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Thursday

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Cover Page Footnote

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THURSDAY

BY MARK OVERMYER

Bourbon and shaving cream
make a perfume when mixed
that has come to define the
end of my thursday nights.

For they all end the same
naked, lathered, and drunk,
razor held loose in right
glass of two melting cubes left.

I try to imagine how I'll
look after a good shave.
Where to start? Beard?
Moustache? Head? Crotch?

Ultimately I decide on the
arms, and rinse, lather, and
bring the razor down.
Several swift strokes, voila!

No blood, no chafe, but a whole
new arm. Bronzed and muscular,
chiseled from white stone,
it glistens with an oiled sheen.

So impressed I move on,
now with a drunk fury, an
unhinged stupor, I prepare
the flesh, and hack away

other arm, right leg, left
leg, groin, and ass. Finally
torso, even the back, all
that's left is the face.

I hesitate as I glare into
the mirror speckled with
water and lather, dusted,
a 50's era sundress.

My eyes flare, green orbs
that dart about, using the
mirror to reexamine every
contour-every square inch.

My scars are neighbors
the pores old friends, every
whisker a lover, along with
every last hair on my head.

I set the razor down,
once again naked and drunk,
is that how I would look?
I rinse my face and go to bed.