

EMILY HIPCHEN

No Pleasure

The dogs roll over in the case
hissin like they got the juice for it
and here I am with
the key on a hunk a wood says *wimin*
thinking aint no one can spell round here
not even Eddie in his Dickies,
boots leavin prints in the wet the size a heads
right where the Pine-Sol spilt and that kid's dancing
like he's being pinched on the pecker.
He's sayin, *Momma, momma*, but she's busy at the coffee
making fresh like she owns it, hands gassy from the pump
and an old fry stuck to her hip like a smushed bee.
I know she needs what I got,
even if it aint for sale,
so when she asks for the key I say it's taken.