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Kelley Jean White

Her cane is an accessory to crime.

You might as well be talking to a stone
chewing gum. Tasting the rattle of hot
rocks zinging into an empty tin pail,
hearing your black fur sing, boiling
yellow eyes burning my cinnamon
tongue. Hillary, Mitt, and Sarah once
spoke at the Soda Shop in beautiful
downtown Laconia. It's NH. They all do.
Now it's Bernie, Mayor Pete, and Joe
and all the other-rans. Corey Booker
brought his mother there for brunch
on Mother's Day. But my mother's dead
and gone. But perhaps there'll still be
a photo op on her bench—lay that cane
across it till the celebrity politicians
come. But no, not Melania, can't see her

tripping across the icy bricks. At least
it's not gonna eat or drink. Not that habit.
Jack died, sure, but at least he doesn't
have a pain in his back like I do.

Kelley Jean White has lived and worked in Philadelphia and New Hampshire. Her poems have appeared in *Exquisite Corpse*, *Rattle*, and *JAMA*. Her most recent chapbook is *A Field Guide to Northern Tattoos* (Main Spring Rag Press). A recipient of the 2008 Pennsylvania Council on the Arts grant, she is Poet in Residence at Drexel University College of Medicine. Her newest collection, *No Hope Street*, was recently published by Kelsay Books.