

I AM NOT A POET

A BOOK OF POETRY

POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

A Poem: Childhood Memories

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES (MLOSP)

Gas Station

Dad

Diner

Mum

Outskirts of Town

Sisters Gone

Brothers Share Room



Farm Machinery

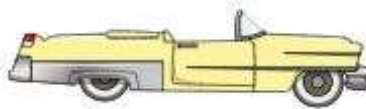
Dead Pets Inside

Dirt Hills

A Slough

Comic Book Submarine

A Good Idea!



Mum + Dad Gone For the Night

Pitch Back

Tossed Outside

Clank

A Coyote Howls



Let me in. Let me in. Let me in.

Thirty Minutes Pass

A Poem: Childhood Memories

Clank

Run Inside

Tears Blasting

Dive Under the Sofa

Cry

Shake

Lindsay, you are not one of us. Lindsay, you are not one of us. Lindsay, you are not one of us.

Mum and Dad Return



Mummy, Mummy, they say I'm not one of them?

Of course, you are, sweetie.

My brothers were 9, 13, and 17.

I was 5.

65

NEW MEMORY
NEW MEMORY

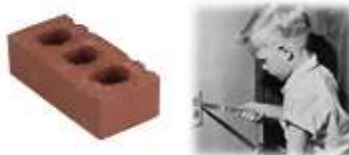
Bath Time



NEW MEMORY
NEW MEMORY

Brick to back of the head.

Hey Lindsay, stick this knife in the wall socket.



Lindsay, you are not one of us.

Do I have to be?

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