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Rodeo Bar

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Rodeo Bar

(when Elvis demanded "Spring Tomorrow," they laughed the laugh of lime-capped Corona while our sweet gone waitress served up bottles to Brooklyn's gringos and Broadway's gauchos.)

her mind so removed and dark concrete eyes
were swallowed quick by the screeching guitar.
the rowdy crowd glazed over winter's last triumph-
another 4th Street sunset gleaming orange,
just one shade paler than her citrus striped top
wrapping breasts and waist of youth rushed.

too slowly our night paced forward, cracked
by the sting of sweaty glass, stalled by the whine
of ugly chords—our waitress forced to leap
alongside. she whispered in and out of focus,
she now shouts in memory. I long to take in
the color harmony of what she is, but all I get
are visions of hurried footsteps.

a Persian influx of bittersweet adrenaline
mimicked our matching faded jeans.
hers smooth glorious thighs of too many
Friday nights and silhouette ankles innocent
to the core. layers of decay dirty and black
as the leather hiding sleepy feet have caged
the angry angel. nobody knows who's
got the key. check the savage pockets
of the run away city.

finally the band breaks off and the beer
grows mad. I slouch inside my chair
and hear applause emerging from the smoke.
disappeared behind the bar, our waitress
slumps weary on a stool. sweat shines upon
a child's face. . . I wipe my own forehead dry
and cross the bridge connecting rage, regret
and distant love.

— Carl Jeffrey Boon '96