

---

# Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Nancy Mitchell: Three Poems

Nancy Mitchell · Wednesday, August 21st, 2019

### Back When

You'd crash  
the lamp pitch

us black icepick  
of moon slitting

the curtain. Silk  
bathrobe sash

lashed my wrists  
to the four poster

winds. Silver shot  
arced slippery

mercury tasted  
tart and salt.

Bristles busked  
nipples purple

bloomed beautiful  
my breasts.

Ah, my man you  
were mad for me—

before bike helmets,  
yellow safety

vests and a crossing  
guard's caution—yes,

you were all  
stealth and dark

craft—tricky then  
as a zipper.

\*

## Love of my Past Life

Twenty-five years we never  
touched outside of coming-  
and-going hugs, so vigilant not

to breach the inch between  
our breasts. Her ribs a twig  
nest, hair a dry clutch

of fragrant sweet-grass,  
a Nebraska meadow full  
of it. Last we met—candle-

lit booth, all wine drunk  
from the bottle—I took her  
hand—curled like a bound

foot—wee as a wren  
might be in mine. Unfurled  
each finger, kissed her dark

palm's damp heart—I'd dreamt  
crushed rose petals, honey  
and tea pooled in a spoon,

never bitter lemon of stuck  
cough drops, blood of old  
pennies in a thrift store purse.

\*

## Bloated with Edy's and Lonely

I'm floating in an antebellum  
bed-and-breakfast bubbled  
claw foot bathtub, beautiful but  
for the frill of mildew bordering  
the peony print shower curtain.

Skittish about shaving—the razor  
from the last dusty pack of Bics  
I picked up in the Piggly Wiggly,  
in this town with all the heat  
but none of the charm of the South.

According to the check-out lady,  
the natives are *riled up and ready*  
*to fight* the plans for a roundabout  
and the guy ahead in line buying  
a six pack of Bud, fried pork rinds

and a pouch of Southern pride  
*doesn't give one shit* that his wife  
left because her *ass was as flat*  
*as the bottom of a cast iron*  
*skillet*, and every kid in town

*has got the herpes or the clap*  
and *with all the spics coming*  
*in on them caravans they don't*  
*keep all the gold locked up*  
*in Fort Knox for nothing.*

This entry was posted on Wednesday, August 21st, 2019 at 12:40 pm and is filed under [Poetry](#)  
You can follow any responses to this entry through the [Comments \(RSS\)](#) feed. You can skip to the  
end and leave a response. Pinging is currently not allowed.