

Fall 1977

Childhood Documentary: Two Weeks in Nashville-1955

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Recommended Citation

Leichner, Greg (1977) "Childhood Documentary: Two Weeks in Nashville-1955," *CutBank*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 9 , Article 31.

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**CHILDHOOD DOCUMENTARY:
TWO WEEKS IN NASHVILLE — 1955**

We built a golf course
Across her neighborhood of lawns,
And rolled through Tennessee
In an old side-tracked dining car,
A tete-a-tete over invisible wine
On the latest Catholic outrage.
We sat skootched down
In the back seat at the drive-in,
Just on the threshold
Of the behavior we watched.
We rinsed our mouths
After every meal
And slept head-to-head
In the same room,
Kissing each other
On the mouth good night
As her mother backed out
And left us in darkness.

Fifteen years later
We consummated our reunion
On a throw-rug
In the basement.
She talked of whipped cream
And knew some tricks
While I took all I could
In the name of quantity
And a short Christmas leave.

Tucked in tight,
We whispered at the ceiling for hours
And when we were safe
She would slide in over my pillow

And we'd lie pressed together,
Wet, afraid, laughing,
Caught without our coats
In the first great storm.