

**JULY 23, 2011**

**DOUG PAUL CASE**

It was never safe  
for us, dancing

(by which I mean  
hip swiveling, chanting

no, no, no. . .  
clapping, condemning

men that done us wrong)  
around the kitchen,

screaming  
notes, approximations

against rattling dishes—  
bass high—before

daddy came home  
from work, when he'd ask

about the noise &  
about my feet, rocking

the fuck-me pumps  
even his daughter

wasn't allowed to own.