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Amarillo Mama

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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.