

MY PINK BABIES

are having pinker babies
montage of blue-green eyes
the splice of life
genetic hegemony
unconscious and correctly
proletariat but what
the hell my menses
are meandering
history dribbled down
my thighs I've
added to the pool:
gene, car, swimming
like those funny drawings
of sperm we watched on film
in gym class before

The Sexual Revolution
I won my purple heart
stains on nylon panties
don't ask
I gave at the office
I gave in the back seat
at the drive-in
I gave in a sleeping bag
at Stinson Beach
I gave in most of the
Western States
and Canada, too
I looked for pot
under a neon rainbow
I found community property
and a final decree
but my pink daughters
will splash red
let the nation's
labor rooms resound

by Carol Tarlen

#2, Parking Lot, Ford Sterling Plant

Empty pallets stacked against the fence,
a few cars scattered across the blacktop,
a barren landscape decaying under grey sky.

*167 days since the last work-loss accident
This lot under closed-circuit surveillance
Authorized personnel only*

An empty bag blown flush against the fence.
A set of keys in the middle of an aisle.
A flattened oil can, a lottery ticket,
a paperback with no cover.

There's a man in this picture.
No one can find him.

by Jim Daniels

on your last day at the office i saw you wash your face
of the last four years of hassles
brown makeup strained suntan
down some drain in a women's room
they wouldn't let me into
you came out younger
as the girl almost a baby i once fell in love with
your face glowing a woman's glow

the rest of the office looked dusty
your manager dead to you as a paleolithic god
stood pot-bellied trying not to breathe in your presence
patting his pencil into his hand like a tom-tom
from inside this death museum i could see outside
bright where you would be next week
away from these reptilian caverns
my skin scaling green in envy

by Dale Jensen

DIGGER'S THANKSGIVING

You invite your parents over
because your mother can't do
turkeys anymore.

Your mother asks you
if you're still at Ford's
three times in ten minutes.
Your father talks on and on
about the football game on tv.
Your son hides in his room.

During dinner your mother repeats
"everything is so delicious,
so delicious," over and over.
You're hungover
and barely touch your plate.

They leave after pie
to get home by dark.
As your mother steps out the door
"everything is so delicious"
she falls and breaks an ankle.

In the hospital waiting room
you think of your parents
still living in the city
though they've both been mugged.
You want them to move to the suburbs
but they refuse.

*They're like tired flies, you think,
they barely move at all.
Just waiting for someone to kill them.
You try to think of something you could do.*

You think of putting them in a home.
You remember as a child
pulling the wings off of flies:
so delicious, so delicious.

by Jim Daniels

Jim Daniels' poems in this issue are taken from his volume PLACES / EVERYONE from Univ. of Wisconsin Press. Thank!

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. MARSHALL & MCHIE