

The Potato

Judy Epstein

Wednesday after midnight
left alone
I took a knife to a partially
raw potato
salted the slices
even ate chunks from the cold
hard center
and thought about the pulp and
whiteness
filling me up
so late at night
maybe I would have bad dreams.

Thursday we exchanged
poems
silly teenage confessions
they said everything
we wouldn't do
but the desire
flaming in our jeans
wasn't typed in.

Over the weekend
I taped the poem
to the window, behind my typewriter.
I sat down to write a dream
about digging spuds
until my hands were so dirty
I had to give it up.