

2017

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Recommended Citation

Nasti, Jacquelyn (2017) "SHE MUST HAVE BEEN CALLED," *Ellipsis*: Vol. 44 , Article 20.

DOI: <https://doi.org/10.46428/ejail.44.20>

Available at: <https://scholarworks.uno.edu/ellipsis/vol44/iss1/20>

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SHE MUST HAVE BEEN CALLED

Jacquelyn Nasti

Andrea Saunders Gereighty / Academy of American Poets Award Third Place

She was not always attached to him.
Her apron strings hung unknotted,
before her name changed and wounds
changed from scrapped knees
that could be soothed by a kiss

to being split open
and never quite healed back up.
Children were a distant thought back
when she allotted herself dreams.

She could see a future in the spilt
table salt, an omen wound
up in a future name.

If only she kept her maiden name,
gave back the vow.
Lot would manage, would salt
his fish alone by the sea

and she would never bounce
a daughter or two on her knee.

Angels and prophets repeated
the words of a god.
She took them with a grain of salt.

The crown of her head, down her back
to her feet became a compound born of sea,
inscribing her for her namelessness,
known in legend only as the wife of Lot.