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Jessica Morey-Collins

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Your Title Could Be Doing a Lot More

Jessica Morey-Collins

Andrea Saunders Gereighty/Academy of American Poets Award Winner

Like whoring the poem out for a smidge of winter cozy with some rich gentleman who has a whole hall of perfect tits displayed at his vacation home (for skiing). Each lovely mound, with its aptly sized nipple, is centered on a mahogany plaque—exactly complemented to the plush green paint of the hallway walls, mahogany plaque exactly matched to the mountain-lush paneling. Or, your title could set the poem a quiver—like a perfect titted woman whose jiggles are almost explosive in their perfection. Or, your title could trace a tit-shape on a frost-covered window, for instance. Or for instance your title could contradict itself, it could assess a flesh mound as both perfection and not-perfection—the two concepts in perfect tension as pure silliness, really, right? *It's just fat under a nipple!* your teenaged self argues, before more fully exploring her bisexuality and concluding that tits are a genuinely exceptional good time.

Or maybe the title could take itself for a nice, calming walk—after all, it's a lovely day, with winter just distant enough that all the nipples are hard but not yet *diamond cutting* or *mythical skyward spires* or *hehe are you smuggling candies in your bra?* Really, it's silly for your title to get so worked up about tits at all—don't you think? Even you, who's come to love them so voluptuously in all of their wild variety. Winter's been holding off a pinch longer this year, hovering like frost-glittering lips above a nipple. Maybe your title should stay in for the evening, get warm and clean for an earlier sleep. Maybe it should wash its own tits and swaddle them in pajamas. Anyway, if the poem quivered it would be more like a jello-mold than like a startled breast, I bet. Maybe your title could forget about tits all-together.