

Under every skirt is a slip

under mine, he tells me,
is a lifetime of them
when we drive
right through Belvidere into the trailer park.
All the other railroaders fast asleep.
I am trying to stay
sober in this trailer with my AA sponsor.
He was born
twenty-six years before me
on a table just like this.
When he finally convinces me
to have sex
I say my own name
like my very first word: *Annie*.
I am just some girl dumb
almost despicable
on his nerves
but he knows I should be dead
so he gets up
as if he really loves me
to peel the potatoes.