

1988

Bullshit Baby

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Recommended Citation

Stobbelaar, Shelley (1988) "Bullshit Baby," *Calliope (1954-2001)*: Vol. 1988 , Article 18.

Available at: <https://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1988/iss1/18>

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BULLSHIT BABY

Last week, body warm above mine
you spoke
of love.
This week eyes avoid mine,
your tongue weaving
a tired tapestry of lies.
You build fires in the pit of my body
but there are dry ashes in my mouth.
Still you speak
of love, but
your love, honey, batters me
leaves me sore for days.

Shelley Stobbelaar