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Don't Sleep - Be Firm - Listen

Rafe Posey

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Don't sleep! Be firm! Listen!

*Rafe Posey**

Don't sleep! Be firm! Listen!

were rules a girl could live by, even you, even then,
turning over a shot glass but no new leaf

your twentyfirst at the bar with Vivian,
her dealer & the bartender

your finger down his placket
what haven't I had yet, other than you?

The rules held fast until you met Bill
who harnessed neon in a warehouse north of town,

corded triceps curling invisible
elements into the illuminous arcana of industry.

This swaggering spawn of Hephaestus loved
the colors like you loved his motorcycle

& the alchemy of tubes, curlicues, light,
the Art Nouveau marquees that lit his desire.

Unread Great Works, bought by the foot, slivered
your interest & sent you clubbing with Goths,

all Bauhaus until: *If you bite me, I'll slap you, hard.*
Then Don (someone's cousin from Minneapolis),

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& Rob, a single rainwet night of playgrounds
with his palm tight on the back of your head.

You adjusted your rules accordingly, lost
in the nameless space between *babydyke & boy*,

trying to be a regular girl.