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Same Old Story

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Same Old Story

At ten years old I found blood
on my sheets. Oh honey,
this is natural. A man's gotta
use his hose to water a woman's
garden for a baby to grow
and they should be married first
or else God wouldn't like that too
much.

Later

my older sister told me when she got
home from work at Dairy Queen:
That's a load.
Who cares if you're married or not
and who cares what God
thinks because life's about
feeling good all the time and
nobody waters a garden...

Afterward

I went across the street and asked
my best friend Billy about it and
he said said: Men do have hoses.
I've seen my older sister Betty awfully
thirsty sometimes on her knees
in front of her boyfriend and she
wipes her mouth after drinking.

Then

it got pretty quiet in his room, until
Billy asked: Do you want to see mine?
and I said: I guess so, even though I
felt kinda funny for agreeing,
but it looked more like a sad
elephant trunk- then he put it away
and we didn't look at each other

but

Billy tried to grab at my chest
and I slugged him hard, then
he felt pretty lousy and said:
Sorry, but I'd already left his
room and headed out the screen door
back for home and I wondered if change
really was code for sex

because

that's what my sister's always
talking about on the phone and
nobody thinks I'm ever listening
'cause I'm ten and I guess
that means I'm supposed to
be deaf or something.