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Nostalgia

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NOSTALGIA

(for J.E.)

Borrowed pickup to Utah in a March
snowstorm. Remember? I knew
I wanted out when your voice began to bore
into me, and the pimples
on your neck turned to neon. But
the scrubbed spot on the rug
screamed sin, and Daddy said no,
so I went. Prom queen at seventeen,
three times a mother by twenty-one,
a bitch at twenty-three.

You could always get it up. My God,
how I hated you. I washed and washed
your seed from my self, rinsed it
into the drain. Still you planted
one more in me before I ran away.
It grew almost three months.
The night of the day Martin Luther King died
I flushed it pink down the toilet,
faint and shaking from his spilled
blood and mine.

I heard you had another kid, a son,
and this wife comes to you willingly,
knees apart, breathing hard. She
never wants to talk, and her tits
are huge. You never understood, did you?
Or was it me? Long red nights I held
a good man to my barren breasts and kissed
his eyes and cried Lord, because I
loved him so much and my children
look like you.