

Meredith McDonough

Etta Place Ponders
Ann Bassett

My patsy has a cowlick
 identical to my own
and a contemptuous tilt
 of a smile
embalmed in sepia tones

She may as well be me
 guilty of panty dropping for cattle rustlers
refusing to have just one lover
 or one lifeline
stuttering faintly across her palm

Why not have two names
 for one woman?
Why not live simultaneously
 like two C notes on a piano
struck by one player?

That secondary version of me
 made of sheets, vapor, and twine
will pace in the jail cell
 in the same stride
I traverse a Bolivian plain

