

# Subservient

*by* Cooper Renner

The way the sneaker resonates with the wave, the emerald that flows from the harmonica, the subservient jealousy of the rectangle easing up to vertical.

Men have nipples too, brown or beige or ruddy, especially in this country, though you rarely see them, even at the frolics, even as the roadie collecting the eight trait bucks from every dancer bends over the plate for change, the accommodating farmer grounded behind him, arms stiffer than the straw bales against the back wall. There's still a swatch of jelly on his lower lip. Did you notice? That's not the way it's done, even on the tractor.

*Come on honey let's create  
A love your ma can't complicate  
And leave your pa to God and fate  
A blanker blank than roofing slate*

*So pass the hooks and stir the bait  
And notice how I correlate  
The raw the cooked the elongate  
Placate me sweet don't make me wait*

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