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Woody

Claire Shipman

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S. Day

At the Day's End

Sonya Day

Head resting on your collar,
Feeling the bristly prick of
Another sunrise and sunset's stubble
Press into my forehead,
Your arms tied round in lover's knot,
Like the grip of a familiar club

In the hands of an accomplished golfer –
Sure and steady, yet relaxed –
I wrap my legs in yours
and draw your warmth for my icy toes
As I listen to the thump, thump, thump
Of your heart telling me
I am loved.

Woody

Claire Shipman

do me a favor
and come on home
oh daddy
the lullabies still need
crooning and the
fascists still need whippin
coney island waits for you
in black and white

shuffle your feet
in the dusty drifts
of highway 66
play me some more
of your hobo poems
tilt your curly head
half close your eyes
and sing a worried song