Linda Morganstein

The Cage

In 1956 my mother was Marilyn platinum blond bloodred lips aching to be kissed throbbing, waiting, no way to release

dreaming of Rock Hudson his strong biceps reaching down like God lifting her away from this crampled cage

dressing me like a doll
Sit still.
Don't ask so many questions.
Do you like Mommy's new hairdo?

grabbing the candies from my hands Give me those! Stop eating!
No one will love you.
Is that the door? Is that the phone?

In 1956
my mother bought parakeets
anxious blue wings
soft bellies
hollow bones
soft little heads with paperthin skulls

she taught them to peck on her lips: give me a kiss, Peppy never leave me, Peppy a kiss, Peppy, on my Marilyn lips, my nerves sting with the nip of your sharp yellow beak pecking at my ruby red lips

stroking their little bellies a kiss, Peppy a kiss, a kiss until, overwhelmed, they flew from her fingers and beat themselves against the sliding glass door

when they escaped she got new ones fragile new blue ones Peppy

lifting them from their box while they sang in fear What shall we call this one? Peppy

while I watched from the patio, hanging from the rail, with my own song:

suck the weight from my bones starve me paperthin, light and hollow, i won't eat again light as air we'll raise our anxious wings me and a thousand fugitive Peppys—

Morganstein

"Don't hang like that,"
my mother calls
I shuffle inside and put
my hand on her lap
searching for more then
the phone rings and
she races away

leaving the new Peppy and me alone in the living room his little breast beating fast I could break it with a squeeze but start running instead around and around and he joins me, little Peppy, racing skulls dizzy sour breath hot and quick hot tongues licking our own lips a kiss, a kiss never leave me, Peppy

until nearly senseless we start flinging ourselves against the patio door