

What I Wish for You

Kat Bodrie

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WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

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Written by Kat Bodrie.

for Cliff, Frost, George, Lyle, and Chanton

Love never fails.

Foreword

I know something about the marks that killing leaves. They are loud marks. They are built to be seen. The gurney. The needle. The witnesses behind glass. The clock that counts down a human being. The watching. The forgetting. The suffocation of life.

The marks love leaves are quieter. They settle into the body. They arrive in sleepless nights, in long drives home with no music, in chairs that remain empty after someone has been taken away. They collect in the places where grief and hope refuse to let go of each other.

Most people spend their lives trying to avoid such marks.

Kat Bodrie has not.

In fact, she accepted them one visit at a time, one conversation at a time, one human being at a time. She allowed love to cost her something. She returned to the visitation booth again and again. She sat down. She stayed. That takes a kind of love most of us never find in ourselves. Kat found it. Then she did the harder thing. She wrote it down.

This is a beautiful book. I want to say that plainly before I say anything else. Kat writes with a precision that never turns cold and a tenderness that never becomes sentimental. She refuses easy emotion. She refuses despair. She keeps every man in these pages fully human while the machinery of the State works relentlessly to make them into something less. That is a gift. It is also a discipline. Kat possesses both.

Writers most often approach suffering from a safe distance. Kat does not. She has earned every line in this book the hard way...in the lobby, at the visitation booth, and on the long drive home. You can trust her. That

is the highest praise I know how to give anyone who writes about the condemned. You can trust her to tell the truth and never once forget that the men she loves are more than the worst thing they have ever done.

I have given my life to the conviction that these men are the least of these...and that whatever we do to them, we do to Christ. Kat does not need my theology to make that case. She makes it through attention. She looks so closely, so patiently, and so lovingly at these men that you begin to see what I have seen sitting across from the condemned. You see a human being sparkling with divinity. Truly, Kat carries this work with a faithfulness that would put most clergy to shame. She is a minister in every way that matters, and this book is one of the apexes of her ministry.

Turn the page. Let her take you where most people refuse to go. You are in the hands of a poet who loves the men she writes about. If you let her, she will teach you to love them too.

That is what every great witness does. It reminds us that the people we have learned to fear are still our neighbors. That the condemned are still our brothers. And that before God, there has never been an *us* and a *them*. There has only ever been us.

Rev. Dr. Jeff Hood
North Little Rock, Arkansas
July 16, 2026

Part I

KAT BODRIE

Floor Cleaner

I crack open
one of the metal & glass doors.
Third time here & now
I'm familiar with this space, the process:
put driver's license & keys (all I'm allowed)
into alien-gray plastic tub. Set it on the conveyor belt.
Spin around in front of "the wand"
after stepping through the metal detector
as if *I'm* the prisoner

but this time there's a man
in a custodian's jumpsuit
wrangling a loud machine
that makes whooshing noises on the floor

so the guard asks me to step back
through the detector & walk
through *her* side of the room, necessary
because there's soap & copious
amounts of water where the machine
assaults tiles with a circular, hard-
bristle brush, redacting black boot scuff marks
& whatever I tracked in last time
on nectarine Crocs that never seem to match
what I'm wearing but feel *comfortable*,
my personal take on fashion
that becomes more a security
blanket in this place of sin
& survival, eyes & cameras

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

tracking my every step
until I'm in the booth

with you,
plexiglass separating
us into square ecosystems,
filthy from years of confessions
& loveprints
& our own breakthrough
plans of spreading mercy around
like buckets of sudsy water.

KAT BODRIE

Pulling Teeth

In tenth grade we learned
about the Holocaust, traveled
to the D.C. museum to see
the fallout for ourselves:

piles of faded
leather-soled shoes

jars of gold & silver
teeth fillings —

all the ways they stripped
a human body
of its valuables

like a car on its way to demo.

Seventeen years
with a death sentence
next month.

Capital punishment with an emphasis
on *punish*
not just “off with his head”
not just a hand escorting to the execution room.

Solitary is mandatory when you first arrive

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

to sever your will & all connection
to people
to sanity
to self.

I imagine guards leading someone in chains
out of that hell for the first time
in one year, two:

the feeling they must have
of dragging this vegetable
into population

or whatever other cell
they've been oublietted into.

