

# 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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