

5-1-2023

## Confession // Her Name Was Summer

Ashley Halm  
*SUNY Fredonia*

Follow this and additional works at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Halm, Ashley (2023) "Confession // Her Name Was Summer," *Gandy Dancer Archives*: Vol. 11: Iss. 2, Article 18.

Available at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol11/iss2/18>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by KnightScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Gandy Dancer Archives by an authorized editor of KnightScholar. For more information, please contact [KnightScholar@geneseo.edu](mailto:KnightScholar@geneseo.edu).

# Confession

And in the cold gray hours before the sun rose, you would tell me stories about being a kid on the farm in Vermont. Your dad made you kill a chicken when you were eight, made you grip its soft shaking body between skinned knees and cut its throat with a little splitting hatchet.

On your thirteenth birthday, he dropped you off at the clinic in the city and told his brother not to come home for Thanksgiving that year. You got kicked out of your junior prom because you held a boy's own blade against his neck.

Hold it steady with your knees, your dad said. Use your hips to balance. Don't take your hand off its chest. Hit it cleanly, not too slow, not too fast, so you go all the way through the first time. Don't flinch at the blood. It can't feel anything, so neither can you. Throw sawdust on the mess when you're done. No one's gonna clean it up for you.

ASHLEY HALM

# Her Name Was Summer

I beg you, take the violets from the jar when you leave this time  
I cannot winter this hurt that nests in my shoulder blades  
I cannot ignore the shame and the tricks it teaches  
I'm tired of all this blind metaphor making  
and sitting at the kitchen table  
holding onto this knife like it will rescue me  
I beg you, when you leave this time  
take it all with you so I can't wonder where you went