

Winter 3-1-1996

Changeling on Bleeker Street (Greenwich Village 1969)

Tara-Kelly Walworth
College of DuPage

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Changeling on Bleeker Street

Greenwich Village 1969

Sundays he wrote poetry, weed drying
in a warm oven, seeds popping — his bags
always good, lots of flowers, female plants not
cheap sterile highs off males. His bong waiting
turn against the wall — filled with the same ripe
wine from last month — Ripple maybe.
I can't count the number of times I placed my lips,
soft on his and gave him a shotgun from a roach
hoping his pleasure as great as mine,
a natural gesture - and yet we were never intimate
even when we swam naked in the same lake
by moonlight. Somewhere in a farmer's
field in an offbeat rural town.

I remember its smells, the colors of its
lovers dancing, but not its name.

By the end of the third year, by winter's chill
I went uptown chasing a job I couldn't possibly get
high heels hollow echo, tiptoeing
away - into the city. That was the month
the wind in me broke loose from my chest
and I moved uptown.

I guess I looked down and noticed
my breasts were growing. We who never realized
we had anything to lose. I knew everything
about you.

I knew nothing.

-Tara-Kelly Walworth