

*Wilderness House Literary Review 3/1*

*Lo Galluccio*

**Chinatown Again**

this dream of a woman with blonde hair who  
must have been my mother and myself  
chinatown. flaw in the iris.

she was like a martyr and a demon  
a screw in her forehead that might rust  
her blood to death.

it was to show how furious she was  
at his (my father's) blindness  
and then my father was an old dying man  
trying to ascend a staircase  
and I said I love you very much  
and he said if you don't

i will

You will

kill yourself.

update mailing list.

see stuff.

stay inside.

**Ghost Of New York**

I walked down Mass Ave. — as close as  
Cambridge gets to 14<sup>th</sup> Street, that gritty  
kitchy Puerto Rican stretch which sells  
Elvis beach towels and flashy pink salsa  
dresses. There's a store called Manhatttan  
in Cambridge. Teddy's Shoes still sells spats.  
Hubba Hubba is a taste of Trash and Vaudeville  
on St. Mark's Place. I buy the pinkish purple wig  
and the sales lady goes, "You vixen."

There is a black and purple tie up skirt for  
\$75 dollars and for a moment I imagine Pete the Cop  
buying it for me someday. And you, you.  
how did I know how selfish and jealous you are?  
The orange wig, the bob, whispered it to me  
that first winter. But you were good about the groceries.  
no distance too far; nothing too heavy to carry.  
I needed Ativan to sleep; you needed your head examined.

But you wouldn't let them in the psych unit where we  
met. Instead you feigned deafness, writing notes to the staff  
in dull community meetings. I giggled at your act.  
Now, 2 summers later, you're adrift in Phili, begging  
and charming your way through. You say you like unknown places  
and unknowable people. Well, baby, you left that leather jacket behind,  
like a tough reminder of a lost City for your hostess.  
She's temporarily insane, a prisoner of home.  
She's a ghost of New York.  
Cha cha cha.