

Necessary Heat

by Ann Bogle

Jane Vanderbosch told me before Pastor Santo fell in flames then perished that I was spiritual and hid my strength. Liz was blue-eyed, naturally frizzy-blond, honey-tanned in summer. One day, a pleasant semblance took accord. It was Liz and somehow John Lennon around her face, at her piano, her fingers tiptoeing middle C, ebony to ivory, like goldhips. What is writing, Rick B.? You appear in your photo to be more handsome than your first brother. Sudden memory appears: "*Question mark? Curvy: cock. Exclamation! Stiff: prick.*" Eric deserves a position in this/our native country. Next I'll suggest he go home to Oakland—a call for imaginative conduct—no mere white man living near here in the Middle West, west of Milwaukee. *Mne Sota Makoce. The Land of the Dakota.* Poet Anonymous lives in America—harped miscegenation, once, to Doctor Poetry, Ph.D., whose master's pay was horrid. Elizabeth Brown-Guillory fired the word in *Black Women Writers*, the first time I had heard it—shuffleboard puck down center aisle, seminar table, into the net of the door. Hockey was my favorite sport, early. Trailing my father's walking lesson, he conducted me in hand, north along Williston Road to the Ice Arena behind our City Hall. During the game, I rose in the stands, with all-out alarum, in favor of my future high school team. Liz startled, egyptically—then resumed. Not a soul or spirit could have predicted my enthusiasm. Hover-seeing, the hockey cheerleader jump-split it.

