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# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Vincent Trimboli: Three Poems

Vincent Trimboli · Wednesday, October 2nd, 2019

### Men's Bodies Are Interesting

On mission trips to some South American countries, women are instructed that they should bring plenty of tampons.

*This is a very Catholic country,*  
the tour guide says.

When men put their bodies on the line  
it is called bravery.

For women, the same act;  
lunacy.

*Good girls don't put things inside of them.*

No one asks the flooding river why  
people drown there.

Perhaps this is the biggest secret,  
that any body can become dangerous;

With enough tow  
even a stream can carry you away.

\*

### Why She Birthed Rabbits

Perhaps this was her idea of revenge for not being invited to her junior prom. Suitors her age longed for girls who had never woken up, pooled and ready to push. Her night shirts had long been stained with milk, and boys wanted crisp white V-necks, sleeves to roll their pack of cigarettes in, the other exposing their underarm as they reached up, punching the invisible face of their fathers.

Perhaps she had been tired of being unnoticed by them. Pitched on picnic benches, knees hugged up to her chin. Was this to escape a life? She had wanted to dance to a slow song. What she wanted was her body to be hers again. Then, maybe she would be hers again. Birthing rabbits is a strange ordeal. No one ever gives you corsages after.

\*

## Wild: Young

Dear father. My footing is yet to be stable. My fur is nearly thick enough to cover the inside of my thighs or the scoop between my arm and breast. I am still fair there, still dewy. My feet still webbed, slightly. Am I still to be yours? A daughter or another beast of some new owner. Will the firebird hood give way to my back? When the sun shines down on my naked breast will modesty creep around my neck like a choker of gold? Give me this moment to catch my breath, let my knees buckle in. Let my arms push me up and be long. Give me one more trip around the sun to be wild, to be seventeen. Give me what is mine first. Let me find it. Let me reach in here, here, here.

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