It's like fucking pulling teeth.

One of the ways I know
I've gained empathy:

to be more human
a TV vampire decides
to yank his fangs —
the pain I feel when his elongated
canines rip from root,
my flinch from screen.

Leave it to white america to see

KAT BODRIE

Black & Brown bodies
as grit between its teeth

to be flossed out, tossed
into trash. You press palm
against plexiglass

but before I go
I tell you I offered a loaf
of grocery store bread

to a man with a sign
which he declined, before asking
for a milkshake.

As you weep
with laughter I wonder
Did you ever have fangs?

Whether you deserved it or not
whether it was Fate or free will
they de-teethed you.

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

Tender

At forty, I still haven't
seen a man throwing fists.
You described it to me:
losing control like Dad
taught you, laying it on the guy
like you were at a boxing gym
practicing on his face.
He hid bruises beneath ballcap
for a week; you probably had
swollen knuckles & forgot to tell me
when you called, breathless & afraid
they'd throw you in the hole. In a way,
I was proud — for the first time
no one had to pull you off, the fiery beast
doused, mid-swing, with sacred reason.
I've never had to think about long hair
or shoelaces pulled, how a pen
can be a joystick in the eye.
I was all glitter & Spice Girls, dancing
in the middle school gym. Why would I learn
to fracture finger bones when I have
car keys I can carry just like
Dateline taught me?
When I walk through
the visitation lobby, I wonder
how you've survived this place,
disorienting fluorescents leeching
ambition, pneumatic doors & elevators
controlled by a guard somewhere.
You kept autonomy alive

KAT BODRIE

with poetic & biblical moisture
in a corner of your cell, tender
tendrils reaching for light.

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

We Need

– *after Marvin Bell*

We need earthworms to pull
from dirt as we sit on sidewalk,
weeding. We need lavender
brushing gardening gloves
& soil-smudged arms
while lowering into ground, not
a funeral but a future.
We need nameless white blossoms
girls use to make crowns
for dogs & dads, & you
can don yours proudly. We need
cold cans of beer to celebrate
the work of shovel & spade
after we've put them away
again, for another day.

KAT BODRIE

Little Boxes

If your mind is a box
& your body is a box
& this cell is a box
& this pod is a box
& this building is a box
& the prison is a box
within the box of a culture
that peels strips of humanity
from your body-box

then will your self be
alive or dead when I
open the lid?

You tell me how a few years ago
the prison snatched away
all the programs helping you men
believe in yourselves, learn
about yourselves, find hope.
You took those lessons
that had opened Pandora's box
& unleashed your love,
your creativity, your wisdom
upon the world.

We go a week without speaking
to each other

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

& it's exactly how I feared:
this is the most imprisoned you've felt
in fifteen years, since
arriving there. What about
those prisoners on other pods,
in other prisons,
with less phone access, fewer
ways to reach & touch
their moms, their friends? Shut boxes
shuffle toward all they have
to look forward to — med call,
chow hall, lights out —
bumping into each other like on conveyor belts
in an Amazon warehouse.

Two million or more
incarcerated today,
two million or more
boxes within boxes . . .

Global logistics has nothing
on the criminal justice system.
If the point is to warehouse boxes
for as long as possible — some
for half a century — then prisons
& politics can fistbump, write it off
as a fucking tax deduction
for the Prison Industrial Complex.

Governor, when will you let my friends

KAT BODRIE

come home? When will you
release them from this white-washed
stark demoralizing anti-home?
As kids, they played in cardboard
boxes, cutting holes for arms
& taping wings for aerodynamics
not knowing one day they'd be
trapped in a concrete & steel
box, taping essays & proclamations
& poems to the sides, trying
to take flight.

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

Powerless

Justice isn't blind;
she strikes down
poor nobodies from
counties with vengeful
district attorneys.

The more I learn
the more I want to kill
that naïve part of me that believed
we live in a just society
that favors the good, not
the rich or racist — hell,
that isn't just so *random*
we can't possibly predict
the verdict in any case.

I wonder how naïve, how
ignorant, how powerless
we have to be
to see these things carry on
year after year
& not do a damned thing
to stop them.

KAT BODRIE

Prison Physics

You don't often get outside.
Time's tendency to repeat,
to bend space & time, only amplifies
your desire to connect with others.

