

poetry by Peter Hepburn

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a child

I was born high
up in fumes, over
a Sunoco
gasoline station.

END

Mom was a teller,
dad a doer
of bad deeds
mostly.

My older brother
hated me from
my start and I,
I flashed mirrors.

Railroad flat building,
three story walk up
with radiators
withholding warmth.

Dad in bars, dad
behind bars, here
a bar there a bar
everywhere a dad dad

Dad gets out, mom
warms the easy
bake oven for him,
out pops a delicious
baby brother and future
schizophrenic---

-----tic tic tic.

Granny tells me
my migraines are
a gift, I tell granny
to take a flying
leap whenever
she can't hear me---

----so always.

Time passes like
a third degree burn,
I grow up, except
for poetry
where I get
to be
a
child.