

# *Open at 10:00 A.M.*

RON KOERTGE

I burst into the Gap on the morning  
after Labor Day and surprise  
the pretty clerks giggling,  
whispering, fussing with each  
other's hair, holding out their pale  
wrists suffused with the newest  
scent.

Everybody blushes as I stare.  
I feel like one of the characters  
of mythology stumbling upon naiads  
bathing. But not Acteon with his  
ravenous hounds.

Just a bumpkin standing by the water's  
edge, one hand on the warm flank  
of his lost cow.