We'll Always Have Bakersfield

by Jennifer Donnell

Everything is instead of making love to you.
You watch the tabby cat try to nab a coy fish from the pond.
I am a mosquito buzzing by,
why does it hurt when we don't touch.

The desert plains are zen gardens,
summer sneaks up and removes my clothes.
I put them on and say sorry in sign language.

Over diner coffee and burnt toast,
I tell you about ten other men
who want to love me and two I could kiss
in the smoking room of a jazz club,
you wonder if I'd love anyone.

Please refer to line one.

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