

A Poem by Brian McGuigan

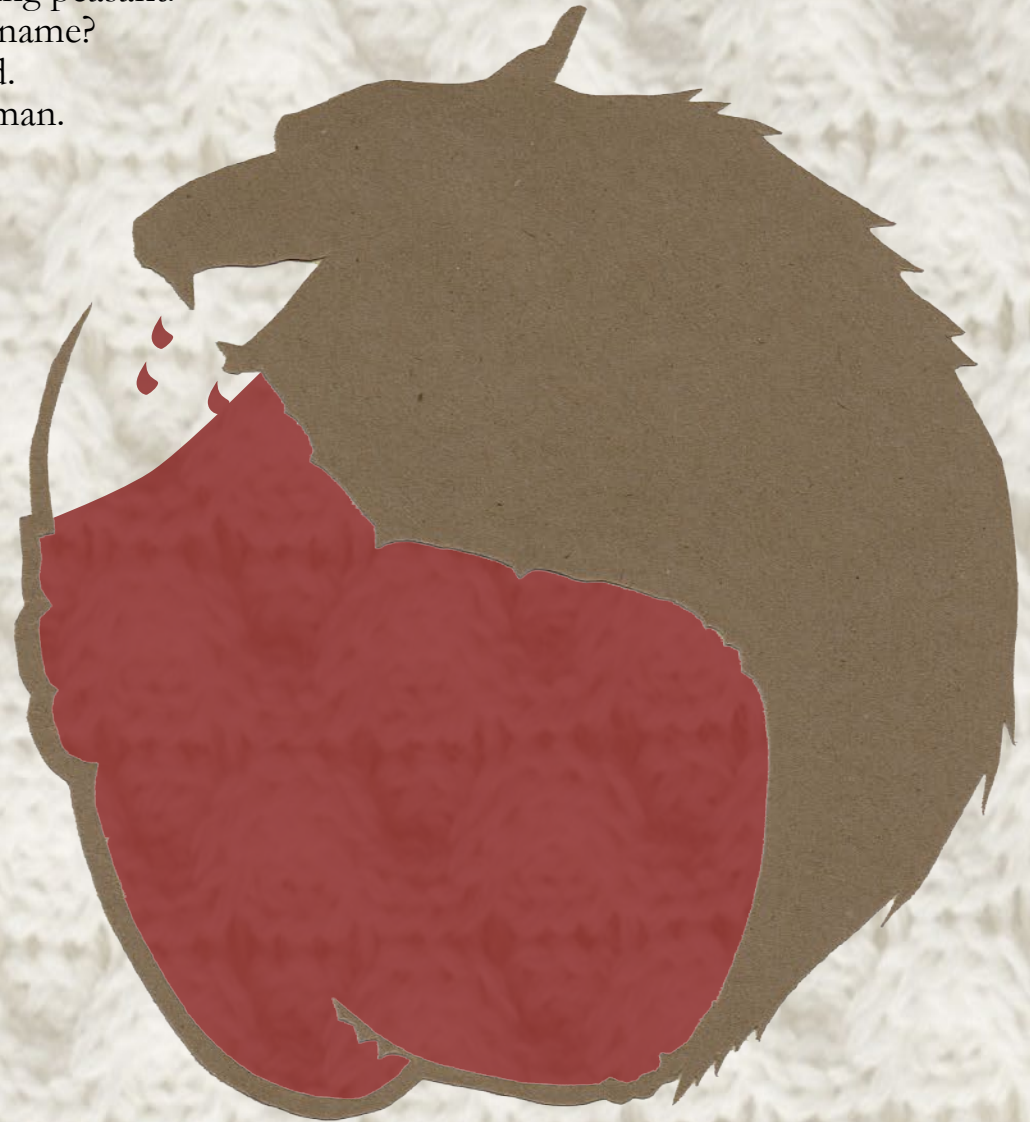
My mother wanted to name me “hardworking peasant.”
Grandma said no. How about a good Irish name?
A roughhousing round earth name, she said.
My mother wanted to name me Fuck you, man.
Or Remington. But Grandma said no.

I was like two dogs at the park.
I pounced on my hand, bit myself
and bled like crazy. Often
I tell people I’m in a gang
but it’s just me.

My skin is a secret shade
of dirt. My cat had more eyes
than teeth, pulled grass the dog
pissed on, did not allow holding.
My mother wanted boys

to have vaginas.
Poetry is the opposite of giving my mother
what she wants.
No holding is a rotten rule.
Fuck you, man.

My mother named me Tammy.
Call me hardworking. Call me
Brian. Hold me
to it. My name
means the Earth is round.



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Poet **Kate Lebo** runs Pie School, a cliché-busting pastry academy. Her poems have appeared in *Best New Poets 2011*, *AGNI Online* and elsewhere. Her first book, *A Commonplace Book of Pie* was published in 2013. Artist **Sarah Van Sanden** is a landscape architect living in Seattle. She has a BFA in art and designs creative, thoughtful spaces with plants.