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Sunday Night

Betty Holloway

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Sunday Night // Betty Holloway

Someone once told me the shape of calves is genetic.
Do you also share your smooth smile with your father?
You have your mother's burnt eyes and curved nose.
Maybe his audacity and her serenity mixed to form your kindness.

Each one lent a freckle to your right ear.
Do your cheeks flush the same crimson
as your grandmother's did
when your father's father kissed her?
Do your eyes tear the same as hers did
when he left her?

Whose heart do you have?
I hear it drumming under my left ear.

I reach down and stroke your calf.