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426 South Dodge, Apt. B

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426 SOUTH DODGE, APT. B

Josh Bell

All the gas station girls, the towheads,
those tomboys with Firestone eyes,
will love me if only I can't prove

I've learned from my mistakes. So
to hell with the memory, esemplastic,
bikini-hearted, freelance lover

of fuck-ups. I say avaunt thee,
midwife of mishap. Tonight the stars
will leak 40 weight tears, and the new

river in my life will seem possible.
I remind you, in none of these taverns
have I raised whiskey to the lack

of human chorionic gonadotrophin
in a woman's bloodstream; we haven't
spoken later in a dim booth like

bored co-anchors fading into break.
I haven't found a sense of direction
to lose, nor have I begun worrying

that too many people love me
for not enough reasons. For a while,
I might make these toilets flush

clockwise, which is a less arrogant
way of saying I'll turn the world

upside-down (starting with your

bathroom) even though there's not
an alley or a shopping cart left
in the city limits that an angel

hasn't puked in, and the streetlights
make my best faces seem suspect.
For now, it's me who haunts the ghosts.