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Sitting in the Brown Chair with "Let's Pretend" on the Radio

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**Sitting in the Brown Chair with "Let's Pretend" on
the Radio**

I don't think how the
m and m's that soothe
only made my fat legs
worse. I'm not thinking
how my mother will
die, of fires that could
gulp a mother up, leave
me like Bambi. I'm not
going over the baby sitter's
stories of what they did to
young girls in tunnels, of
the ovens and gas or have
nightmares I'll wake up
screaming for one whole
year wanting someone to
lie near me, hold me as if
from then on no one can get
close enough. I don't hear
my mother and father yelling,
my mother howling that if
he loved us he'd want to buy
a house, not stay in the apart-
ment he doesn't even pay
her father rent for but get
a place we wouldn't be
ashamed to bring friends.
What I can drift and dream
in is more real. I don't want
to leave the world of golden
apples and silver geese. To
make sure, I close my eyes,
make a wish on the first hay
load of summer then wait
until it disappears