For A Whore in Madrid

Joe Dionne

Grand Valley State University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.gvsu.edu/amaranthus/vol1972/iss3/22

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks@GVSU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Amaranthus by an authorized administrator of ScholarWorks@GVSU. For more information, please contact scholarworks@gvsu.edu.
TO A FRENCH GIRL TEN YEARS AFTER

All things draw away.
A foreskin looses the moon
for our wounding
and our bones are autoroutes
pulling us away from touching.
I wrote you from Istanbul,
shipped you the mosque of memory,
told you that Asian geese
bloomed in the sky like shrapnel.
I wrote you from Istanbul
where they sell gilded pictures
of Mickey Rooney, where they lock
their toes in crescent slippers.
I wrote you from Istanbul
where the Goreme cones
marry the night with a
blunted cock.
I wrote you from Istanbul
to say we’d never marry.

All things draw away.
The wolf forgoes the teat
and instructs our magic Pontiacs
with an unrehearsed death. My
grandfather dies and pulls Ohio
up through him like a hollow stump.
And I am waiting for winter
in Michigan and have walled the
child in her woolen tubes, cocooned
my secret images in the scars of
future skin.
I am waiting for winter
in my nation and all things
draw away.

Joe Dionne

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,
fighting 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