Time tends to repeat,
amplifying the bend in space-time.
You desire to connect with others
so you call & call & call

& we deliberately bend space-time,
though you're not supposed to show your feelings.
You call & call & call,
your soft slang unfurling in real-time.

To me, you reveal your feelings,
phone filters plastering a metallic hardness
on soft slang unfurling. In real-time,
a fire burns blisters into my heart

when phone filters oppress with their hardness.
But despite distance & differences,
this fire blisters our hearts.
Why can't you just get out?

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

Doing Time

When I wrote you & revealed
I'm a poet too, I started

doing your time. Every second
you spend in prison is every

second you aren't here
listening to leaves rubbing

their hands together, sunlight
raining upon our crowns,

isn't time spent kicking your heels
up on some crummy ottoman

with storage. & when you're in the hospital
prohibited from calls & visits

time is a net keeping me
from fluttering, mounting me

on Styrofoam. I don't know when
the peach tree branch will break

by the weight
of its own fruit.

KAT BODRIE

Freedoms

Small victories:
a wider choice of sneakers,
a chance for outsiders
to buy sneakers for you
four times a year

Next on the prayer list:
free phone calls for those
who can't afford a dollar seventy
per fifteen-minute call

I tell you I want to buy
a seasonal package for someone
who otherwise wouldn't get one.

Guys usually work their connections,
send the forms with their selections
for a hundred fifty dollars' worth of coffee,
packaged pastries, candy bars — the precious junk food,
a way to avoid the time-sucking
rigamarole of chow: plate of food
to scarf in ten minutes
after waiting in line for thirty.

You spend five minutes (fifty-six cents)
telling me how much it means to you,
how much it means to any prisoner
to get that kind of Christmas present

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

four times a year.

I don't know what to say, continue chewing
my homemade pumpkin cream cheese bread
& swallow my beer.

Larger victories:
"management" says you're right
about not getting haircuts
every three weeks
as is your right
according to their manual

Suddenly the barber's there
& you get three haircuts
in two weeks
just for the hell of it.
Everyone gets their ears lowered,
says, *Amen*.

Any infringement,
any squeeze of routines
results in frayed nerves
among guys more used
to using their fists than their words

& among guys who have learned
the language of civility: men made right
by their actions & intentions, prayers sent

KAT BODRIE

to the ceiling at the same rate
as ours out here.

The largest victories:
sentence pardoned, exonerated,
or commuted, the judge
a good sport offering his hand,
wishing you well

as if the last two decades
didn't matter, as if the lack

of chips & ramen & haircuts
& physical touch & threat

of pain hiding in the joints
had no effect on you.

In the meantime, mail is late
or goes undelivered, pipes burst —

no water in your cell for weeks.
heat stays on all summer.

Someone's stabbed in the kitchen
so it's boxed lunches for the whole prison

for months. I hear someone
compare the covid pandemic

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

to a prison & I want to ask
if they must wait

for guards to unlock doors, visit friends
while trapped in a four by four room,

hide floor cleaner in empty soda bottles,
eat with paper spoons, fear getting shanked

for showering during someone else's time
or raped by friends who smoke too much K2.

Poor me, I cut my own hair
with pharmacy scissors, take a knife

to some daffodil stems, stick them
in a vase on the coffee table.

KAT BODRIE

This is How We Talk without Anything between
Us

I sift out flecks of heavy metal
in your voice
from layers of
THIS CALL WILL BE RECORDED

by navigating miles of maze
with a rope tied 'round my waist
to be here with you, sitting on your bunk
in the twilight & howling

at your desire to one-up all the guys
with the best dessert made from bananas
y'all finally got at chow
until the pre-recorded sixty-second warning,

doubling back through Minotaur-stalked hallways,
leaving you behind in the red center
as you click the receiver down, turn around
to steel tables & faces, the lake-surface of yours refreezing.

Part II

KAT BODRIE

The Street

– *starting with lines by Robley Wilson*

I wish in the city of your heart
you would let me be the street
where you & your boys puffed on joints
& played ball — before ghetto girls
sauntered over to distract, before your dad
beat you for the hell of it.

