

Whirl

by Nonnie Augustine

Wanna,wanna, whoop de loop.
Hold my baby, kiss my mom,
dance the way I used to do.

Desktops, blacktops, cut and paste,
speed down hills, learn the rules,
Sister Saint Marion, married to Christ.

Sixteen, life-green, pink tights, Swan Lake,
an Italian summer, a Venetian romance,
NYC my campus, Matisse, Philip Glass,
then mountains, desert, New Mexico's gold,
headstrong, headlong, swayed by applause,
wandering through canyons colored by God.
A year spent in England, the Isle of Wight,
rock seafronts in Cornwall, Land's End of the world,
a pause for the Maritimes, soft greens, booming tides.
Then losing my bearings, drunk on the street, nothing
but loathing my first years without drink.

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My mind's got some fluff but she copes well enough. I've
foundered in Florida with its heat and humidity, glorious beaches,
and churchy stupidity.

I could use a cruise, a steadier step, a long walk in Paris with
Johnny Depp.

It appears gone for good are dramas and bothers, threats and therapists, stoned needy lovers, but lovely, lovely, lovely are my cats' furry bellies.

