

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.

you have six hard earned dollars  
in your pocket  
& you walk out of there  
with the reform school girl  
holding on to your arm.

in back of the speedway she  
makes you come with her hand  
& promises to go all the way  
next time.

you're fifteen years old  
& you'll never feel any better  
in your life.

### THE FIGHT

the kids had traffic blocked &  
no adults could get thru  
to break it up  
& from my upstairs window I  
had a hundred dollar ringside  
seat  
but the fight itself wasn't much  
one of the boys didn't really  
want to be there  
in that circle  
in that ritual  
but the crowd was worth the view  
there must have been fifty kids  
running up the street to see it  
all sizes & ages & they  
could've been running to a  
carnival or circus or fire  
& some of the kids had dogs  
running along with them  
& the guys would be shadowboxing  
& bobbing & weaving as they ran  
& there were plenty of girls  
making even more noise than the boys  
& I hadn't heard so much laughter  
in a long time  
& one of the boys in the circle was  
dancing & jabbing like Muhammad Ali  
while the other backed up  
fear all over his face  
& then something happened  
the scared kid got lucky &  
landed a roundhouse right  
flush on Muhammad's nose