

Mother Asking About Her Child

mix me another highball
did you roll the baby under the sink?
sh! someone's at the door
where's the baby? did you roll him
under the sink? too much ginger
my poor baby where the hell
did you hide him? they went away
didn't guess we're in here ha!
hand me my purple panties
what did you do with my little boy?
I'm his mother you know and mothers
are concerned about their babies
put the stopper on the V.O.
you might knock the bottle over
you know how you get when you're drunk
of course you are the whole world
is (hic!) drunk stop teasing me
where's my baby
you're a bastard coming here
screwing all over my wall-to-wall rug
I've a good mind to call a cop
just wait till I get dressed
where the christ did you hide
that lousy brat!

— Ottone M. Riccio
Belmont, Mass.

Ghosts emerging from gas chambers
souls fleeing from Death Houses
back to innocent birthplaces
back to busy hospitals
to look upon hurrying young couples
at emergency entrances

— James Hargan
San Francisco, Calif.