

Chicago – 1966

MICHAEL WALLS

I remember you well. Sidewalks were slush,
snow piled along the edges. We were young.
We met the night I first heard Nowhere Man.
When Zorba the Greek played on the juke box,
you grabbed my hand, tried to teach me
a traditional Greek dance. We walked down to
Rush Street, then you took me home—tentative
crunches up steps, gritty with salt, that led to
your front door. We sat on your floor and
talked. I watched how you twisted your hair
into coils that hung a few seconds, then fell
to your shoulders, felt tendons on your neck,
tight as E strings, while you told me about
a boyfriend who went to Viet Nam, who came
home and beat you up. Later, tenderness, kisses,
caresses came with the wine. In the morning
your hand shook as you poured the coffee, told
me I couldn't see you again. Your boyfriend
was getting out of the army and coming home.