

Two Poems by Holly Day

Yesterday, 1995

After he was born, I threw out
all the photos taken of my life, the
days before his birth, determined to become
someone else, wanted to be
new, like him, my baby

sold all of my records to pay for
rent and groceries, tossed all my clothes that didn't fit
all I owned crammed in a backpack
jewelry I could sell for
cash, enough to take me and my son

somewhere safe

These People I Love

Are turning me
into someone I don't want to be. I lie awake
long into the night, hating this thing
I've become, wracking my brain, wondering
Have I always been so deceitful? So sneaky?
Have I always been
such a liar?

when I was seven years old
I wanted the kids at school to like me
So I told them Cheryl Tiegs
Was my aunt
And stole candy bars
And bubble gum cards
To pass out during recess. Of course
no one believed the Cheryl Teigs lie
and they knew I stole the candy
but they ate it anyway.

I use to lie awake at night then, too
wondering what was wrong with me, why
I was such a mess. Years later,
I found my mother had been having an affair
with the drummer in my dad's band
and my dad had tried to kill himself
because of it, but even that
doesn't excuse what I am now.

-Holly Day