

## LOMPOC SNAPSHOT, 1964

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*Stan Tag*

I stood on sunflocked pavement  
disguising my youth  
under black construction paper,  
my handlebar mustache curving  
into corners of a shaded doorway  
where my mother slept on a mattress  
tired, worn under the weight  
of my sister.

I wore  
my father's sailor hat  
unaware of seaport women  
who whistle through  
their colored skirts, longing  
for the folds of my fat legs,

and my sister  
*she* cried  
she cried through the shaded doorway,  
through the seaworn whistles

and I lost my mustache  
rushing to see  
who she was.