

THE SALVATION ARMY

the dress would have looked good
on the Andrews sisters
it's tissue thin &
coming apart on the side
& you can see dark nylons
& a garter belt
as she wobbles thru the door
on spiked heels.

decked out like that
in thrift store
elegance
you get the feeling she
might have walked in there
naked
& bought the whole wardrobe.

she has trouble walking
& stops at a parking meter
to adjust one of her heels.

she leans on the meter
& the old guys in front they
quietly watch the girl
& all that flashing leg.

they look pretty serious
they don't know this is a joke.

THE PLANT LADY

three days a week she comes around
& waters the plants
climbing up this ladder
in front of my shipping table
wearing a pair of faded jeans
cut off about mid-thigh
& made into a skirt.

good legs are like good poems
they belong to mankind
& her legs will take your breath
away, long & tan &
laced with curly blonde hairs
they speak the language of
sunsets & sunflowers
& just looking at them
can make living a
whole lot more
tolerable.

but legs are attached
unfortunately
to a person
& this person has all sorts of
intellectual pretensions
& all sorts of
ontological obsessions.

still, for a while it seemed
we might hit it off
she even liked my poetry
but soon enough she found
the person behind the poems
& she found him to be crude &
disgusting & not nearly
as good as the poems.

when she waters the plants now
I try not to look
at those legs.

KISSING TIME

she has her boy friend's initials
carved into her arm, tells you
she did it in reform school
all the girls did it.

it is 1958 & you are selling
popcorn at the speedway
it is demolition derby time
& the girl is wearing what
the guys call a see-more
blouse.

you can't stop staring
at her big tits &
she catches your eye &
asks you if you like
what you see.

all those reform school movies
flash through your head &
you know she must do it
figure she's at least
done it with TK
the guy on her arm.

at intermission Bobbie Rydell sings
Kissing Time on the loud speaker
& you turn in your vending gear
telling the man you don't feel good.