



1-1-2016

# Groundhog Poetry

Anonymous

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/calliope>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

## Recommended Citation

Anonymous (2016) "Groundhog Poetry," *Calliope*: Vol. 47 , Article 20.

Available at: <http://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/calliope/vol47/iss1/20>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by the College of the Pacific Journals at Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope by an authorized editor of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact [mgibney@pacific.edu](mailto:mgibney@pacific.edu).

## GROUNDHOG POETRY

ANONYMOUS

How can you write so many stories about the same people?  
How can you craft so many verses about one or another day,  
and each one seem new?

Well: some things you don't run out of thoughts for.  
Some things, like a boomerang, haunt.

There are so many angles to torturing yourself.  
Poem: how the night started. The willow tree. The moon. The kiss.  
Poem: how the night ended. Feeling sticky. Him crying. The taste of piss.

Here is a poem, I could write a dozen verses for just three lines:  
—*Why won't you?*  
—*I'm fifteen.*  
—*So?*

Here is a poem:  
—*I did that for you, so you owe it to me to touch me too.*  
Writing about biting back what I'd wanted to say, which was:  
—*I didn't want you to.*

Here is a poem:  
When will I stop remembering this?

Here is a poem:  
Why did I forgive him?

Here is a poem about the concept of virginity.  
Here is a poem about whether it's really rape if you say 'But,' if you say 'I don't want to,' but you don't say 'No.'  
Here is a poem about a park bench and sitting on him to stay warm.  
Here is a poem about why did I wear a skirt that night? About remembering my long socks and thick tights.

That's only one eve's worth of poems. That's not even the whole night.

Here is a poem about the teenagers at the community center, and steamed windows.  
Here is a poem about the bark beneath the playground,  
and wishing boys knew what to do with their fingers.

Here is a poem about out-of-town texts on the phone bill, and printed out IMs that I read at parties.  
Here is a poem about phone sex,  
and, while we're at it,  
another poem about whether it's really rape if you've had phone sex with consent.

There are so many poems I could have written instead.  
Poems about an insomniac loving a narcoleptic.  
Poems about the first boy who wrote me a song.  
Poems about a family on the train tracks in a bad town, with too many brothers, too many bruises;  
I could have written a thousand poems from there.  
I could have written about two last names, and the first name from his hated father.  
It would have started something like,  
*I didn't know what names to write on the envelope I sent him,  
except for the street: Cherry Lane.*

But Cherry Lane doesn't bring much back for me.  
Neither does his Alkaline Trio t-shirt, which I had conquered my dislike of scent for,  
learning to appreciate the tickle of his cologne.  
My kindergarten best friend meeting him beneath the Town Center clock tower.

I don't remember what the ring looked like, just that it was delicate.  
There will be no poems about that.

Oh, long-lost lover, if only you knew I'd write so many poems about you.  
If only you knew they'd all be the same:

swingsets,  
    a pleated skirt,  
        your old car,  
    a dewy bench,  
the willow tree,  
kneeling on asphalt,  
    your whispered voice,  
        the taste of salt,  
            numb legs,  
        cold air,  
midnight.