

## Three Poems by Jennifer Lagier Fellguth

### **A Certain Patriot** (after George Meredith's *A Certain People*)

Every Sunday, he shouts jingoese  
at the intersection of Rio Road and Highway 1,  
blast air horns at car occupants  
who do not share his views,  
waves misspelled signs, an American flag.  
He shouts down civil opposition,  
adores Fox News, Rush Limbaugh,  
a raving Glen Beck.  
When challenged by rational facts,  
he displays the rhetorical finesse  
of a Wes Craven mutant  
wielding a bloody chainsaw.  
Fearing Obama, undocumented workers,  
lefty journalism and especially socialists,  
he misinterprets our Constitution,  
tears apart the social contract,  
uses the Bill of Rights  
to wipe his white ass.

## **Fifties Flashback**

A Sears repairman removed  
the pegboard back of our giant  
black and white TV, fussed inside.

*He's cleaning out the dead cowboys,*  
Daddy told my sister and me  
as we watched, open-mouthed.

I imagined cold, stiff piles  
of shot-down desperadoes,  
swept away with gray dust.

Now my father is gone; nights bring  
blurry reruns of past peach harvests,  
truck rides he gave us to the cannery and back.

At the grading station, he  
hitched up perpetually sagging levis,  
handed me a quarter to purchase strawberry pop.

I miss our Saturdays, simple monochrome westerns,  
Cisco and Pancho galloping to the rescue,  
happy endings that last.

## **Toxic House**

*“In this house where no one survives love...” – Ruth Daigon*

Through a streaked window, I saw Dad crying in the orchard

after losing one more fight with my razor-tongued mom.

Daily, asbestos seeped from floor tiles. Our walls spit green fire,

witnessed molestations, a thousand small deaths.

Corroded pipes carried cold water and diluted dioxin from underground well to drinking glass.

Mother screamed in frustration at our incompetence as workers.

Resentment passed from her knotted heart to furious, child-striking hands.

This is the place we grew twisted and broken, where we learned

how to cover up bruises, never verbalize pain.

*-Jennifer Lagier Fellguth*