## PAMELA HART

## Penelope at the Shooting Range

shell casings flit like humming birds, ricochet off my arm, their beaks

snag in the weave of my sweater hot from flight

such beautiful moltings and scatterlings these papery hearts

Telemachus, the barrel is domestic gray a spindle or pen snug in my hand

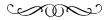
to know what you know I load the magazine and seventeen

thoughtful hollow-point bullets nest in the chamber

I squeeze the trigger of the spring-loaded frame as one shot a thousand feet

per second flies toward the target its jolt tangles my hair

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Pamela Hart is writer in residence at the Katonah Museum of Art where she manages a visual literacy arts in education program. She is a 2013 NEA poetry fellow, working on a manuscript of poems exploring the intersection of family, community, and the military. Her chapbook, *The End of the Body*, was published in 2006 by Toadlily Press. Her work has been published in journals such as *Kalliope, The Cortland Review, Cider Press Review, O Dark Thirty*, and others.

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