

Three Poems

Laurinda Lind



Chris Harris

When I Lived in Soda Springs, Idaho & I Had a Belly at the Bar

I wore a purple shirt & so did my neighbor who was showing me around, she had a crush on Idaho. An old guy wanted to buy us beers but I said no, the baby & he said, I thought so, when I saw you in those purple shirts I said, they both are. My neighbor, who later stole several hundred dollars from me & nearly killed my cat, was not. But liked the attention. So while they flirted I read a sign behind the bar that said JESUS IS COMING & BOY IS HE PISSED, it's old now but it was new then & I laughed and the old goat said not to, & when I had lived there long enough I knew he was a drunk married to a born-again Christian in a Mormon town founded by Brigham Young in the Intermountain West & his wife was praying for him to have his conversion experience so even though he tried to pick up married women like my neighbor whose moral wheel swung loose in her, to them he was still better than I am since I am sure as hell not putting my eggs in that basket. & speaking of eggs, my daughter, who was in me then, is now grown too, & she won't put up with that shit either.

When I Lived in Soda Springs, Idaho & the Cashier at the Convenience Store Was Friendly to Me

She was short & pretty with as I remember huge green eyes & when the cops circled my car at the supermarket since I had out-of-state plates, so I must be a one-woman crime wave, the cashier was absolutely open with me and with the truckers who ordered coffee, then let it go cold on the counter before they drank it because Word of Wisdom, Joseph Smith. & then one weekend when I came in to see her she was gone, she & her boyfriend had emptied the register & lit out & I never heard whether they got her, I was mostly alone there except for the Merkels from Minnesota who lived one field over but went back to Minnesota, I didn't stay either. Southeast Idaho later had a huge earthquake & I didn't cause it, I never stole anything either, I missed that cashier every day, there is always a different disaster. I have looked up the name of the mountain behind Soda Springs & it's Chester Hill & it's 6407 feet so why is it a hill & not a mountain, if Buckskin Mountain nearby is only 6398 feet.

When I Lived in Soda Springs, Idaho & I Had Not Yet Killed a Black Widow Spider

That came later but I did get an obscene phone call from as it turned out the nice blond kid with a kid's blond mustache at the bank, he asked me in a whisper do you have nice nipples, I'll bet he doesn't, I'll bet they churched the hell out of him to reform him & married him off right away to some poor pious teenager & they had seven kids & he molests them. Later the black widow spider nested in the crack next to my front door, which the landlord wouldn't know because he was never frigging there, but soon hundreds of little black dots were going to crawl out in all directions & I don't believe in pesticides but I sprayed a whole can in the crack, maybe today I'd have done more research, I lived there with a baby. You can't stop the ecosystem from making your kid grow up perverted, but you can at least make sure your kid grows up.



Laurinda Lind, a former resident of Idaho, Wyoming, and Colorado, now teaches English composition classes in New York's North Country. Some publications include *Blue Earth Review*, *Midwest Quarterly*, *New American Writing*, *Paterson Literary Review*, and *Spillway*; also anthologies *Visiting Bob: Poems Inspired by the Life and Work of Bob Dylan* (New Rivers Press) and *AFTERMATH: Explorations of Loss and Grief* (Radix Media). In 2018, she won first place in both the Keats-Shelley Prize for adult poetry and the New York State Fair poetry competition.

