

AMANDA DEUTCH

Morning, Gena Rowlands

Morning
in a hotel room
you do get lonely

Making funny noises with your face
—a Bronx cheer
allowing children to run around naked
in the white shafts of a 1976 afternoon

Picket house fence
Picket house fence
Picket house fence

You're not crazy
Peter Falk says you're
"Just a little nervous"
You're not even that, Gena

Men scream at you in doorways
and living rooms
for being too friendly
and allowing children to run around naked
in the sunlight of suburbia

Gena Rowlands (Sounds Nice)

I'm thinking about the night
darkness sweet air
and garbage
about empty streets
and blurry faces
closer to dreams
than day
remember those open places
where nothing is fixed or constant
I find myself in them
a lot
"singing between 2 deserts"
not coming from anywhere
not going
anywhere
and so what.
gena rowlands
gena rowlands
gena rowlands
(sounds nice)

**Quoted text refers to a line in W.S. Merwin's poem "Air"*