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Drugstore Cowboy / Cantaloupe Wine Courting

Carl Stanislaus

Priscilla Johnson

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Drugstore Cowboy

—By Carl Stanislaus

(a Paul Newman kind of guy, I wish!)

I spent half of my young life
on a fountain stool being a flirt!
Drinking Cokes and chocolate malts
and watching girls in their poodle skirts.

I kicked the rail with my Justin boots,
fingered the holes in my faded jeans,
ogled ponytails and tight knit sweaters,
and dreamed of starlets and beauty queens.

Oh, I was a drugstore Romeo all right,
with a line of bull that didn't stop!
I even sang Sinatra to giggling girls
who hung out in the soda shop.

I put a nickel in the old jukebox,
and tried to go on living in the past.
I danced with girls who wore bobbysox,
who said those good times wouldn't last.

Today I have a beautiful wife
who kids me about the fool I played;
I just remind her about our oil wells,
and all the money the herd has made!

CARL STANISLAUS [*pn. Stan is slaw*]
of Chickasha retired from Otasco after thirty-six
years. He now enjoys having some free time to do
free-lance writing. His first WESTVIEW
publication, "Twentieth Reunion," appeared in the
Winter, 1990 issue.) *

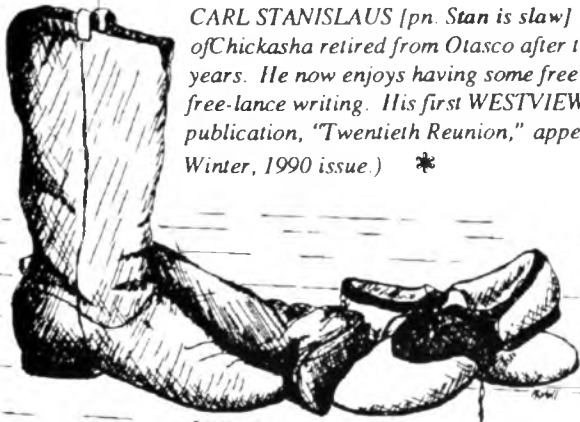


Illustration by Gina Mitchell

Cantaloupe Wine Courting

—By Priscilla Johnson

Met a girl who lived in the country.
I drove out to her house in
a Model T Ford pick-up
that had no body to it.
Her daddy made cantaloupe
wine.

It tasted terrible.

It was a cold night, but
Cantaloupe wine warms a body up.
On the way home I nearly hit a deer.
No more cantaloupe wine for me.

Did that mean no more courting?

(PRISCILLA JOHNSON of Weatherford is a SOSU
senior majoring in English Education. Priscilla makes
her debut as a published writer in the present issue;
however, several additional Johnson poems have been
accepted for future issues.) *

