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Chickenpinata

a journal of poetry issue two



Julene Tripp Weaver

Chevy Impala '60

We drive north
it's thirty degrees by daylight
minus ten degrees by midnight
after temperatures hit zero

Blankets wrapped around us the heater in this old Chevy stopped working years ago

I your driver

you legally-blind wanted this trip

north

NYC to the Adirondacks

Your black-albino features stark against snow hazel-pink eyes

We speed too fast skid the plowed highways

Make our way cold

into colder

The radio won't work we'll play living together

A cooler in the trunk
with eggs and frozen chuck
a cabin waits

fires to be built icicles to melt



My Brave Lynx

He says, he has something to ask me. What, I say, open to anything. I think to myself, This is my man. He pauses, asks, What if I stop working, live off the race track for a year?

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Horse races? I ask.
I know how he studies racing charts
Exactly. We stand face to face—
I see horses in his eyes

New York streets quiet around us Sixth Ave, a groomed dirt bed, a distant church bell chimes across town You think you can do that? Lynx-certain he replies, I am good at it. Horses come around the curve at the base of Manhattan Why not, I say, It's your life. His soft lynx arms surround me in a hug

We snap back cross Sixth Ave after the last horse passes the finish line.

Julene Tripp Weaver is a Seattle transplant from NY where she received her BA in Creative Writing. She writes poetry and creative non fiction. Finishing Line Press published her chapbook Case Walking: An AIDS Case Manager Wails her Blues. Garrison Keillor featured a poem from her chapbook on The Writer's Almanac. Her poems are published in many journals including Main Street Rag, The Healing Muse, Knock, Arabesques Review, Nerve Cowboy, Arnazella, Crab Creek Review, Pilgrimage, and Letters to the World: Poems from the Wom-Po LISTSERV.

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