

## Creepers

Dr. Rich Furman

Misnamed indelicate plodding,  
but with the right pair of jeans,

my feet grin fungal-smiles,  
they remember for me.

The knobby rubber sole  
that squealed even on carpet,

that I fumbled with when fleeing  
faces on the brink can barely recall

the clumsy metal buckle  
the edge of dorm-room beds,

an eighteen-year-old boy  
pretending he was a man,

wrestling crusted dishes ramen dignified with shallots,  
and the Infinity avoided like statistics,

and lips like whispering hammers on girls ready for love.  
And now I forget most of the details,

jeans faded from dancing thighs and sun,  
clunky crimson *zapatos* courage.