

1990

Danny

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Danny

Just a beautiful guy in my theater class,
(though far too eager to be called "beautiful")
with groovy hair that falls down to his thin shoulders
in luscious tendrils.
He's just a regular cynic
who reveres Led Zeppelin
as the Messiah,
don't ask me why
he calls himself a "blues man."
We spent a day on a roof together,
and he told me about his Now
and I told him about my Soon
and we reminisced together about our Thens,
looking down at all the white houses
between the sleepy orange trees.
It's terrible to debate ethics with him,
he'll either adjust his wire-rimmed glasses
and look a bit complacent
as if he was about to say something infinitely profound
and forgot,
or he'll just shake his head and say
"No, dude, you're wrong,"
and meander off, hunched in the shoulders.
Swaggering forward,
he shakes his head as he lights a cigarette,
and then clenches his sharp fists ahead of him in his pockets,
as if in offense,
or expecting some kind of odd embrace,
but mostly displaying no specific sort of opinion at all,
except when forced to think about the future,
when he might display a glorious plan about how he would survive,
and ride off into the sunset alone
on a Harley.
For now,
he slowly crawls along a beach,
licked by the tugging, salty, receding tide
like an Atlantic crab.
A hard shell easily cracked open at Boardwalk lobster joints
revealing scrumptuous meat
that I'm allergic to.

Farah Stockman