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Kentucky Bourbon Festival

Rebekah G. Daniel
Winthrop University

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the kentucky bourbon festival rebekah daniel



I'm in the front seat pressing both feet
Into a Chevrolet's dented dash and
We are slinking closer to the crowd
Filled with dark beer and bourbon,
Gyros with blue cheese, and chili fries,
And where a live blues band tricks
them
Into swaying their hips, side to side.
But that's not the one I hear.

We slow to a stop at a red
And a blinking orange man to says
Walk,
And to my right is a brick clinic that's
Swarmed with collared shirts, pale skin,
and a vengeful god.
I hear the roar of packed hot bodies
through
Red and blue bull horns

That shriek Killer and Fire of Hell,
At a woman who is pushing through
Signs that drip blood, and burn with
flames that
Create fumes, and can make clean
lungs cough.
Blurred faces catapult spit, and holy
curses kick her cheek,
While men with patched badges push
back,
And shield her from the throngs of
white smoke.
But it's not enough, so
I still see her tears that crumble her
face in.

I look at her, and she is my sister at
eight,
Stung by the girls from school,
Who heard my mother's cracked voice
say,
Let's pray for them.
She is me at thirteen, caught up by the
ceiling,
Just to scream at God through a vent,
To wish tears would fall upwards
To touch His cheek too.

I look at her and I want to say,
God is the sand on a one day beach
trip,
So when you think you leave Him,
He stays,
In the shoes that squish with every
step,
In the grain of tear ducts, and fiber of
rubber hair bands,
That bend so far you wonder how they
don't break,
On the dash and floor boards of S 10
Fords,
In the way sea and sand cling to your
skin.

I look at her, and attempt to
Extend out cloud arms through the
glass.

I try to fold around her like a fog,
To hug in the hope she's losing.
I let her inhale me in, like particles of
mist,
So I can tell her,
You are holy.

Holy like the way God's front porch of
his summer home is my own,
Holy like the way my sister's hair flows
perfectly curved behind her ear,
Holy like how the best swings always
creak loud over Eddie's slide guitar,
Holy like the smell of fresh oil paint at
French Quarter,
Holy like the sound of my father's
smile, when my daughter blows spit
bubbles,
Holy like how lightning storms are seen
better with bitter red wine,
So I think, this is power,
While I feel drops of rain leaking from
under a holey porch.

I need to tell her,
But, please, forgive me, I don't.
Because when the light flips to green,
My mother's foot pushes a pedal
down,
And we soar towards the crowd
With graffiti tshirts, dough that drips in
chocolate
And sugar dust,
And rings that wrap around lips that
ask,
Hey do you have a lighter?

They belong to a man
That wants to start a fire between his
ribs
On purpose,
And I want to swipe the cigarette away
That is squished between his
Upper and lower lip,
And shout that

Three miles away,
There is a woman
Suffocating by smoke,
And being probed by a tube
That will suck the life out of her.

But, please,
Forgive me,
I don't.

I give a man with a pony tail
The ten dollars that
Crinkled in my jeans pocket,
For a burger with too much mayon-
naise,
And wipe away its grease that has
Slid past my lips,
And bubbles over on my chin,
Instead.

And still, I call myself holy.

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