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Driven

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Driven

Cover Page Footnote

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STACY COLOMBO

DRIVEN

You said you would stop by
Saturday afternoon
to pick me up
in your new car
for a stroll on
the town, so
I fix my hair
in a glittery barrette and
outline my lips
in red stain
because I know you like it.

I wait
and
wait
still not a ring
at the door.
Maybe a balding tire
went flat or
in a row of traffic is
where you sat
for an hour
or two.

Hours wasted and
I'm still waiting.
I scrub the red
shame
from my cracking
lips, for
I know there's
no hope
that you will be
here.
Mom and dad come
home soon
I can't let them
see me
they thought
I'd be out
on my big date.

I walk to the
Woodshed

with my head hanging
low
and a few bucks
in my pocket.
A forceful swing of
the door
unmasks your face
your hands rubbing
chalk on
the wooden Que.
Not even a look
in the eye
when I walk in and
take a seat on
the stool,
just the decency
of ordering me
a drink...