

I WASN'T EXPECTING COMPANY

Chagrin to say, I felt before,
a sleeve in a sliding door.

"I'll continue to think about it,"
says one derisive nightcap,
nodding off into execution.

By morning, it's no one
else's business: Ebenezer in nylons,
with her hair back, outlooking
a double stroller whistling by.

Last I remember,
I was, a bulge in my shorts,
adding dignity to my name
in a washroom stall.

It's come to this, phantom
riding the ceiling fan on a low gear,
the desk papers riffing a breeze,

such anterior scene,
matchbook strike, snuffed again,
her gingham hairs still in harm's way.