

SONNET WITH DARK WOMAN,
APPROXIMATELY

Angus Bennett

i took a sweet girl with a green mohawk
to see a free reggae show. the band was
started by two jewish brothers, chalk-
colored brothers, and some real brothers.
no one, though, was from jamaica. And
the band i am listening to, listing to
under this rough acoustic rain, reminds
me—jesse, her pierced tongue, moving
hiding in the milky smoke and the way
her green hair clashed in violet swirls with
the girl in her eyes, red-rimmed and veiny,
drawn; her thin legs under my heavy, stiff
leather jacket that was missing one spike.
i waited. then left without a kiss goodnight.