

TWO POEMS BY LAUREN KIRSHNER

Patsy Cline's Boots

The test on Patsy Cline will not ask you
what colour were her boots
or did she fall in love with women in bars
get tired of men with guitars
whose names always got on top
marquees of cologne and hey baby

the test on Patsy Cline will not ask you
if she wrote in her high school yearbook
behind every great woman is herself

how many birds were born in her throat
died in midnights the colour of Coke
love bruised in the punchline's joke
and the lyric became a reason for living

the test on Patsy Cline will not ask you
her favourite flower, gemstone, Beatle, bug
city, condiment, love song, mug
cat, teacher, plant, rug, dinosaur, letter, star
because history is not the sunfaded yellow
of Oklahoma leather, the brown braid piping
the steel heel petal pink gator trim
the salt rims that stung and started a song