

Wilderness House Literary Review 5/2

Bridget Galway
New York 1960

my crazy drunken aunt
who carried me everywhere
room to room
to street

candy under her bed
(mostly peppermint)
made Mom nuts screaming
until they drove her to the bin

a ride in the country
like we were normal
looking out the back window
at clouds light speckle
through elm branches quiet
everything ok

NY 79 he showed me the shooting galleries
the ABC'S of search for a vein
descended staircases
to broken landings
drug warmed
faces masked
idol
everything ok

together
on street corners
park benches
the sound of funk
uh uhn uh uh uhn

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mostly I loved
the way my head fit into his back
half asleep
waiting for the subway