

Spring 1975

Amarillo Mama

Cynthia White

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Let us know how access to this document benefits you.

Recommended Citation

White, Cynthia (1975) "Amarillo Mama," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 4 , Article 6.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.umt.edu/cutbank/vol1/iss4/6>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by ScholarWorks at University of Montana. It has been accepted for inclusion in CutBank by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at University of Montana. For more information, please contact scholarworks@mso.umt.edu.

AMARILLO MAMA

Gut solid behind the wheel, you steer
your ratty Pontiac with Texas plates
through the grit that fences
the only musky trailer court. Roll in
packing your blonde long-legged jailbait
that makes men moan softly and beat
their hands against the bed. Your home
has secret passageways, halls
opening behind a bleached wood bookcase
in the sunny room. For putting away one man
with a rifle, you did time in Dakota.
The whole town reels
in your daughter's pungent lap. The barnburner
leans against the gas pump
while she walks to the blockhouse laundromat.
He yearns in his grease
to strike the light and hold her down.