

Claire Christoff

Sophomores



The comfort afforded by a Honda Civic
is far less exciting
than tales from the backseat
of someone's father's Corvette

but she is a cautious girl,
the product of public television and holy cards,
stranger to both the game of baseball
and all its euphemistic connotations

and he is a nervous boy
whose pack of Marlboro Reds sits idle
in its cellophane prison,
betraying any hope of adolescent prestige.

The radio murmurs its Mellotron sweetness,
dismantling, if only for a moment,
the reality of advertisements for divorce lawyers
and male enhancement supplements.

Lips—dry, sweet, and puerile—
meet clumsily
in the long-awaited exchange.
But it is growing darker still

as the baby hand creeps toward eleven
and Friday night begins its descent,
unforgiving as always.
Corvettes, she imagines, are for red lipstick,

black lace, and pay-per-view endeavors.
Honda Civics are for duckbills fumbling in the shadows
to 45 Minutes of Continuous Classic Hits
and minor revelation.