Fall 12-1-1993

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Available at: https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol12/iss1/38

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My Little Margy

Lee Johnson

In the dream, I put on new
shoes and my best face.
I make a dewy, dandelion bouquet and wear
a dress of Queen Anne's lace.
I wake up without disturbing the thread of my dream, wearing
a pink sweatsuit with red make-believe lips that
say, "SQUEEZE ME FOR A KISS!" Misty faces
float with me in the shower and ask why get married.

Love is a bad dog,
always jumping up on me.
Pretty knees on a train, collecting eyes
like alms.
Pet me, pet me. On a train
like stray dogs.
Lips in the halflight, barking up the wrong tree.
Lies, all lies.
She's not even listening; he'll
never understand. Love is
a bad dog, city-pound,
loud dog, tearing up the place. Woof, woof, woof.
I like flat shoes, French lipstick, my hair blond and short. This morning's fast food cashier is ringing-up my coffee; he looks like he skipped childhood. I walk everyday, everywhere, pregnant with hope, alive in the city, one eye over my shoulder, looking around for open windows. Living alone nothing feels the way it should, like being frozen. My heart's a white cane, rapping.

Outside City Hall, white dandelion seeds layer fluff over concrete-framed green. It's out the window, what I can see like a convict's daydream, while I wait. Michael insisted we meet here (as if by accident). It bothers me a little. His parents still call me Margy. My name is really Margaret.

I have this mental picture—10,000 furious citizens hum around the hallway corner, flyfeet glued to WET FLOOR. I laugh out loud.