

GIVE ME A FOOT
Jan. Tynes



JT

Give Me A Foot

I am every honcho
in the moment
of realizing Fay

Wray's love,
breaking over
barstools more
intricate barstools,

getting to the gist
of prehistory.
Before I was able

to tell you
a story I was
definitely

a manly girdle, an eater
of figurative
language.

I gave rabies
to myself in the middle
of the ocean,



I stopped short
of dying
it red. That kind

of line break--
stereotypical

bush, as in
ambush.
I rolled
up my sleeves,
delivered

brunches to
the boys.

Like all the sexes
I could not spell

mimosa but I went
unearthly,
stopped making
its noises out.
I shaved

the pan cake,
I cut out all
the pace.
The appeal

of a riddle is
not lost
on me.

Silence during
previews.

Author's Note: Jen Tynes lives in Providence, Rhode Island and co-edits horse less press. She is the author of one book of poetry, *The End Of Rude Handles* (Red Morning Press), and her writing has appeared recently or is forthcoming in LIT, Coconut, Typo and Denver Quarterly. *The Ohio System*, a collaboration with Erika Howsare, is forthcoming from Octopus Books.

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Len Lyons



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