



11-15-1998

Pumpkin Seed

Tom Hendrix

Follow this and additional works at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview>

 Part of the [Fiction Commons](#), [Nonfiction Commons](#), [Photography Commons](#), and the [Poetry Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Hendrix, Tom (1998) "Pumpkin Seed," *Westview*: Vol. 18 : Iss. 1 , Article 12.
Available at: <https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol18/iss1/12>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the Journals at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Westview by an authorized administrator of SWOSU Digital Commons. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.



Pumpkin Seed

by Tom Hendrix

You make me bow with your green eyes,
your hands are too smooth to hold,
your dress too smooth to take off.
My bed has been unmade for some time,
my pillows are not in place.

Your garden table is set for afternoon tea,
mine is set for nighttime jukebox beer.
Your plane lands in London town,
my pickup never crosses the county line.
But if your kisses are free,
I'll take a couple
just for luck in the rodeo.

Your size is smaller than mine,
Your hair falls shampoo fresh down your back.
your face is pasted down with bright colors.
I have no stories to tell you,
or you to me.
Mine would be lies,
yours would be truth.

I am looking to go nowhere,
you want to go around the world,
your coach leaves at midnight.
Stepmother has her daughters done up in gold twist,
stepsisters find no fault in the chamber mirror.
Your rebel silk fights its way to the floor
and
follows our last dance.

I'll bring your slipper.

