Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Amanda Newell: Two Poems

Amanda Newell · Wednesday, November 6th, 2019

Permanent Girl

She's fifty now tired of riding the blue anchor etched into his left
bicep tired of being his USNA pinup girl always fighting gravity bubbled

tits & ass sagging on the freckled folds of his skin. The things she's seen!
The pool halls! Sundays at Charles Town the Hollywood Casino his favorite.

Her legs cramp she's got varicose veins numb fingers & toes (from clinging
so long to the shank) & furthermore doesn't like what she sees in the mirror

her face a gauzy blur the frayed ends of her mermaid hair turning gray.
Long threads of silver have begun to sprout from her crotch they make her itch.

She bleeds sometimes leaves flakes of herself on his pillow. He rests
his head on her when he sleeps & though she tries to tell him to moisturize

her lips are perennially puckered still she's his permanent girl! No one has
lasted as long as she. She knows what he likes in bed what positions

she's been there seen the dog-eared pages of *The Complete Guide to Sex*
he keeps on his dresser his drawer of vibrating blinking cocks but lately

she wonders what will happen when he dies whether they'll burn together
be buried together in which case she on his arm will outlive him (better

to wish for the laser complete removal) & by how many years who can say

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Black Angus

because he broke his knee in the move
from Shadow Lake where lurked
the ex-wife the ex-fiancée
his failures his life auctioned off

backhoe to coffee pot

I helped feed the cows
put my paddock boots on
told him I had some horses once
Patty Penny Ruffles Rick
I can muck the shit out of any stall
plus large animals don’t scare me

so what’s the bull’s name anyway

I’m a farmer he said I don’t give names
how ’bout Big Hairy Motherfucker

the bull was limping over to sniff
number ten’s ass
another day he said and she’ll be *in*
look how wet she is
those pink winking folds
but if he can’t stand on his haunches by then
his days here are numbered

which is what I keep thinking about my love
who has to stand these days
to get the fucking going too
it’s like jump starting an old car
you never know if it will go or for how long
but we love like this
roughly messily always hungrily
we do it any way we can

(Author photo by Jill Marie Boudoir)

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