I would be the receding grass on the path
to the mall or the Y or the Chinese place
where you served green tea — before you
were busted by solitary, before they handcuffed
& shame-walked you to the other side
of the plexiglass. Maybe I can be
that perpetually unmopped visitation booth
where you shed your façade
& it's just you & your breath &
two full hours
of uninterrupted eye contact
with someone who loves you.

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

Injections

Grab a fistful of skin
& fur, jab the needle in
horizontally. *Be careful,*
the vet tech tells us.
She has thin old cat skin
so you don't want to go out
through the other side.

At the center of my nervousness
an emptiness.

I'm driving to Central Prison in Raleigh
two hours away
& I want to make sure I'm on time.

If a car travels east at eighty
miles an hour on I-40 what are the chances
a cop will pull her over
because she's white?

My husband squeezes the bag of yellow
fluids above his head,
just like they taught us. It squirts
everywhere, needle popping out
because she turns in her carrier.
"Just stay still!" I scream,
getting ready to jab her again,

KAT BODRIE

toweling off excess medicine before
it bubbles under her skin.

His arms are bare but covered
in dark black tattoos.
He's taken off the top part of his
red jumpsuit to show me:
Hebrew characters meaning "God,"
crosses, thin outline of a soul.
His skin is hairless, half-
Korean. His white co-defendant
got life, not death.

The odds were stacked against her too:
abandoned, deaf, found
in a parking lot, schlepped
to shelter. She was three,
a grown gray tabby by then.
They shaved her belly
to spay her, stopped after finding
a black "S" tattooed
on her young cat skin.

The two Chinese characters
on his neck mean "bad boy,"
tatted when he was a drug dealer
addicted to his supply. It was
a joke, mostly — at heart, he was
a good man caught

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

within his own skin.

Dialysis will be her life
if she continues to live,
if she eats anything, finally.
She hasn't had a bowel movement
in four days. They'll tell us
if her kidney values have gone down,
tell us when the right moment
will be to kill her.

Considering his circumstances, he's the most
positive person I know, injected
with joy. Studious, intellectual. I'm leaking
praises of him to a stranger on the way
to the parking lot, all the reasons
why he shouldn't die.

On the phone, the vet says
euthanasia will make her feel
euphoric. *Not like what they give
to people*, she adds.
In Oklahoma, executions have started again.
The last guy was convulsing
& foaming at the mouth.
People get this; pets do not.
I leave the examination table,
the visitation booth
empty-hearted, sorry

KAT BODRIE

I'm walking away.

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

Taking Pain

“If there’s one thing I’m good at, it is taking pain.” – George T. Wilkerson

Do you ever still crave
that kind of abuse?
A man’s thick, fleshy knuckles or palms
pummeling cheekbones, jaw, ribs,
slapping any scrap
of exposed skin. So many years
& bruises — when violence
is the norm, doesn’t the body
sometimes want to slip
into that familiar bath again?

After the doctor slipped
a two-inch-long plastic IUD
through my cervix, no anesthesia,
only three aspirin remembered
thirty minutes before the procedure

I felt like a roly poly
poked in the belly, curled
around its legs on the examination
table for an hour, in shock,
waiting for a safe moment
to unfurl.

KAT BODRIE

You say you didn't cry. I wonder
if you did
the first four or five times
until you trained yourself
to hurt & not feel it, not leak
liquids. Four boys:
your Dad was spoiled
for choice.

I had one sister
to pinch in the backseat
whenever she annoyed me
by existing.
A hunk of soft flesh
squeezed between thumb
& forefinger of my dominant
left hand, I wouldn't quit
until she cried
or told our parents. I did this
until I was too old, really,
& knew better.

Fact: Most people
can't witness
or inflict suffering
without being traumatized.

It's a skill, taking pain,
& those of us

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

who inflict it
are weaker by nature.
We kneel to our anger, obey
its bloodthirst, skinthirst.
We make that point of connection
& feel it invisibly
within us, as if we've reached
a hand into a wormhole
& we're pinching or punching
ourselves, vulnerable
to our own wave-making.

Water has a tendency
to fill in all the cracks.
So, too, does violence: a rising
flood entering every
crevice & hole — victim,
victimizer — but you kept
your head above water by bribing
your Dad for cigarettes &
no curfew after being his punching
bag, taking his pain for him.
I wonder how you can love him
after that flood, trawling
through the wreckage, rebuilding
foundations & walls
but love, amazingly, floats,
& you held on.

