

Columbia College Chicago :: MFA in Creative Writing—Poetry

Maureen Ewing

With Her Voice in My Head

Who says, *I know her?* or *That no children come from me to love.* Who does the asking? Does it matter? Give me the lotus that grows in the house you built in your stomach.

I taught her how to talk about sex. She taught me how to like it.

Like a spool, unwinding. Is being a poet an accident? People do sometimes stare, gaping, and sometimes I lift my skirt.

Jiggling, that Jello word. She said, *I don't like that underwear. It makes my butt jiggle.* They made her buy a pair. I imagine you discovering there's nothing between you and me. The smell of me where everyone can hear.

The day of the jiggling underwear, a man tailed their car, catching up enough to slip out his tongue, to flap it.

Is it too expected to play with the word *consort*?

The man in the Chevy flirts with wires under the glove compartment. I can only see his feet.

I try to ask her if living without regrets means you only wear flannel.

In this wondering wound. That's what she wrote. The Chevy man leaves. No oil stain. The SUV's all have rear window washers. *I'd like to magic you.* I'd like to hear that.

Note: *Italicized lines in first and last stanzas are by Joanne Kyger.*