

1972

For A Whore in Madrid

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Recommended Citation

Dionne, Joe (1972) "For A Whore in Madrid," *Amaranthus*: Vol. 1972: Iss. 3, Article 22.

Available at: <http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1972/iss3/22>

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FOR A WHORE IN MADRID

You and I caught hell from
the Guardia Civil; you kept
calling me gringo Joe. All
the pigeons thought they were
dying in the sparks & noise,
flying into each other off
the stone lions of the post
office. You wanted to show me
that you could stop a streetcar
by standing in the middle of
the tracks. So you lifted
your skirt to your waist &
showed them your blue cotton
ass. And that black leather cop
really wanted to catch us. This
was after the Sangria & the Marie
Brizzard, this was after you
showed me a picture of a
raw baby eating a stock of
marigolds – you laughed and
said he had a thousand fathers –
this was after you told me
that your name in english
would be Hope. Later we went
to the zoo & you told me
that in Spain, the most beautiful
bulls are the ones they breed
to die. Going back to France,
I forgot your last name.

Joe Dionne