

Spring 1975

Three Poems

Donna Swank

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BERTY

Through the alley
I heard the boys in dirty tennis shoes again
thought boy that Mrs. Ross sure has her hands full
Tommy throws straight & true
even with one hand
even with one eye shut
he sure is pretty
I saw Billie with cigarettes he ain't sposed to have
all the boys starry-eyed over tinfoil, cellophane
thought maybe he'd light a few, find me peekin on
even gimme one
he ain't got no matches
I heard voices callin supper
they liked to run me over
it got real cold that night
no wonder.

THE ARGUMENT

My head is blown off
hitting the wall like a melon
Anger kicks me in the stomach with pointed boots
again and again
I squirm
shaving cream slides down the sink
I scream
Still you do not see me
You hum little tunes
You shoot for the street
from the cannon of our bed
I rip the sun from the sky
and slap you across the face with it
but you don't notice
disappear into the world, smoldering.

MIRRORS

Our love
was like a wild rocking thing
and I rode it out like a hard-nosed cowboy
to the last buzz.