

**Blackball**

I want to be one  
    accepted,  
Girls can pack pistols  
like men

the roulette wheel spins  
red black red black,  
and my back  
where the knife sticks in

corset-escort-husband  
container of harlots  
hold guts,  
if I run run run  
in a circle  
I pretend  
I just keep up

carving the full-bellied  
pumpkin,  
steel in the palm of my hand,  
making a pie and a face  
and my eye drops like jelly,

the bullet goes in

the bartender  
stands in the corner  
his collar the size  
of a cunt

ladies stay out  
and I scream and shout  
while he grunts and he grunts  
and he grunts