

# 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.

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### 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?”  
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## 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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