

2020

Dick Hole

Ray McManus

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Recommended Citation

McManus, Ray (2020) "Dick Hole," *Birmingham Poetry Review*. Vol. 47, Article 72.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.library.uab.edu/bpr/vol47/iss2020/72>

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Ray McManus

Dick Hole

Take it—the sand in the eye, broken glass
in the boot, the vinyl in your teeth
from the back of the headrest in your mom's
Ford Fairmont, the stirrup, the speculum,
the fingers that have been inside your wife,
her legs spread open for strangers,
the gaze and the scrape of it—like a man.

You can hardly say it without curling
your upper lip, your body unable to relax,
unable to cope with the idea that something
going in could be worse than what comes out.

You can hardly feel the weight of the word
on your tongue, just the heavy *Ss* striking
the *Ts* and *Ps*, the spurt, the venom
all at once, then the snake spent and lifeless,
the hands of a plumber, the fit. And you lie there.
The hole cut out, the metal clamp, the curtain.

Don't be nervous she says. Best to relax
she says. This is the numbing solution.