reached at www.sarahbokich.com.