Dream the Cowboy

Wide margins leapt off the page, 
words pooling suspiciously into Rorschach tests. 
Down, down the drain suds sloshed and gurgled 
with dried peas shriveled like 20-minute fingertips and 
soy cheese melting in the rounded-diamond holes. 
Angel hair.

Verbs add action. 
Nouns and djectives add life.

Green. 
His eyes were mued-ruber-tree-green and 
mustard-morning-piss-yellow and 
faded-black-jean-blue. 
Face and forearms smeared with sweat and 
lost key auto mechanic grease, 
he laughed and stared in the face 
of my seventy-third-degree sunburn. 
The forecast was foggy and 
he swore we'd see things differently 
in days to come, 
see the warped board and 
unbulbed lamp and 
hidden deli sign 
through seven or so pairs of eyes. 
He swore it was he but not he 
whose eyes I watched swirl down, 
down the drain, 
colors spinning 'round dialated pupils 
that blinked neon-green-twisted-red.

Cheese— 
no, chickpeas— 
stretched and snapping like 
tonsils clapping and dancing 
in the passenger's seat, 
he trapped my memory, 
made it his.

Sunglasses reflecting the addressee, 
he lounges in a lawn chair 
that's anchored to the moon, 
grounded in reality.

by Stacy Logan