

BEER GARDEN RAG

Summer, this hour,
how beauty harangues—
trellis of trumpet
vines, under it, two
brothers drinking Bud
Light, the bottles of
which glint in late
light like anchovies
flitting by goggles
fogging now, just as
the huffing guide-dog
breathes on his own
ugly mug in the shoe
store's mirror and makes
it disappear, which
must feel weird, like
the first time leaving
your therapist's, heat
thumping the meek
pedestrian backs, yours,
the poor Chick-fil-
A guy in thermal cow-
suit, *Eat Mor Chikin*—
pathos, pathos!—you
want a stop-bath to
freeze: 1) the one
brother's pre-sneeze
stupefaction, 2) the
other's laughter
shook-out like a big
black trash bag, 3)

the waiter's Evan
Dando hair, by dint
of heaven, calling up
every beaut teenager
you ever hoped to be,
as if surfacing after
long-searching for
serious treasure at
the grubby bottom
of the public pool, the
second before your
good lung bursts.