

My Man Wears Cherry Pants

by Philip F. Clark

My man wears cherry pants! He wears
those pants and walks like a knife on Main St!
Cherry red, red like a lie, like lipstick yet to be named.
Red that makes all of them look. He strides
with eyes wide open,
he smiles through all those eyes.
All those eyes, all those eyes. All those eyes.

My man wears a tangerine tie. He wears that tie
and walks like a knife on Main St.
Orange like the end of summer, a newborn topaz
filled with Grand Marnier, a kiss in the cold.
Orange that makes them whistle.
And he saunters with his head held high.
He laughs out loud on Main St!

My man wears chartreuse shoes!
He wears chartreuse shoes like a new king
right there on Main St!
Green like the best luck, the brightest dollar,
a green like a bloom, like the leaf of Adam.
And he wears those shoes and he sings with his fingers
snapping, right there on Main St. in front of all those eyes.

My man wears those pants and that tie, and those
shoes and he walks on Main St. and he kisses me.
Right there, in front of all those eyes.
Kisses like every color I can think of, like the scent of rain,
like belief in a desperate time. My man

kisses me right there on Main St. looking back
at all those eyes. Wishing they were me.

