

She didn't look right,
not the way I remembered
her belly too big
in department store slacks,
her bad complexion,
the way the furniture surrounded her
like friends, wearing
clear plastic covers.

All Dressed Up For The Dance

We had a small wedding
in the chapel of an orphanage
to which I wore a gray suit
with black shoes
& a striped tie.
A few friends were there,
some aunts & uncles,
& my mother played the march
on a piano
the way she'd always wanted.

We were saying
I Do
when the orphans came screaming
& pounding at the door.
We all pretended
not to hear
but I remember
the door
rattling,
their voices,
the way they tried
to warn me.

-- Joel Deutsch

Boston MA

girl on a tenspeed bicycle

with her blonde hair draped about
her back and breasts
her breasts
fisted