### MY PINK BABIES

are having pinker babies  
montage of blue-green eyes  
the splice of life  
genetic hegemony  
unconscious and correctly  
proletariat but what  
the hell my menses  
are meandering  
history dribbled down  
my thighs I’ve  
added to the pool:  
gene, car, swimming  
like those funny drawings  
of sperm we watched on film  
in gym class before  
The Sexual Revolution  
I won my purple heart  
stains on nylon panties  
don’t ask  
I gave at the office  
I gave in the back seat  
at the drive-in  
I gave in a sleeping bag  
at Stinson Beach  
I gave in most of the  
Western States  
and Canada, too  
I looked for pot  
under a neon rainbow  
I found community property  
and a final decree  
but my pink daughters  
will splash red  
let the nation’s  
labor rooms resound

**by Carol Tarlen**

---

### DIGGER’S THANKSGIVING

You invite your parents over  
because your mother can’t do  
turkeys anymore.  
You remember  
if you’re still at Ford’s  
three times in ten minutes.  
Your father talks on and on  
about the football game on tv.  
Your son hides in his room.  
During dinner your mother repeats  
“everything is so delicious,  
so delicious,” over and over.  
You’re hungover  
barely touch your plate.  
They leave after pie  
to get home by dark.  
As your mother steps out the door  
“everything is so delicious”  
she falls and breaks an ankle.  
In the hospital waiting room  
you think of your parents  
still living in the city  
though they’ve both been mugged.  
You want them to move to the suburbs  
but they refuse.  
They’re like tired flies, you think,  
they barely move at all.  
Just waiting for someone to kill them.  
You try to think of something you could do.  
You think of putting them in a home.  
You remember as a child  
pulling the wings off of flies:  
so delicious, so delicious.

**by Jim Daniels**

---

### #2, Parking Lot, Ford Sterling Plant

Empty pallets stacked against the fence,  
a few cars scattered across the blacktop,  
a barren landscape decaying under grey sky.  
167 days since the last work-loss accident  
This lot under closed-circuit surveillance  
Authorized personnel only  
An empty bag blown flush against the fence.  
A set of keys in the middle of an aisle.  
A flattened oil can, a lottery ticket,  
a paperback with no cover.  
There’s a man in this picture.  
No one can find him.

**by Jim Daniels**

---

Jim Daniels’ poems in this issue are taken from his  
volume PLACES/EVERYONE from Univ. of Wisconsin Press. Thanks!