
Volume 1971 *Calliope Manuscript Day 1971: i
don't think i'm anybody's thursday someone's
saving me for a rainy day*

Article 24

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Depot Dawn

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Liza Bahlman

DEPOT DAWN

The cheap girls
with silver hair
glare out of cat's eyes
as they slowly eat their cigarettes.

Thin, lanky, sailor boy
with slicked back hair
touches his horn rims
to his nose.
(He came back and
she's glad he did.)

The greasy spoon
(with plastic table cloths,
sticking with sloppy joes
and spilled coke)
belches forth fat, fed, travelers—
picking their teeth.

Dust settles. . .
and all the people turn and
look at the world through
dirty windows.