

Outside

Standing in line
after months locked up, alone
behind rough and tumble boys
calling each other motherfuckers.

Their cologne fills me with longing.

The tallest is twenty or so—thin
with a scab by his elbow
the size of a credit card.

He didn't get it in a fight
his hands are too clean.
They belong on a piano
or clutching the throttle
of something fast and dangerous.

On his ankle, a spot
oozes a brown, half-moon
onto the lip of his sock.
But his nose charms me
curling up like the point of a leaf.

Despite his open wounds and holey t-shirt
he is lovely as any other untamed profusion of nature
and gives the same impression of irrepressibility.

It hurts.
Such beauty wasted
before the sight of other people
grew precious.