Bunker

by Ann Bogle

Dressed as an English professor on Halloween I escape the red devil and run downtown. I go to the Art Car hangar I dance, I swing my golden brown briefcase I see the sculptor Mike Scranton We ride to his compound I dance nudely before a fan big enough to agitate the sea of air in the room with its boxing ring. The bathroom has cold tap water Red paint runs the walls I stay. In the morning, I drive home. The phone rings at 9 a.m. on the digit. Michael says, "We need to talk about what happened last night." "What?" I say. He says, "The host of the party said you bit his nose, and it drew blood." I said, "He grabbed my pussy."