

Dealership, Green

Gettin' close and I'm feeling jittery.
I grabbed your hand, it was sweaty; asked you to dance.
I jump around as you hint of fun and romance
and feel the spin as I squint and try hard to see.

The way that you looked at me-
the knowledge and fear as we indulge our anxiety.
Push and twist and pry and pull and dance and spout
and fall and spoon, unzip and bounce and rip and move
and churn and dress and try to act cool.

All things we said we meant. Adolescent words well spent.
Into the unknown we careen.
We never were the best, all thumbs and no finesse,
our awkward love, so crude and green.

Second base and I know I'm getting there.
I touch your face 'cause i don't know where else to touch.
Yesterday on the bench we shared your hot lunch.
Didn't know that tonight I'd savor this much.

We had to read '84.
You said if I did your chores.
'could copy your book report...

All the lust that we packed into a day
And now we act like we don't know where we woke up.
Nervous laugh at my socks pulled all the way up.
Giggle on 'til you wave and slinker away.

But that was the pace back then:
Get busy in less than ten,
wake up and then try again.....