

Granddaddy, Derek Spears

you slept right by the yogurt hut on a painted curb,
wearing nothing but some cut-offs and a muscle shirt.
and at 5 AM the donut girls came quietly to work.
when they slid the trays and banged the bowls,
you woke up with a jerk.
32 ounce soda to start the day off right.
every now and then remembering little things about last night.
hold on, take 5, check out the fox in the corvette
then you said, "you know it don't get any better than that."
he spent all the money on an ornate waterbed,
it had a carving of a tiger right above his head.
and he's embarrassed of the fact that he works at pizza shack,
he says he made 90K a year before he hurt his back.
and the money his sister owes him, his cousin has, but he's in jail.
there's all these checks that should be arriving
any day now in the mail.
but mysteriously the checks won't show
and the sticky boombox by the door
will end up getting sold once more,
for a lot less than before.