



1984

Me and Rick Springfield

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ME AND RICK SPRINGFIELD

The June day was bright and hot.
The sun baked our skin
And our brains.
We were just finishing
That first stale loaf
Of dry white bread
That my mother had saved
For making French toast.
The grass was cool
Under my bare feet.
The metal arms of the chair
Burned my skin.
"As I was saying," Rick continued,
"As soon as my royalty check comes in,
I'll buy a new Z-Baby."
I gazed into his dark shades
That almost hid his gentleness,
"I see. More bread?"
"No thanks."
He looked at his watch and
Too-quickly announced
That he had to leave.
"See ya," he yelled
Over his shoulder,
Strolling toward
His black Jaguar.
"Yeah...and
Don't forget the grenadine."

Lynn Meyer