

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."

