

Indulgence and Accidents · *Judith Hemschemeyer*

. . . These 7 years were full of indulgence and accidents. A doughnut or two a day wasn't unusual and I demolished a 57 Chevy, which was just the beginning of a horrible driving record. Adding to the trouble my brother Guy drove over me with the Massey-Ferguson. Didn't hurt me much and all in all the years went very well.

—from Aura's autobiography

then marriage, the baby
and making him so mad
in that N.Y. apartment

he threw the phone
and broke the wall
but I got up

at dawn to write
so he did too
and woke the baby

then Greece, and baby #2
and my breasts got hard as stone
and so the midwife milked me

as gently as she could
staring out the window
dreamy-eyed

talking to the other women in the room
for such a long sweet time
I went to sleep

and woke up in Connecticut
with something wrong with me
the need to tell the truth

and be a perfect human being
so I started writing poetry
my brother Guy

“Is the poem so transparent
that it will reveal my failings?”
is my first official entry

*Didn't hurt me much
and all in all
the years went very well*

until my brother turned
and saw I was still moving
and swung the Massey-Ferguson around