

miriam was kind of homely
kind of ugly in the face and hands
she had nice eyes
she had nice breasts and hands and feet but she was
small
and dark
and hurt
all over

she was buff from lifting things
secretly she played the tambourine
she had nice rhythm
she dreamed to play the drums but she was
poor
and overworked
and tired

miriam bussed to work each day
and hummed over cold soup at night
miriam worked for minimum wage
and hadn't had a boyfriend since that
drug addict fling

she had sold her television
saved her pennies for a weekly quart
of milk and lotto ticket
just in case her luck should change to
good
or slightly
less
than bad

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