Super-Whore
Suzanne Rivecca

Well, here I am, girls.
Just me, boring me – no fanfare, no hype.
So stick that in your pipe.
Did you think I’d have horns?
Breasts like torpedoes, a crotch that shoots fire,
Heroine du jour
of some Super-Whore comic-book porn?
Look at me! Have we met?
I am not a threat.
I am not the one in the red dress
sleek, hipless, chased
bleeding black mascara
down my man-ravaged face.
I am not a waste of space.
There’s no sign on my door:
I Am A Whore –
Steer Clear!
You Girls Have No Business Here!
Sic ’em on me, your press-on nails
and high-heeled shoes
your mini-skirts, your hairshirts
buttoned tight against the truth.
Oh, you know
you’re immune to my kind of sin.
The holy virgins always win.

The Falling Flower Display
Andrew Towers

We’re not even through Michigan’s June,
and suddenly all has collapsed.
I find myself nightly
staking some flower back.

An Oriental lily, having grown quite tipsy,
just snapped. So I panic,
and recall asking a plant expert
“Did I spread too much organic
into the ground around my patio?”
(That was while you were here
visiting from England
I remember asking you that, dear.)

At that time, my garden was your destination,
a botanical creation, stemming up from shit.
I had rallied a small patch of nature
forced it into decoration, just to impress a Brit.

But a power underfoot, in the black dirt
was what I feared, even then, working up.
Now the irises seem doped,
and are held up like drunks.

Was this because of my care?
Was water and fertilizer enough?
I had wanted in time for your visit
a royal display of stiff and fragrant fluff,
believing that a blooming garden was just science:
poop and water and sunshine inside pulp.
I question your facts now, a week later.
because my flowers fail to stand up.

Today, the bloody peonies opened,
and immediately sulked.
Were the flower beds over-watered?
Was waste the fault?
I mowed over a hosta yesterday, and called it a mistake.
"I mowed over a hosta yesterday."
That sounds like I can destroy as well as create.

But it was just in my nature, the old spiraea was leaning over too far, and while pushing past a lapsed plant I couldn't see down into my own yard.

I couldn't see under a fallen hedge, let alone to the other side, so I mowed over an innocent patch, and one impatient man looked up at the sky.

I thought I had asked and asked, "Will it be all right and thrive?"
This was my first garden, and I have tried, but the British botanist already said goodbye.

seven fifty seven in the evening and the phone rings 108 times and i don't know why he keeps calling because i hung up on him and i mean it. it's empowerment for me not to answer - a glorified fuck you to the establishment that was my boyfriend and i wonder how i didn't see it coming hell i'm the women's studies minor and i'm the one who should know when it starts and i'm the one who should know it never stops but i was in love in comfort in something trying to fulfill that fallacy of the American fucking Dream that dictates marriage and children and was created by some asshole in the spirit of capitalism and i don't know my sign exchange value anyway...

and i don't think it was fulfilling it for me - i mean it was because i wanted to find a place for myself that i couldn't find anywhere else because i'm changing everyday in our puzzle without boundaries and i was afraid to just attach myself to the edges and hold on proudly, no, i just wanted to fit in and i look to coupland and kerouac and salinger and de beauvior and hooks and atwood and woolf and try try try to find where the indie rocker ends and the girl-woman begins and how it has shaped me...

did he create me? probably some - i've defined myself as a tomboy which was appealing back then because i loved men...and i loved my father and my brother and rejected the fucked up deadbeat mother that i haven't seen for 12 years and haven't talked to twice in the past four - the mother that abandoned me that i looked for in every female friend and couldn't find so i began to mother boys in college years and dropped out of school to try to become domestic...

but that didn't work because i kept having dreams where i was screaming but no one could hear and i kept having conversations with friends where i was mocked and i played the dumb girl and tried to tell myself i was the smart one because only in the mirror five hours later could i think up a good comeback but i always knew i knew more about life and its pains and rejection and someday i would live to tell...