

2022

## IN WHICH TIME DEMANDS ITS SHIT BACK

Cavar

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.wayne.edu/woodwardreview>



Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Cavar (2022) "IN WHICH TIME DEMANDS ITS SHIT BACK," *The Woodward Review: A Creative and Critical Journal*: Vol. 1: Iss. 1, Article 15.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.wayne.edu/woodwardreview/vol1/iss1/15>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@WayneState. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Woodward Review: A Creative and Critical Journal by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@WayneState.

Cavar

*IN WHICH TIME DEMANDS ITS SHIT BACK*

I am in the passenger seat  
Of the white old car  
Of the best friend I once loved  
And still, on occasion  
Bump foreheads  
And we are driving, or rather, they are driving  
Home, or rather, their home, and first,  
Wendy's, which also counts,  
Doing sixty-five in a sixty-five and belting  
To the aughts we did not share with  
Each other, or anyone,  
But razors and holes and insects  
In the walls and the greenbrown creep  
of mold amidst the shower-spouts  
And as potential breakup song arrives  
They turn to me, and I am screaming  
Like a little girl and I am saying "all it takes  
To make me apeshit is some aly and aj!"  
And they say "Sarah," my private name,  
my little-girl name, "Sarah," they say,  
"You know I go apeshit for so much less"  
But see, I am already singing  
Along more loudly than I have sung in years  
Since the voice outgrew  
My diaphragm. Did you get that?!  
Let me repeat that!  
I want my shit back!  
And recall I spent the lyrics  
Hating slim and straight-  
Haired girls for calling me  
The dyke I was, in many words and many  
Sidelong glances, euphemized  
And I urned to a lover  
who is also my friend,  
A bluelit flame, uncensoring  
The driver's seat,  
And we are grown-ups in the together of wanting  
our shit shit shit back