KAT BODRIE

What I Wish for You

– for my friends in prison

I have a door that opens
whenever I want it to.

It has a doorknob & unlocks
from the inside.

Bluebells cluster near
a corner of the porch.

From my wicker chair
layers of summer foliage:

lime hydrangea, peach leaves,
hardy English ivy, the sapped

green of distant piñon oaks & persistent
roar-growl-purr of the highway.

Single strands of yellow pollen
cling to single strands of spiderweb

& hover in the air
like magic.

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

Another Way of Knowing

Black ink stamped on front says
MAILED FROM CENTRAL PRISON
& after ripping open the seal,
smell's the first to go — each letter
laundry or baby powder, cocoa
butter or some proprietary cologne
from commissary. Drew is sailboats
& khakis. Cliff is my co-worker's
heavily applied musk permeating
his Toyota Camry
on our one and only date to Applebee's.
Before long, their scents
disappear from pages & I'm left
with delicate inscriptions
& the reminder someone
I may never actually meet
transferred his humanity
into these pages.

KAT BODRIE

Freedoms: An Erasure

call

guys
worth y

any
pain

shackles

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

God Is

– *after Molly McCully Brown*

God is the dinner tray with soggy bun & hamburger patty, stewed apples, & maybe a vegetable God is the freezing breeze funneling between the building & the wall through the rec yard is the black roof you have never seen is the lumpy mattress is two pillows sewn together is coffee granules in warm tap water & the mini cake donuts in your seasonal package & red walls & red jumpsuits & the filthy #9 visitation booth God is keeping Kenny from falling off the tier & pranking the semi-blind guy with funny cat ads over his girly centerfolds is the lightbulb you block by sleep mask because you can't turn it off is the partial dark you stumble through to pee in your toilet/sink unit & the distorted "mirror" you use to shave is your inaccurate reflection is the inventions you make to channel the flow of water & air is the dirty air is the unchanged filters is the snore & climax & hunger & homesickness all around

KAT BODRIE

In the Hole

Kenny has dementia
Kenny is thriving in a fractured world
Kenny is fractured
the world is thriving
dementia is thriving
dementia is fractured
the world is dementia
the world is Kenny
Kenny has the world
thriving, fractured
Kenny has the Bible, no matter what
Kenny is rubbing his fractured
hands together
no matter what
the Bible is fractured
& thriving
dementia rubs its hands together
takes over the world
& Kenny
is the Bible
Kenny is the world.

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

Shopping Spree

When you get out, we will buy you
t-shirts that fit. Never again
will you create your own tank tops
or fold up white sleeves for photos
so they hang above your elbows.
We'll get you braces if you want.
An actual coat.
You can have your choice of shoes
from hundreds, thousands, strap
Technicolor on your size-10 feet.
That plastic black wristwatch that beeps
every hour of our visits
we'll deport to some landfill
& import a shiny steel Swiss one.
You can pierce your ear
& the silence that settles with the store clerk
before the *bling* to REMOVE YOUR CARD
or between you & me
when we settle into the car
in the parking lot, wondering
if we really need more
than our friendship given
how little else kept you happy
& alive on Death Row.

Note: Statistics indicate five of seven prisoners walk off Death Row,
whether through exoneration or commutation.

Part III

KAT BODRIE

False Choice

Lining up the shot,
the blindfolded man's chest
in crosshairs, they ready
the guns, execute the task,
execute the man who
asked for the bullet
not the needle — a false binary
by State decree since the choice
to be executed was never
his to make.

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

Products of Our Dispossession

“[At the zoo, Mom] said that when she looked at [the animals], she would pretend not to see the bars.” – Jeannette Walls, *The Glass Castle*

I have traded freedom
for security. I try not
to see the bars. If I weren't tied
to *this* life, *these* decisions,
I would still seek others.
There's no way to get out
of living, so maybe none of us
has free will. We're products
of our dispossession, making
windmills out of toothpicks,
finding solace in parked cars
& tearing through books
like so much intellectual confetti.
Does it all matter, & why?
What reason have I
to see the sun rise?

