

I AM NOT A POET

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A BOOK OF POETRY

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POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

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A Poem: Name Day

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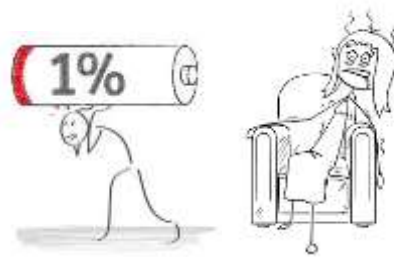
NAME DAY

He's been alive for three years.

Don't you think we should give him a name?

Saturday is good enough.

Give him a chance.



The girls arrive at J + R's farm.

58

B is broken.

S supports B.

We did our duty. He's yours. You must take him.

We'll take him for the day. Be free.

I want dad to pay. He's been cruel.

Vital stats.

Write selected name here →

It's 1963. What will hurt?

Dad wants masculine.

Write selected name here →

Lindsay

That should hurt.

He can share in my pain.