The Bubble Gum

D.J. King

Nova Southeastern University

Follow this and additional works at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol1/iss1/14

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the CAHSS Journals at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.
The Bubble Gum

I was in training to be a girl scout
Wearing a brown dress hoping to wear green
Responsible girl, my dad had no doubt
That I’d keep my uniform neat and clean

Proudly, Dad drove to the uniform store
I was surprised what he paid for my dress
Doing the laundry, Dad taught me that chore
Sorting the loads, reading tags, do my best

My dad always spoke so highly of me
And Dad, the most important man in my world
Let me proudly think that he needed me

But then, there was the gum, the bubble gum
Joke on the wrapper, delicious delight
At first dry and so stiff, the bubble gum
Then yielding and chewy, juicy-- just right

Pink pleasure to savor, I kept the rest
Wax wrapped rectangles in pocket of dress
No hint this moment that I’d failed a test
Committed a crime I couldn’t confess

Because, there was the gum, the bubble gum
Free of its wrapper, mean mis’rable mess
It was scorched hot and hard, the bubble gum
Not pink, but gray, the gum gripping my dress

Oh yummy gum! Stupid careless desire!
What could my dad think? What would my dad say?
Mess of a dress, spilling from the dryer
What cost- pops of pink? What price will I pay?

“Dad, being a scout isn’t really that fun
and I have a lot of homework to do.”
Lies, lies to Dad, just for that bubble gum
Good girl. Smart girl. Because Dad never knew.
That girl, good girl, I left far behind me.
You don’t know me, Dad! You’re not perfect, Dad!
I hurt from lies that I keep inside me
Teen-aged daughter mad! Teen-aged daughter sad!

Between Dad and me, only division
But other men had their eyes upon me
Just seventeen but its my decision
Bikini contests with a fake I.D.

Man with a camera, an offer of fame
What did I think of Penthouse Magazine?
My beauty, my youth, my power to claim
But I did think: what it means to be seen

Pink pleasure to savor, the men impressed
Unwrapped teenager, juicy sweet undressed
A glint this moment that this was a test
Should a right-hand-girl fall into this mess?

Because such is the gum the bubble gum
That could stain and stick to your daughter dear
Flashing cameras go pop, it’s bubble gum
Dad’s hope left for me could just disappear

I saved my body from glossy pages
but age nineteen, I’m pregnant with no plan
My Dad talked to me, forgave my rages
He let go of what he could not understand

He never was perfect, may not be wise
But Dad believes in me like no other
His trust and the faith revealed in his eyes
Gave me courage to become a mother

Now, we are both parents, so now I know
We all tell our kids to watch out for gum
And, we teach them lessons then let them go
Hopeful in spite of the gray days that come

I’m careful when I sort dirty laundry
A good woman, a smart woman, in this world
I’m certain that my dad always loves me
no bubble gum sticks to his right-hand-girl