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# Money is a Crime, Rape is a Personal Experience

Casey Grooten

Western Michigan University, [casey.l.grooten@wmich.edu](mailto:casey.l.grooten@wmich.edu)

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## Money is a Crime, Rape is a Personal Experience

My friend Denise said  
she takes up too much  
of my time.

She just moved  
into a peeling pink house  
on the East Side—  
two bedrooms  
for seven hundred flat—  
a little too close

to where my ex and I  
wanted to live,  
where the doors locked  
in the morning  
when he woke up,  
and key holes  
were a low voice  
spoken through the  
deepest black mustache.  
I light a candle whenever  
he's mentioned,  
plant a tree every year  
in the woods where  
I burned his name  
and threw it  
on the wind.

I smoked a bowl  
and across the room  
in the mirror,  
saw Denise and I—  
like water when  
the ground is too cold,  
and the air is too hot.

We both slid our armor off  
like wrapping paper  
and let a man  
close in on us  
like a claw.