

## Interior with Snow

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poetry by Shevaun Brannigan

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The weather is starting to turn in Philadelphia.  
The snow is picking up and the owl  
can hear a mouse behind him.

The owl is hungry. I like to imagine  
it can see ahead and behind at the same time.  
This is not true, like how others maintain

they can't be angry at two people at once.  
Snowed-in. The kettle catcalls about a cup of tea.  
My body is the fireplace and the fire that roars

within it. It feeds off many pieces of kindling. My  
insides are scorched. A blackened brick can't  
turn red again for all my scrubbing.

I learned to make a fire the same year  
I dissected owl pellets and found the thin bones  
of their prey—coffins holding the skulls of

weaker animals. I am a pitiful woman.  
I will not devour as the owl does a mouse, to feed,  
not as a fire does a town,

I will not devour, I will contain  
myself, my bones, with bricks, flesh,  
let the snow extinguish all I have left to hold.