

Electric



Broadsheet

publishers of semi-literate doodlings, scraps, & snippets

presents

Riding Winona

poetry by Calvin O. Xavier

Electric Broadsheet 1.6

is distributed by **Poetry Ink Productions**

<poetink@inlink.com>

Poetry Ink Productions

Attn: Matthew W. Schmeer

6711-A Mitchell Avenue

St. Louis, MO 63139

Please contact **Poetry Ink Productions** for all re-distribution permissions.

This presentation ©1997 **Electric Broadsheet** and **Poetry Ink Productions**
“Riding Winona” ©1996 Calvin O. Xavier

(You will need the font New Century Schoolbook installed in your system in order to view this document correctly.)

Riding Winona *Calvin O. Xavier*

Winona, you are mine,
my whispering whippoorwill,
and your sinewy arms
envelop me in a haze
which I cannot break.
Let me tell you secrets,
my munchkin,
my pigeon,
my pussywhisker,
you are the only woman
I trust to bear
the inner soul.

Look, here, I have
carved your name in my palm
and I carry you wherever I go.
Blood does not stain, Winona,
It only makes us stronger.

I tell you:
these things are not ours to
know, Winona, and when your
pretty, haunted face
stares to me from your pictures,
I want to touch you where
your blouse leaps
from your throat.

Winona, do not do this.
You know you are the only one
who turns me.
Why do you go from me?
Again, I say to you
what is love
if not a thorn
on an ungrasped rose
smelling of death
and feces?

