

AMERICAN DREAM

the leaves turned but still in suspense
in the griddle of air. october dilemma.
she leaves barefoot. red shoes in her
hand clack as she walks. lacquered
song of retrieval of freedom - american
dream on the outskirts of a trailer park.

her calves move in elegant blue varicose
waltz waiting to burst into polka with
sheer impatience for life once she figures
out what life could be on the other side
of the highway. the brick houses. front
lawns with picket fences. no dog shit.

her dress blue and red — laser print
poppies and bows bleed into each other
in a passionate royal purple of something
more — outside the lines of the pattern.
where she wants to be. she forgets the label
to wash it on cold to preserve colour.

labour of broken knuckles and hope —
her waist. folds into stretched polyester
and occasional pair of hurried hands —
two soft rolls of binged takeaway and
sleepless nights over a tub of whip. as
she walks her hips don't sway but sink.

her toes dig into sawdust as she leaves.
the leaves turned, but are still holding
onto the branches in fear of fall. early
october clutching at straws of summer
warmth. red lacquered clackers tick—
tocking the hours until the night shift.