James M. Croteau – Two Poems

In the Name of the Mother, the Dog and the Too Strict Nun

Momma's buried. I'm alone unearthing years of garaged souvenirs. Here's a mannequin head. It's Styrofoam, a dense weightlessness that dulls but never decomposes.

I was too serious as a kid, Momma said. So she'd monologue, Johnny Carson wise-cracks about the cat next door, Uncle Joe, or the habits of the nuns at my school-all in the voice of our family dog, part Beagle, part Doberman. But

I didn't giggle at the jokes about Sister Augustine who was old school mean. She slapped a boy for a single stray pencil mark on his desk. That nun stole my sleep on school nights. So Momma

coached me in stress management, the methods were unorthodox-a BB gun, a place to shoot, and a home-made target.

Now my memory's triggered by the magic marker facial features, and the five embedded BB's scattered around the four letters on its forehead--*A U G I*, a nickname
Momma gave Sister Augustine.

Tomorrow, I'll have to take aim at what's left in my life. I'll struggle to follow Momma's old counsel-stock to my shoulder, she stood by side with a smirk: *steady now*.

When a Gay Boy Dreams in 1969

a mother watches as his eyes move under lids, and his feet kick beneath the worn cotton bedspread. Her brow furrows for just a moment. She worries about a nightmare but he's quiet so she imagines he imagines superheroes, home runs, or rock stars but he's learned to keep quiet, even

when sleeping and dreaming of the future he's assumed from slurs and silences-handcuffs, cells, striped jumpsuits, men with hairy hands that grab, or the cold of a metal table, white coats, a rubber mouthpiece, electrodes.

James M. Croteau lives in Kalamazoo, Michigan with his partner of 30 years, Darryl, and their two Labrador retrievers. Jim grew up gay and Catholic in the U.S. south in the 60's and 70's and his writing reflects that experience. His poems have appeared in *New Verse News*, *Chelsea Station*, *Queer South*: *LGBTQ Writers on the American South* and *Assaracus: A Journal of Gay Poetry* among others. His first chapbook will be published by Redbird Chapbooks in 2016. He occasionally blogs about writing at talkingdogsholymen.blogspot.com.