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

Lyn Lifshin

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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 apartment 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