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## Amarillo Mama

Cynthia White

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## **AMARILLO MAMA**

Gut solid behind the wheel, you steer  
your ratty Pontiac with Texas plates  
through the grit that fences  
the only musky trailer court. Roll in  
packing your blonde long-legged jailbait  
that makes men moan softly and beat  
their hands against the bed. Your home  
has secret passageways, halls  
opening behind a bleached wood bookcase  
in the sunny room. For putting away one man  
with a rifle, you did time in Dakota.  
The whole town reels  
in your daughter's pungent lap. The barnburner  
leans against the gas pump  
while she walks to the blockhouse laundromat.  
He yearns in his grease  
to strike the light and hold her down.