Milk Can

Wendy Harsch

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope

Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1985/iss1/7
MILK CAN

An old black milk can used to stand
by the back porch in the summer.
So I'd stand on it,
then crouch and wrap my arms around my knees
and kiss them to watch the ants weave in and
out the tufts of grass sprouting from underneath
my pedestal.
And when my toes would get all tingly,
I'd stand again,
arms and one leg poised as if I would
at any moment
flip into a handstand.
And from my tower
I could see all the way down Main Street;
Timmy Johnson's head bobbing up and down the
hedge's maze like a fish at the end of my hook,
until he finally stopped,
"Watcha doin'?"
"Gymnastics," I'd say annoyed
and point out my flower pot trophies
lined up along the porch
when my only rewards
were a chipped tooth
and a skinned knee.

Wendy Harsch