

12-1-2014

[In the Cross-Countertop Silence]

Devin Stabley-Conde
SUNY Geneseo

Follow this and additional works at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer>

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Stabley-Conde, Devin (2014) "[In the Cross-Countertop Silence]," *Gandy Dancer Archives*: Vol. 3 : Iss. 1 , Article 17.
Available at: <https://knightscholar.geneseo.edu/gandy-dancer/vol3/iss1/17>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by KnightScholar. It has been accepted for inclusion in Gandy Dancer Archives by an authorized editor of KnightScholar. For more information, please contact KnightScholar@geneseo.edu.

[In the Cross- Countertop Silence]

when 50-year-old men
grin like sharks, I want to crawl out

of my skin & into a suit
of armor. I am
nametag bold: Not Fucking
Around. I will graft
scales to skin: if I harden, maybe
sweethearts & honeys will

ricochet. If blood could boil
I would fuel my steps
with red haze, diffuse it
through my pores & pigment myself—
let the predators know I am
poisonous to the touch.

Please, stand in my
how-can-you-be-a-size-six shoes
for eight hours. Listen to men
speak. Watch their hands
come across the counter & weigh
a paycheck against
my pride: a glass bottle: a hurricane
against their heads—the barrier to lives I wish
I could make men live.