

Kelly Fordon

White Women Flinging Cans of Paint at the Wall

A golden shovel after Laura Kasischke

That white woman couched in one-liners. Am I her? Truth is, I could be any of the inmates straddling this stretch. I am revolted by the primitive pong. I am the actor who missed her cue, the ingénue two decades on, the coward who ran and then refused the getaway car, who did not resist the assault did not save myself, or anyone else, as in sublimation, not suppression. I am just one in a long line of plants. You can't pick me out from the others lining up or throwing up or flinging cans of paint at the wall. The other shifts, some of whom would swing back if the phone worked, some of whom have fallen for the warden. So easy. Have you ever seen an old woman swathed in saran wrap as if she was still trapped in Levittown circa 1950—as if she never scaled that fence? Spent her days spaced-out, slogging down to Woolworth's in the snow. Do you know the woman I'm talking about? *Oblivious. Oblivious. Oblivious.*

Kelly Fordon is the author of three poetry chapbooks. *On the Street Where We Live* won the 2012 Standing Rock Chapbook Award and *The Witness* won the 2016 Eric Hoffer Award for the Chapbook. She works for the InsideOut Literary Arts Project in Detroit. Visit www.kellyfordon.com.