

# Not Quite Spring

*Lynn Lifshin*

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*Baby, you know I get high  
on you, come back with me  
whispering in her ear.  
It was all she could do to say  
no, spring leaves budding,  
his hand on her breast,  
crocus smell and  
everything unfolding.  
She gasping I want, I  
would but instead hurrying  
back to the windowless room  
where she locks the heavy door.  
Lemons are rotting on her pillow,  
she studies her nipples,  
nyloned crotch in mirror  
then hugs her huge body to sleep*

# Cat Callahan

*Lyn Lifshin*

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being fat until  
that spring, I still  
felt fat on Main St  
in my town but

not when the science  
fair went north,  
Burlington for 3 days,  
I met the kind of

long haired boy I  
hadn't. The photograph  
with my eyes huge,  
how the cop downstairs

groaned when he screamed  
in with that Ford.  
Relatives squirmed at  
his name. By June I

unbuttoned my sweater,  
wriggling in a back  
seat near Champlain  
Al Martino's *Oh My Love*

*I've hungered for so,*  
the pink check dress  
wrinkling a long time  
as things inside  
unchained were saying  
*yes, yes* tho I didn't