

Terri Phillips: Roxanne's Rescue | 27 February – 28 March, 2015
Clough-Hanson Gallery at Rhodes College
2000 N Parkway, Memphis TN, 38112

I listened for the sound of her blue Mustang
to come roaring up the street.
It embarrassed me.
Everyone would look out of their windows
and watch her daddy longlegs carry her to my front door.

She would knock and enter without waiting.
Her force field kept my brother in his room.
With a slow stiff neck sway from side to side
to flip her long hair behind her shoulders,
she put me into a snake-trance.

This was her tool kit:
mascara, pink frosted nail polish, passion fruit roll-on lip gloss.
She appreciated my ability to walk barefoot on hot pavement
in the midday Alabama sun. She fixed my oil painting of Jupiter
into a masterpiece and let me order French fries at the pool snack shop.
We let our popsicles melt all over our hands on the walk home
“so the ants would have something sweet to lick.”
We laid down on the white shag carpet in the living room
and listened to A Horse with no Name over and over
and over again. Her hair surrounded me like water,
her forehead smelled like sunshine.

I no longer waited in the backyard
with my packed suitcase looking up into the sky
for an alien spaceship to abduct me.
I waited for Roxanne's rescue.

Terri Phillips