


Blue Light 57

Rosemary Volz

—  —

Sitting in front of an Old Philco
As temperamental as my father
When the beer ran out,
I prayed for the horizontal hold
While the black and white redhead
Dressed up like a hot dog vendor
So she could meet Bob Hope.

What was so special about Bob Hope
And why would Lucy
Crush her nipples and hide her curls
Just to catch a glimpse of him?
Fingering the plastic coolness
Of M & M's, I urged her to be careful.
Ricky's temper fired toward Havana
As foreign consonants and round vowels
Exploded in my living room
And Mom and Dad sat on a cellophane couch
And almost smiled.

Then on Thursdays there were
George and Gracie.
Mr. Burns clutching his cigar
While Gracie with her teacup breasts
And pinwheel eyes, looked
Beyond George
Beyond the camera,
Beyond my backyard,
Right into the eyes of God and said,
"I called the ophthalmologist today
Because George said he couldn't see
Spending \$200 on golf clubs."

But there was something
About George and Grace,
Something that Lucy and Ricky didn't have.
George's eyes staying
On her a second too long,
Looking as if he wanted to say,
"You're some piece of work."
And Gracie standing six inches off cue,
Just beyond innocence,

As George's gentle voice told her,
"Say good night, Gracie."
And I sat crossed-legged
On a worn green rug,
Knowing that George loved Gracie,
That he wanted to touch her.