Laura

David Braden

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

Available at: https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss33/30

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.
Laura

I am Laura, Alicia, Marianna, Elena, Cecile.
I am all the beautiful names of women.
Curled up in the dark bus, my smell goes only a small way; I hold it to me for safety. My hair whispers the curve of my names, repeats them in Niles of light and shadow. My eyes turn the neon outside of Boise into a parade of wishes. Who could resist this life? God, how I hate the fear in men, the closet of their names, the hard march of syllables, unable at the end to open to anything: Eric, Bill, John, Sam and Eric again who left me with this child inside. Eric, even this huddled rolling back to my mother is stronger than you.
Why must I be a prisoner to my strength?
I could have any of you, watch a million backs in my mirror, slip my fingers over deltas of muscle, through the acrid scents of riverbanks and hollows until my finger-tips were liquid. My touch could carry sighs big as trees or boats. I'd pour through workshirts and jeans, sing myself through sweat until I rubbed round even years. I'd water my names until they grew their wishes through the bones of armies and greeted birds through the hard thin shells of their birth.

David Braden