

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Sue William Silverman: Two Poems

Sue William Silverman · Wednesday, April 17th, 2019

### If the Girl Goes to the Next Whiskey Bar

*after Jim Morrison*

She grooves to the back  
beat of the Lizard King's cravings,  
choking on scotch-soaked  
cubes, suspending lust from  
bar to blue narcotic lounges,  
electrical surges, sex  
with a disembodied  
heart on a floor of smashed  
cups and gypsy tea leaves  
mute and unforseeing.  
The next bar, the next  
reptilian tongue, kiss tasting  
of flayed leather—  
desire rolling holy  
with never enough to  
drink/breathe/swallow/fuck,  
his signature Mojo  
moan risin',  
from a bathtub combustible  
with desperation—  
legions of French  
foreignness piquing  
his last dull interest  
in Parisian cathedral bells  
tha *tclank, conk, gong, bong, peal*,  
and *ring ring ring* signaling  
time to move on to the next  
happiest hour  
after you are  
gone, the girl

spilling Walker on  
the floor of the bar as if  
over your grave, drinking  
whatever's left in her glass.

\*

## If the Girl is a Slut

The girl's fever rises like exploding  
thermometers, mercury sizzling  
her palm, dancing in lavender  
chiffon, a slight gust  
to the hem, swirling  
in the man's arms.

*Show me a good time, baby.* And  
she does. Ravenous zippers, stripping.  
Clouds wafting on floors  
lavish with weather, fucking  
in season, railroad tracks splintering  
bedroom floors, her teeth rattling  
in the aftermath.

Never mind the gang  
rape as an excuse, the pawned  
heart happened in another decade,  
Route 17, Jersey, where chemicals  
grow grass unnaturally green,  
clouds light the sky  
like overripe neon  
relentless as brightly  
used needles.

What would her Russian ancestors say?  
They who risked pogroms, starvation,  
inhuman soldiers clashing red  
and white, just so their waiting-  
to-be born daughter could slit  
her crotch all the way up  
to her mouth.

The girl torches all the photos.  
No one's looking, or left to know,  
except the mutant, half-formed  
baby slithering down  
the drain one night  
when only *you & you*  
were watching—as if it, too,

were simply lost  
to the diaspora, the girl  
not even bothering to cry,

especially when Houston's flooding—  
cars wash to sea in hurricanes bright  
as tangerines. The girl opens  
doors and windows inviting  
all the men in as if it's the Fourth of July,  
her lips ripe and independent,  
plummy for kissing  
him to death, and the girl  
only wishes he'd come back  
to life so she could kill him  
again.

("If the Girl Goes to the Next Whiskey Bar" and "If the Girl is a Slut" are both from Sue William Silverman's new collection, *If The Girl Never Learns.*)

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