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Sparks: After Dancing At Swanky's We Drive to Tennessee

AFTER DANCING AT SWANKY'S WE DRIVE TO TENNESSEE

Amy Bracken Sparks

I carried the legs and he carried the talking part
past the veggie crepe stand to the depot.

Grits in the morning and we're in Tennessee.
The dog finds treasure behind the couch—

dead crow after too much ouzo. *Us, not the
bird, bozo.* What is the mathematical equation

to keep cocktails on a swinging table
and never fall over the way people do?

Sometimes we stay separate from our legs
even when our brothers put us on bikes

and face us downhill. This is what we know
about Tennessee: there's peanut butter

and the snot-nosed kid next door watching
us eat. There's a blue Catalina out front

which seats six plus a husky dog.
I am poorly in love with the driver

who cured my common itch
with a well-placed

orange juice and amaretto.
He knows how to take people

apart and screw them
together again. But sometimes

he puts the legs on facing back
so you're walking yesterday,

talking the wrong way. Sometimes
he's married, and has a house

in Tennessee, a long way from
where this all started.