

queer, sultry summer  
they electrocuted the Rosenbergs  
I'm stupid about executions.  
goggle-eyed headlines staring up at me  
the fusty, peanut-smelling mouth of every subway  
being burned alive all along your nerves  
New York was bad enough.  
the tail end of a sweet dream  
mirage-gray  
granite canyons  
cindery dust blew into my eyes  
like the first time I saw a cadaver  
what there was left of it—  
floated up behind my eggs and bacon at breakfast  
I felt as though I were carrying that cadaver's head around with me on a string.  
uncomfortable, expensive clothes, hanging limp as fish  
the little successes I'd totted up so happily at college fizzled to nothing  
I was supposed to be having the time of my life.  
the envy of thousands of other college girls.  
patent leather shoes  
black patent leather belt  
black patent leather pocketbook to match  
drinking martinis in a skimpy, imitation silver-lame bodice  
a big fat cloud of white tulle  
all-American bone structures  
having a real whirl  
Look what can happen in this country  
I wasn't steering anything,  
not even myself.  
I couldn't get myself to react  
still and  
empty, the way the eye of a tornado must feel,  
moving dully  
surrounding hullabaloo.