

WHITE GOLD

SARA WALLACE

rue the day

rue the bed

rue the worn sheets

rue the stars above my head

Prettier than platinum but not as strong, the salesgirl said. Pick careful. You're going to wear it forever and you don't want no regrets.

rue the headlights yellowing my walls

rue your beauty a walled garden

rue your pliant skin

rue your pliant lies

rue your face like a bank of daisies sparkling and always bending in the wind

rue Donna the middle-aged woman you first stole from

rue Samantha *it's not using* you said *it's utilizing*

rue Terry *she follows me around like a puppy*

rue Robert the rich man who called the one who said *there's something you need to know*

rue the others I don't know their names

rue thinking you didn't sleep with them

Hush, you said. The smell of rotting greens and new mint from the open window,
your tongue fused against my ear.

rue New Orleans

rue Bourbon

rue Royal

rue Burgundy

rue the live oak

rue loveliness slippery and humid

rue every dollar you left by the bed

rue the leather string adorned with animal bones you wore tucked under your shirt to the
bank

rue your secret in a knot of skin

You said, *The leaves never die here, they just fall.*

rue pulling the blinds shut all the time

rue the deer bones in the back of the pick-up truck

rue the gun I dreamed about holding

rue driving down Oracle the levee like oven walls

planes and stars lit like electrical coils

Your ex-girlfriend said, *he gets in you gently but he gets in so deep.*

rue the power plants red on the river

rue Cancer Alley

rue crocodiles rippling the black water

rue Chartres

rue Ponce de Leon

rue de la Course Café—

de la course the course of my life

rue thinking *oh that was just talk*

*Oh, that little blob where we cut the ring to size? The salesgirl said, You can just turn it around and
no one will ever know it's there.*

I called up your mama and I said *I guess the apple doesn't fall far from the tree*

I called up your dad and he said *it sure causes a lot of pain but it makes the ol' world go round*

I called up the state attorney's and someone said *we can mail you xeroxes of the forgeries*

she said *do you want to press charges*

she said it didn't surprise her at all

rue not asking when you changed your name again

City Courthouse Orleans Parish

rue words set to music

rue the needle stuck in the groove

rue when your mother gave me a sheer nightie for Christmas

every woman needs something beautiful she said