

1981

Bobbie

J.L. Freeman
Denison University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Freeman, J.L. (1981) "Bobbie," *Exile*: Vol. 27 : No. 1 , Article 38.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol27/iss1/38>

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the English at Denison Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Exile by an authorized editor of Denison Digital Commons.

The Echo of the Street

By Suzy Snyder

From dark cafes
Smoky eyes and like a silent butler
We present ourselves
to moon brick buildings, smoldering sidestreets,
and gray window glass.
Cat crys from beyond the cracked wall,
Clicking steps on the pavement
like a message delivered
to the hooker
who stumbles pass us
red lipstick smeared
over the bottled bagged wine
She calls to the man
on the raw iron stairwell
A boney hand fishes for
white gloves and dead roses
under the embellished trash
Through the stricken alley
We descend down
the familiar creaking stairs
back to wine and candles

Bobbie

By J.L. Freeman

Your teeth sit
in the trough indenting your protruding tongue,
a sign of your genetics;
you place the familiar white plastic hat
on flattened head,
bang it down with your hand.

Smiling
you walk through the room of people
avoiding them all;
you paint lines and blotches
and carefully remove the smock,
hanging it up,
you move away
to another project.

You run to me
to tell me something of importance to you,
but inside of you
is too much of one chromosome--
too much DNA, too much life material--
stuck together sometime after
your conception;
I am angry that chromosome
won't let me understand what you say.

the rubber cement of your smile
drips
off your face
over my legs
gluing me down
where I sit.
I wish to leave
but you have my shoes under your bed;
you too wish I would leave
but I cannot stand
because of the stickiness
that covers this chair
and the floor;
I want to feel
this is also your fault.