

Giraffes and other Animals Falling

With evening light still pink, we clutch
each other's waists and walk in unison.
Neon dances off our smooth, tanned
skin, diesel motors roar around us,
screams fly out of cars suspended over
a grassy field with cool dampness
floating in from the dark.

You pull me, my arm stretched out like a rubber band
because I don't want to go any closer to the
hawk-nosed man in a shooting booth who
snake-eyes my ass when you
look to me pleadingly and say
I can win you a stunted giraffe
or a silver-furred gorilla with vinyl palms and soles.

In your eyes, you see nothing but me,
but I see inside the Neanderthal brain of
the hawk-nosed man who wants to
wrap up your boy pride in a plastic bag
and hand it to me as a prize
when you lose.