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Bat, Bat, Purse

Meg Johnson

Iowa State University, megj@iastate.edu

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Abstract

My brother found a dead bat / in his dryer and did nothing. [...]

Disciplines

Poetry

Comments

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Meg Johnson

Bat, Bat, Purse

My brother found a dead bat
in his dryer and did nothing.
The second time he found
a dead bat in his dryer
it was warm and crispy-like.
This bat he had tested for rabies.

A girl named Abby woke up
with a dead bat next to her
in bed. Her boyfriend at the time
was Nick. Nick's friend Sam
took the bat in for the rabies test.
Eventually Abby married Sam.

I gave some clothes, jewelry,
and purses I didn't want
anymore to a consignment
shop. When I stopped by
to pick up a check for my 40
percent of whatever sold first,

there was my old purse (from
an ex-boyfriend) on display
looking like new. Obviously
this isn't as gross as a dead bat,
but it still spooked me.