

Barbara Bialick – Two Poems

Are you sure you're sure?

Are you sure those are my parents?
Except for a vague nasal similarity,
I'm totally different in size and attitude.
How do I know I'm not a stolen baby?
If I'm not a stolen baby,
Who gave me away?
I've never seen mother's picture pregnant!
Was that "bad luck" back then?
Too bad I don't do Facebook.
I don't even think I was a baby...
I don't remember anything before age four.
And that was the day they stole my brother
Fully formed or I can't remember.
How could we two be related?
A vague nasal similarity.
Otherwise nothing the same!
You happy holiday families
Who actually may be related...
Too bad you have to buy so many
Christmas presents.
Here's my bus stop.
I have to mail them a card...

The Gates

The gates next door rattled at night,
metal lock on metal,
outside my bedroom window in the wind.
In my dank, narrow bed,
I dreamed the gates called out to me:
"We're coming to get you, little girl!"
By day, the gravel of the side drive
that led to the gates shone with white quartz
beneath ripped green plaid chaise lounges
on which an old, flabby man and wife,
hideous and lined, and yet so naked,
in their bathing suits and frayed straw hats,
lay outside my window so close and so ugly,
guarding the gates' revolting secret.

Barbara Bialick has degrees from the University of Michigan and Boston University. She has published as a journalist, book reviewer and poet in *McCall's*, *Ibbetson Street*, *Pemmican*, *Lilith*, *Poetica*, *Istanbul Literary Review*, *Bagels with the Bards*, *The Boston Globe*, *Pittsburgh Magazine*, *Small Press Review* and *The Boston Area Small Press and Poetry Scene*. Her chapbook *Time Leaves* was published by Ibbetson Street Press.