Alicia Cole is a writer and a visual artist in Huntsville, Alabama. Her work has received honorable mention in *Hermeneutic Chaos*’s Jane Lumley Prize for Emerging Writers and was also published in that journal. Other work is available or forthcoming in *Eunoia Review, Corvus Review, Amaryllis, Origami Poem Project’s The Best of Kindness, II anthology*, and *Love & Ensuing Madness*. 
PROPOSITION

Each knot is separate
as I learn about ebb
and flood. Ebb,
one knot; flood,
another. How many
ways of writing this poem?
A knot all its own.
I bet you can predict
the flood of analogies,
the ebb of self-confidence,
But do you know the flood
of lava burning words on
the page? Or the ebb
of the poet eyeing you,
drawing back. The keen
smile that says poem:
always ebb and flood.
WAYS TO HIDE POETRY

Judiciously, under the mattress, or in a small hole in the garage where dead batteries are kept with broken doll parts. Openly, like jacks on the floor for husbands to step on. Studiously, behind your left molar, that silver-capped tooth where your mother planted suicide, now praying, “Just don’t let me read the damned things.” Joyfully, in your dog’s belly, your father cooing, “Shit it out, boy, there’s so much there to swallow.” Secretly, in the bottom of your purse, among the run-amok credit cards and the lint. Timidly, amid the bourbon and beer bottles that you no longer drink. Strictly, like your sister putting young daughters to bed, saying, “Pray, and sleep, and when you wake up in the morning, yes, there will still be television.” Honestly, like your own soul, continually discovering cowardice, saying, “And, yes, Alicia, there will still be poetry unwritten.”