Tuesday in Late September

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**Tuesday in Late September**

Sex was new to me then.
It was morning the light streamed
in through that corner dorm room
harsh, like orange juice and toothpaste.

The most satisfaction I had that day.
Already down the hall half-naked men,
wrapped in hand-me-down green towels
stumbled from the shower. Girls

in rumpled clothes slunk down the stairs.
We made love to those noises.
Slamming doors, hard water rushing,
music beginning to blare rap, country,

latest pop hits coming across red.
Cars like elephants peeling away.
You came and hugged me
and kissed me and climbed off

as if I was a toy and you were done.
A maroon towel flung
into my consternation,
*I gotta go, I’ll be late* you said.

as you busily ignored my anger
that welled and then capped in silence.
Like the orange juice
I poured in your hard drive.

L. Madeline Wiseman is from Ames and other places. She spent last semester in Wales and traveled everywhere she could think of. Notice the incorrent sentence structure and spelling. Next fall, she hopes to be in Australia or timbuck-two (and who is this guy anyway) and maybe, she’ll graduate May 2002.