

1984

# Surrogate

Diana Stewart

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# Surrogate

We broke a window  
at the Dastrups'  
and never talk to them because  
they kept our lime-green super ball.

We hid and Rags sought  
(and usually found) us  
Summer Sidewalk browned—  
ignorant laughing.  
Until the day that Daddy cut our bangs  
without the scissors.  
Then we stopped.

And now the Doctor sleeps alone,  
sitting in his cobweb den  
to drink his pickled purpose  
with a straw.  
And lucifer created black:  
black hearts, black eyes, and ochre too.  
He saw that it was good.  
And you can be my children  
if and if and if  
(but not until you're twenty-two).

I faithfully Purina'd Cat  
until it died, distempered, in the back.  
I've learned to never pet  
for fear of claws.

We played the bells once.  
(We, of course, ended.)  
"I am a Child of       " Who?  
(That ended too. . . .)

And just because Conor Larkin  
died for the Irish Catholic  
singing "Dusty Bluebells"  
I believed in the IRA,  
until they bombed Mrs. Bridgeport  
just walking to the super.  
And now I only care for me,  
but guess I really don't.

And finally I hung it up  
when Clayton saw subliminals  
in Whiskey Ice  
and Charly's holy face.

Please, no more phone calls.  
I'm sleeping.

Diana Stewart