

1-1-2005

Weekday Morning: Brooklyn; The Devil's Waters

Kelly Matthews

Follow this and additional works at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr>

Recommended Citation

Matthews, Kelly (2005) "Weekday Morning: Brooklyn; The Devil's Waters," *Yalobusha Review*. Vol. 10 , Article 16.

Available at: <https://egrove.olemiss.edu/yr/vol10/iss1/16>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the English at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Yalobusha Review by an authorized editor of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.

Kelly Matthews

Weekday Morning: Brooklyn

Balloons flap a wild greeting from the shop's open doors, their rubber skins stretched taut

then choked. The morning commute is serious as a street-long equation;

the grownups crunch behind their wheels, disciples of diligence and discretion,

driven by the idea that fun is a return on an investment. The kids smile pure

as primary colors from their carseats, knowing how good it feels to be shook silly.

The teenagers hold their mouths still, lips tucked in tight. They have learned the importance of straight lines, of looking forward.

Kelly Matthews

The Devil's Waters

It's my job to keep watch on him.
Mama says it gets harder as the year goes on,
that he spreads out in warm air like pralines
on waxed paper. My fourteenth birthday
she staked my neck with a gold rope.
There's a red charm at the center in the shape of a heart;
it hangs at my throat, swells when I swallow.
Mama says the heart is what he'll come for.
Her voice is sure as a razor blade
snaked across a man's face.

In the summer it rains until everything is filled up
with everything else. Things you thought were buried
show up on the neighbor's porch,
flowers sneak into one another's beds,
Mama uses an offshoreman like a human tarp.
This is when I lose track of him.
I stand stiff as a cypress, pretend the water
beneath my skin is as still as it appears.