

## Head Over Heels

I have to love you, you know  
As you honestly labor to understand  
The significance of Abner Snopes tracking shit  
Into the mansion of Major de Spain.  
I watch your empty well-meaning breath projected into  
empty air,  
Building dialogues around stereotypes and the triumph and  
nobility  
Of a man who refuses to wipe his shoe.  
It means so much to you  
To sift through an unsightly occurrence  
And find a code of honor at the core.  
Your heart is good.

But let me tell you: my mother's second husband  
Was Abner Snopes, base, hulking, and dull  
And when he tracked shit into the house,  
He had no thought about asserting his class  
In the domain of another.  
He had no thought at all, only ignorant disregard  
And shit on his shoe, shit on his shoe,  
And my mother to scrub it.

Here I sit then, the daughter of a weeping mother,  
The step-daughter of a salt of the earth man,  
A scholarship student in a private university,  
And I love you for your intentions  
And kiss your ivory innocence.

*Sarah Gardner*