

Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Richard Vargas: "Marilyn" & "women and guns"

Richard Vargas · Thursday, July 4th, 2013

Richard Vargas is a long-time poet and the founding editor of *The Más Tequila Review*, a journal of poetry “for the rest of us.” He is a prominent member of the Albuquerque poetry scene, was once nominated for a Pushcart Prize, and has been featured on Garrison Keillor’s *The Writer’s Almanac*, twice.

Marilyn

it was The Seven Year Itch that did it
 making my five year old groin turn and churn
 when i saw you on t.v. it clicked on a switch
 i still haven’t been able to turn off
 the urge to wrap my arms around
 a perfect stranger and hug for all it’s worth
 was a strange and new thing
 unlike any woman in my life
 the thought of you rolling tortillas at dawn
 and boiling a pot a beans at noon
 never entered my mind
 i became aware of when your movies were
 scheduled to be televised and they were watched
 with more interest than anything Popeye or Bugs Bunny
 had to offer
 and it only stands to reason that the first little girl
 i cornered and kissed in the first grade was Vanessa
 a pretty blonde with a great pair of gams
 now, i know how Hollywood fucked with both of us
 imprinted me with a fantasy of full lips, soft curves
 bubble baths and silky sheets
 as you were repackaged and hawked
 new and improved
 time and time again
 but i can still remember sitting in the backseat
 of the car, my mother driving and turning up the radio
 when some guy on KRLA came on the air

and said that you were found dead
 i looked out the window, up towards the clouds
 and asked no one in particular
 “who am i going to marry now?”

women and guns

I.

she says she sleeps with one under her pillow
 her daddy bought it for her and they
 like to spend Saturday mornings walking
 in the woods and shooting at shit
 i know where i'm not sleeping tonight

II.

she's new in town
 carrying a chip on her shoulder the size of Brooklyn
 which also happens to be where she's from
 while driving around in her '93 nissan looking for a place
 that's supposed to make a mean falafel
 she tells me her gun is in the trunk and it's a good thing
 because the way people drive in this town
 if it was within reach she'd use it to blow away
 the next idiot who cuts her off
 i know where i'm not sleeping
 ever

III.

i'm talking to my ex on the phone
 about the crazy women i've been meeting lately
 and she says (half joking half serious)
 hell, it's good for you i didn't have one
 when we were breaking up because i sure
 would have used it
 i hang up feeling like my luck
 is about to run out

Cultural Weekly is proud to premiere these poems.

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