

An' my souff I'm goin' ter have where I can chew it! If yer lookin for a little cullud lady, Don't yer trifle wid me, honey—don't yer do it! Who said I holler'd at der last cake-walk!

If yer lookin' fer a little cullud lady, Don't yer trifle wid me, honey—don't yer do it! My complexion's almost just a little shady, Don't yer trifle wid me, honey—don't yer do it! I'm goin' to do ball, Keep a dancin' till I fall.



Who said I holler'd—do yer hear me talk! I'm a cullud lady, An' my face is some'what shady, Don't yer trifle wid me, honey, dear! If yer lookin' fer a little cullud lady, Don't yer trifle wid me, honey—don't yer do it!

My complexion's almost just a little shady, Don't yer trifle wid me, honey—don't yer do it! I'm goin' to do ball, Keep a dancin' till I fall, If yer lookin' fer a little cullud lady.

*Hellebore*, 2011  
Oil on wood panel  
8" X 8"



## THE GROWN SHORE

*James O'Brien*

I am trying to figure out how beautiful you are:  
crescent-ringed with white concrete,  
the scar of Now upon your apron flesh.

Your nectar-warm runoff shivers:  
emerald pubic gemstones,  
pentacles, perfect soft accidents.

The ruins of rape cities, in miniature,  
smoothed to shapes — whalebacks —  
cracked, revealing fractal architecture.

Everywhere I step, it hurts.  
Midmorning fog, milking muscle, flexed against pleats.

I am trying to figure out how beautiful you are  
before the husband of all history hauls me offshore, bathtub-bound — smashed-nose for  
splash discovery.