

**[untitled]**

In a large city.  
Heaping smoke stacks,  
pointing up, making small clouds. On  
a numbered street under an  
unlit, green lamp post.  
At night, the waning crescent moon  
reflected in the puddle beside the curb.  
My left foot on a crack, my right  
leg wrapped around yours.  
This is where I love you.

Dimple on your one moonlit cheek,  
downcast eyes. Batter greasy hair  
under a Roy Roger's visor, thick  
blanket of brown flesh around your waist.  
Nibbled pink finger tips,  
burnt forearms. My top lip rubbing  
down your bottom one.  
This is how I love you.

An only child raped at nine by  
a drunk father who owed money to the  
wrong people. Daughter of a rich mother in a nice  
neighborhood with yards, PTAs, and  
gates. Owner of an '84 Datsun, squeaky brake  
replacement seven months overdue. Third in her class, first  
with child.  
This is who I love.