

Bad Boys

by Judith A. Lawrence

It's been many years since
I would knock on the door
of your lone trailer.

You would brew me tea,
turn on the soaps,
and make me swear
I wouldn't tell anyone
that you always cried when
watching "As the World Turns,"
while I curled on the plaid sofa
studying for my next college exam.

You the macho man
shuffling one woman
out the back entrance
to let another one in the front.
Who would have believed
I was just your confidant.

It would surprise me in this
rapidly approaching
winter of our lives
to learn you are still alive
my old friend.

You lived so on the edge,
your sky blue eyes
dancing with danger,
always a new bag of tricks
up your sleeve,
laughing gleefully

when I caught you
in your game.

And when I think of you
in this new full harvest moon,
I will fondly recall
my arms tightly wrapped
around your warm belly,
riding the tail end of your motorcycle,
your prickly curly blonde ponytail
tickling my nose,
my patched worked jeans
hooked behind yours,
the two of us just blowin down
the summer speckled highway.

