



PROJECT MUSE®

American Husband

Wayson, Kary

Published by The Ohio State University Press

Wayson, Kary.

American Husband.

The Ohio State University Press, 2009.

Project MUSE.muse.jhu.edu/book/27772.



➔ For additional information about this book

<https://muse.jhu.edu/book/27772>

CAN BE JACKETS, CAN BE BEES

Skinny Superstitious Leaf-Eating Lady
You plant a box of Brown Flowers by the Black Feet
of an African Jesus
suffering by your Front Door.

You think you've Lost Your Keys. You think
an Early Frost into the Trees and I sit

amid a frizz of crucifixes on the kitchen floor.

Skinny Victimized Venomous Witch
You trip on your tiptoes across my kitchen.
You Sing a Song in fake Chinese:
Can be Jackets, Can be Bees!

Mincing Wincing Tick-Eyed Tease,
your Mystery made the worst of me.

The Clock stopped
and Our Combination Locked
at Four
on the Fourteenth
of February.

Now I keep my teeth
tight, Night
a Gown around my Neck, my Feet
tucked in a sock and the sock
tacked to a tree.

You stalked me with your Babytalk while you stuck me
with your Father's Cock. You Laid
Blame, and I took it
like a thing. I took it
like a Drink from a Glass of gasoline—

(now even
the Garden
is Glaring.)

But Malingering Bringer, just Bring me
a Crust. Much as I love her, I must
muster my lust. She lost
her luster, but I miss
her fuss. And much as I miss her, I miss her
even more.

My love is a hundred black Labradors barking hard at her back door.