

**BITS OF US TOO**

## DADDY PREPARES A LEG OF LAMB

This is how:

Stab the firm flesh  
A short knife in your hand  
Over and over  
And of course all around.

(Pretend  
No one else has taken this life.)

Then -  
Stick a finger or a thumb  
Into each meaty mouth,  
Stretch the slits wide  
So they're ready  
For stuff you mash in,  
Deep in,  
Deep, deep  
Into these holes.

Green, living parsley's  
The thing to stuff in.

## HALLOWEEN

I was like a child waking up,  
Being stroked with a knife at my throat.  
I didn't know what he wanted  
For a while.

I could tell something about his build  
From the way he felt on me,  
And from the shadow on the door frame  
Afterwards,  
When he wanted money.

I've been saying;  
Today I'm OK  
But last week I was raped.

## AFTER THE RAPE

A few weeks after the event,  
My period is late.

I do not want to know if I am pregnant,  
Or by whom.

I go to a clinic.  
They suck  
The contents of my uterus  
Out.

Noisily.  
Violently.  
Without the benefit of  
Anesthesia.

I wonder if the Doctor  
Wants to  
Punish me.

## ICE-STORM IN THE CATSKILLS

The man's eyes are pale in his brown face,  
They weep in his brown face,  
As he tells me how much  
He wants to hurt himself.

He tells me all the ways he thinks of,  
He tells me all the ways he's tried.  
He tells me that he wants to, worse  
When he cries...as he cries.

He tells about the man  
He killed last spring,  
For a VCR it was too bad  
He didn't get to keep.

He tells about the froth,  
And the tongue hanging out,  
And how hard it was  
To keep on squeezing.

And he tells me, and tells me  
Of rapes of men, and rapes of women,  
And then his Child  
When she was four.

Now the man's eyes are paler still  
In his brown face,  
And they no longer weep  
In his brown face.

The man smiles briefly, lightly  
And we both know  
There is no one near  
To hear.

## **ADOPTION, (NOT YET BROKEN)**

My new son Tony  
Wears hats or helmets  
Whenever possible.

For two weeks - in despair  
He has begged me for a  
Full length, white plastic  
Star Wars Storm Trooper suit.

If only he had one  
He would sleep in it.  
His nine-year-old brown flesh  
Finally (maybe?) safe.

Still, one morning  
He told me his dream,  
Eyes happy, full of visions  
Of a large, large brown horse.