

1992

## Dead Ends

Ashley Hulsey

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## Dead Ends

The questions come up again:  
The country or the city?  
build a house or buy?  
Europe or Hawaii  
for  
the  
honeymoon?

We live at home  
don't have jobs.

Dreams stretch out our faces in lines  
which fit the middle-aged  
the last day before payday.

and I tell secrets to my parents  
and he drives his grandfather's yellow stationwagon.

I found a roly-poly in my room today  
a moving black dot on my indian rug;  
Too old for tolerance of bugs  
I threw him out into the basement.

When I was young I made roly-poly houses  
from sticks I arranged in little mazes  
closed at both ends.

My mother pays for my birth control.  
I always hate my jobs.  
Graduation still looks blurry  
and everyone knows you can't make a living writing.

We'll have a skylight in every room  
so we can own the stars  
A jacuzzi in the bathroom  
He insists

We'll have about a hundred years  
to watch the moths gather  
on the back screen door in the summertime  
when the sun exits like the last drunken  
guest at a party  
and the fireflies echo back and forth  
in lamp language.

My roly-poly never saw the exit signs  
when I set him free from my prison prank;  
he was curled into a tight ball of fear.

If you do not pass GO  
Do not collect two hundred dollars.