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Just When I Think I'm Comfortable, the Doorbell Rings

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Marjorie Maddox

Just When I Think I Am Comfortable, the Doorbell Rings

Or a man from Greenpeace knocks.
Instead of whales, he talks kangaroos shot,
rolled into tennis shoes and worn (he claims) by us all.
A toenail on his left foot bruises blue and

he's someone else, arm bobbing with balloons (red, white, puce),
rattling the names of ten congressmen.

He wants me to vote for them *all*.

I quote encyclopedias I buy for children I don't have,
hand him suckers from the bank, cry. He looks

too much like my mother,
standing there in that apron,
a stack of Girl Scout cookies by his side,
a \$9.99 diamond on his neck.

He knows my birthday, the make of my car,
what I like most for breakfast.

I could shoot him, I could

let him in, let him
fix the spots on my rug,

polish what's left of the silver,
share my Tupperware dinner
(if he lets me, if he lets me). Please,

all I want is a free Bible,
a winning lottery ticket,
a door not slammed in my face,
not now, not ever.