

1992

## Vedauwoo

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# Vedauwoo (*vee-dub-woo*)

She might as well push  
the groceries to the car  
herself, she'd done all  
the pushing before—  
the vacuum, the furniture,  
the baby born after ten  
hours of labor— by herself.  
Now squeezed between  
the Charmin and Quaker  
Instant Oats, she muffles  
his cry with a pushed-in  
pacifier.

She nudges  
the check forward with the same  
thin fingers which, at half-time,  
had twirled a baton, then returned  
to full-time, wrapping blankets  
around him and trudging home  
through the wind and snow  
and the blare of laughter  
and cars, horns streaming from  
the lot

towards  
Vedauwoo and a bonfire  
and music and a keg of beer:  
And Johnny  
pulling her close  
and the weight of the moon  
holding him down  
onto her, thin, naked  
fingers too light  
to drive him away.

She  
pushes the cart into the parking  
lot, holding on against the wind  
and the slope of the land, retracing  
her way to the car.

– Trey Dunham '94