

I met him once, in brief drunken time  
Old country folk serenading from his guitar  
Fingers strumming the borderlines of my granite heart  
Thought himself James Dean, cigarette in hand and thick frames  
black hair gelled back to the 1950s, enveloped in deep monotone voice  
Etchings of a previous time displayed on his pale skin of dark metallica  
Each note he struck - calculations to lighten my leadened feet  
So hard he tried to resonate a mutual frequency  
Until he tripped over his forged pitch  
I played him back, for what I could - for what his little ditty gained  
An iced smile, so fake and pure to shrivel his leather jacket black  
he found me again, with cool smile and deceptive wink  
Oozing self-confidence through his greased back hair, clicking his tongue  
Eyes distracted - Hovering - Engrossed - by my non-conventional figure  
Sticky feet creeping up - tactless and assuming  
Cheap tobacco, shoddy cologne as he tries to slip through  
A wall of heavy pressed plaid against my back, trying to push me forward  
I pull away as he fails to vocalize precise syllables,  
tells me to forget the others  
Forced politeness strains me to listen  
but the beat of my rhythm runs too fast and pounds too hard  
out beyond the reach of any squalid slack jawed poseur