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Tennessee Friday

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Tennessee Friday

Some Friday
she is gonna take her power
up off the bed
and ride the back of a Harley-Davidson
behind the beautiful,
behind the wicked
to Gatlinburg, Tennessee.

In a pink room
above the souvenir shop
where tourists are stacked
like postcards,
she sends her lover out for bourbon
and ice.

So he runs for her,
for her rounded thighs and arms,
pressing his age into his stomach
he runs from his children
and wives
and small brown towns
in Arkansas.

In the pink room
she will be laughing
and singing Amens -
he is powerless to the swing
of her lizard-tipped boots.
They will spread themselves
everywhere
within her young walls.

Some Friday
she is gonna run out
before dinner's grace is said,
hungry for her lover,
And brush out her hair in Tennessee.

Becky Hinshaw