He Crowded Her

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss2/6
He crowded her
and sang her all those up-down songs
he wrote on envelope backs
and walls he could find sometime he had paper.
In light his blue eyes were a little green
and she liked the irony
so she would touch his arm
invite him on Fridays to watch cable TV
in her basement
because otherwise he would sleep or smoke in his
and she wanted his shirts to smell
not like a bust.

His truck seats were torn and she drew out the stuffing in spots
while he tapped on the wheel and threw his arms around and through
and she slid to the window and looked over the side to count the lines
because he smelled like smoke and his eyes were blue and he crowded her.