

## Thérèse Ferreria-Douglas

### *Sunday Paper*

Breath  
lands heavy  
on the hour.

You moan.

Neighbors know you live alone  
but think  
you must be making love...

No one has killed you in your dreams yet.

You kick off covers  
push the splintered window up  
    breathe in gray morning  
    still  
    a little black  
lean out loose  
hoping  
the paperboy  
will see your breast  
    throw you something more than just  
the Sunday paper.

The lady with the crazy hair down the hall  
looks like she  
just killed one of her other selves  
clipping coupons

in a frenzy  
carelessly  
cutting a few strands  
    lipstick on already  
without even brushing her teeth

She grins at the paperboy.

The man who evens out her hair  
can't believe  
she yelled from the fire escape  
    told him to stop killing flies in his own kitchen with  
the Sunday paper because  
God loves all creatures great and small, black and white,  
gay and straight, even atheists,  
those clean-shaven men in white shirts and black pants riding bikes...

Her robe looks like a tablecloth in this light. Is she somebody's mother?

He rolls his eyes—winks at the paperboy  
    innocent...

    Newsprint  
    makes good wrapping paper  
    shows you how cluttered the world is  
    how it all fits in one hand  
in a dirty rubber  
    band  
just today

because that's all you care about  
when you're horny  
and late for church  
and live alone  
on a bench miserable with pigeons pecking out his eyes  
—that bastard who loved Hitchcock...

You find the local news boring  
The international news too bloody,

So you tear the Sunday paper into pieces,  
save only *Men Seeking Women*  
crumple it between your toes  
paint your nails

masturbate

Go get life.