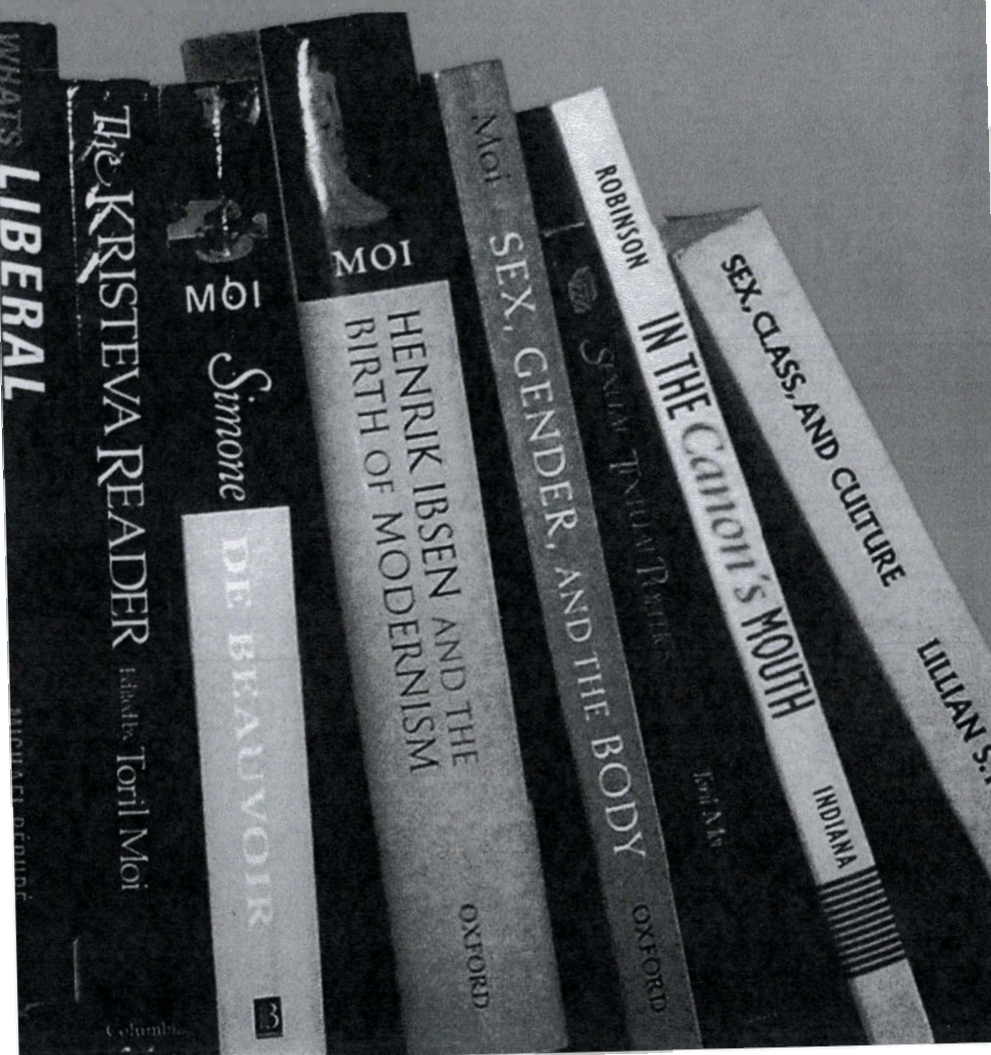


# the minnesota review

issue 6



WHAT'S LIBERAL

THE KRISTEVA READER  
Edited by Toril Moi

MOI  
Simone  
DE BEAUVOIR

MOI  
HENRIK IBSEN AND THE  
BIRTH OF MODERNISM  
OXFORD

MOI  
SEX, GENDER, AND THE BODY  
ROBYN RIEGMAN  
OXFORD

ROBINSON  
IN THE CARNAL'S MOUTH  
LILLIAN S. GOLER  
INDIANA

LILLIAN S.

Michelle M. Tokarczyk

## Step Stool

Skimping on grocery money, or even the church's weekly basket, each year Mom tried to rummage me a birthday. I hope she didn't know,

but usually she failed. Shrunken Barbie knock-offs, melting into silly putty if left near heat. Cracked box games unknown to commercials.

But on my eighth birthday, one year past my age of reason, I was given a folding stool, compact fitting under a shoulder, shining in particle board veneer.

My godfather (who liked my sister more and my mom less) surprise visited. He brought one of the few games I already owned—Candyland.

Recommended for under age eight. I took out the stool and demonstrated its many uses chair, footrest, tv table, writing desk, step stool,

then carried it away to politely play with my sister. The game was all luck. I had no power to get myself to the ginger house gumdropped, drip dripping frosting.

But I liked drawing cards of perfectly edged primaries, waiting for swollen ice cream cones to drip, making steady serpentine progress toward an end.

Michelle M. Tokarczyk

## Lincoln Cabbies

When she gets stir crazy cooped  
up in that rented room  
a call to Capital Cab  
gets her to the Gateway Mall.

Young Bobby (last week's driver),  
Well, trouble drops on him like sunset.  
Real estate broker till  
the market dried up, lost his job,  
his marriage (he didn't say about  
the house and who'd ask).  
He was real nice and friendly.  
Over the depression, he says.  
Making enough to pay the bills.

The middle-aged fellow yesterday  
(What's his name?) had the family  
farm till the 80s, then  
agribusiness, interest rates,  
all those things she doesn't understand.  
Had to chop his land into little pieces.  
Sold his sister a garden-size plot,  
kept himself a tract and a trailer.

This is the way we live now.  
Short rides we manage day to day.  
Dreams wide as the town limit.  
The sky still hangs big as ever  
We just don't watch it so much.