

David Spicer – Two Poems

The Basement

Get your sorry ass downstairs, my father or mother yelled anytime I quoted Corso or Ginsberg, words they didn't like. I hurried on the steps to my underground lair of records and books, an exile writing notes in a domain of solitude until I heard *Get your sorry ass back upstairs*. Gathering Monday meatloaf and macaroni or Friday catfish, I returned to my kingdom, painted model cars and trucks, yearning to watch *The Untouchables* with the family.

I grew to enjoy the clatter of beat-up pots and pans, arguments between my parents about lack of money and sex, or my father's *Jesus Christ on a broken crutch!* when he found a hair in his food. I loved Joan Baez singing *Love is a Four-Letter Word* while I peered out the window, dreaming of life in a penthouse without parents.

My Sister's Gift

My nine-year-old sister received a blue bicycle from a nurse for her heart-murmur operation. I vaguely remember what happened to it, and I recall the times she called me *Dumbass Dog* the way my grouchy father did. Then, when I slapped her between the shoulder blades as she ran away from me, she'd fake-moan, *You hurt me on my operation!* Years later, I thought about the beatings my father gave me for hitting her, not shutting up at the smart time, and I have to laugh at her absurd groans. She baited me well and saw me scream in pain. Now I imagine her blue bicycle as it flies down the ravine's rusty history of rancor forever.

David Spicer has published poems in *Santa Clara Review*, *Reed Magazine*, *Synaeresis*, *Hamilton Stone Review*, *Chiron Review*, *Yellow Mama*, *Flatbush Review*, *CircleShow*, *The Phoenix*, *Ploughshares*, *American Poetry Review*, and elsewhere. He is the author of *Everybody Has a Story* and six chapbooks, the latest of which is *Tribe of Two* (Seven CirclePress). A new collection of poems, *Waiting for the Needle Rain* (Hekate Publishing) is forthcoming. His website is www.davidspicer76.com.