Case: July 23, 2011

JULY 23, 2011

DOUG PAUL CASE

It was never safe for us, dancing

(by which I mean hip swiveling, chanting

no, no, no. . . clapping, condemning

men that done us wrong) around the kitchen,

screaming notes, approximations

against rattling dishes bass high—before

daddy came home from work, when he'd ask

about the noise & about my feet, rocking

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Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal, Vol. 12, Iss. 1 [2012], Art. 11 the fuck-me pumps even his daughter

wasn't allowed to own.