

living as a lesbian on 49's final eve

40's lasted much too long,
mercurial merchant of necessity.

*You've spent a long time being young, and now must surrender it quietly, as you cross
over to that foxy stranger,
girlfriend.'*

(I won't celebrate her
for finding me,
forcing me to kiss her elegant feet, tawdry wench,
flashing and flagging me down whenever.)

She calls to me.
Runs to me.
I stop the car.
Tear off my clothes in the middle of the road.
Lose my shoes in the glass-studded grasses.