KAT BODRIE

After Our Visit

In McDonald's parking lot
crow carries Big Mac
box to top of lightpole, guards
his treasure as mockingbird
squawks & squawks & beats wings
'til giving up & flying
away. Alone, crow picks
at empty cardboard, king
of his possession tree.

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

Solitudinal

How much do you need
to live? Some think
a lumpy bed, toilet/sink,
three bad meals, guaranteed,

the Bible (no matter what
your view)
in every elevator-sized room.
What's the depth of the rut

of someone languishing
under fluorescents?
Everyone regresses
in the ravaging

hole that sends men
through the other sides
of their minds,
so many born again

after guard & inmate beatings, fragmentary
from thoughts repeating. No one's safe
in solitary.

KAT BODRIE

Inmate.com

I heard
Moss & George at it again
on the court.
One or both got
a finger broke.
You know who play volleyball
cuz their whites is orange. Stains
ain't never coming off.
Packages get here
next Tuesday, Wednesday,
three weeks from now
or maybe the 9th.
Ain't nobody know what happened
to Jerzy til he back: stroke
not food poison.
Kenny in the hole
for next six months. He never know
when he ain't paid somebody back
or when to keep his mouth shut.
Out of his damn mind. Might be
a food sale Friday — you wanna split
a Supreme pizza two ways? I heard
nothing but cheese for the Muslims
again. Tomorrow movie gon' be
Die Hard. Again. Maybe they
put the new Batman on the tablet soon.
Gon' cost eight bucks but my momma said
she send me fifteen next week. You heard
the stabbing in R-Pop again?
I heard three went to hospital.

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

Sarge'll be letting us outside
tomorrow for sure. Maybe.
For real though.

Note: "Inmate.com" is a slang term in prison for the rumor mill. "R-Pop" means "regular population," a term for those who have a release date, who are kept separate from Death Row prisoners.

KAT BODRIE

If Death Row Got the Internet

10 Commissary Items for the Best Homemade Prison Cake of Your Life

40 Books that will Change You Forever

3 Reasons to Convert to Christianity — Right Now!

8 Things to Do While Waiting for Rec

5 Ways to Feel Like You're Actually Fucking a Woman

4 Places to Hide Razor Blades for Art Projects

12 Ways to Tell You Are a *Very* Macho Man

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

Special Delivery

Someday, I'm gonna seal up
that gnarled dogwood tree

across the street from my house —
jade lichen, ragged bark,

creamy heart-shaped petals & all —
cram it into a letter-sized envelope

& mail it to you on Death Row
so you can stow it beneath your bunk

& pull it out in secret, while all the other
men sleep, when all the guards

drowse at their posts,
so you can inhale the same floral-

pollen that drifted on spring breezes
through the gray lace curtains

in my living room to the wingback
chair where I sit & write this poem

for you.

KAT BODRIE

Freedoms: A Blended Erasure

shackles of love
worth the rain

Meanwhile soft pain

every home miles across
the world

lonely calls

through
trees

WHAT I WISH FOR YOU

Song of Kenny

Like an auto body
disassembled,

pieces sorted & tossed
into piles of pliant animal

flesh, hunk of jowls
& kneecaps still attached

to shins, we wear our dispossession
proudly, parading ourselves

past guards who see us for our parts
& not caring a wit for anyone's

hoary taunts — *we* are what make us
human. Only when the meat

boils off our bones is when
we become charges of the State,

shackles serving time & by then
we have none. Life Row

is where I'm at. Eternal
Life is what I have.

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“Kenny Has Dementia” uses the headline “How to Thrive in a Fractured World,” *The Economist*, 23 Nov. 2023.

“Freedoms: A Blended Erasure” uses my poem “Freedoms” and Mary Oliver’s “Wild Geese.”



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Kat Bodrie is a poet, writer, editor, publisher, and abolitionist in Winston-Salem, NC. She is Director of Publications for Execution Intervention Project, Book Editor for BleakHouse Publishing, and Founder, Editor, and Publisher of bramble press and *bramble*, a free online poetry lit mag. She is the author of *Toward a Unified Theory of Self* and *The Executioner's Book of Prayer*. She is co-author of *Digging Deep: Writing for Self-Discovery, Healing, & Transformation* and *Bone Orchard: Reflections on Life under Sentence of Death* (2nd ed).

Read more at www.katbodrie.com.

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