A Dirty Poem

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I wrote it,
but no one wanted to claim it ---
not my feet that like poems
to soft-shoe across the page,
nor my eyes that glaze
over like dust on grass,
nor my hands that grasp
only for poems about my father.
Even the little bird,
who sometimes loans me
far-fetched ideas
useless to one who can fly,
said it wasn't his
and flitted away nervously.

I knew it would offend,
not being candy-hearted pink
or trashy blue novel.
Darren didn't clasp Whitney
to his shirtless chest,
and there were no petticoats.

In fact, the only things that didn't
shy away with mumbles of impropriety
were my brain, which doesn't care
what anyone thinks,
and my patella, which is too busy
keeping me from folding like a t.v.
tray to recognize the falling
sensuality of a flannel shirt.