CutBank

Volume 1
Issue 29 *CutBank 29/30*

Article 30

Fall 1987

And Her Fans

Walter McDonald

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Recommended Citation
McDonald, Walter (1987) "And Her Fans," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 29 , Article 30.
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And Her Fans

Enter rare mud, real dirt, the lady
boys my age entered on tip-toes to ogle.
She swayed, dressed in white pasties
and feathers, the only wholly

naked thing we knew. State Fair barkers
let us in for a dollar bill
and a wink, slinking inside,
sitting on the edge of chairs

by men old enough to be our daddies.
This was the body we came for,
flesh worth slopping hogs for all year long,
worth all those winter hours milking cows

for entry fees. Now let it begin,
we whistled, rubbing our eyes all over her
on stage, our only sober work all day,
drunk on the dung of swine barns

ripe in the heat of October.
Never mind the tune, the scratch
of a warped record trying to turn
with every bump and grind of our lady.

She was our hearts' burden and desire,
to hold her feathers forever, groaning,
so close to pink fingernails
we could taste them.

Walter McDonald