

# Drama Queen

*Brent Pace*

The week they turn off your phone,  
I wait in your car while you give quarters  
to a pay phone mounted on red brick  
at a convenience store.

Four aluminum boxes beckon like  
Parisian outdoor urinals  
for male patrons,  
suits return a page,  
a dealer promises good dope.

A Haitian chants in creole  
to his friends, his heavy sex  
is an anxious pendulum  
beneath floral shorts  
as he steps from one foot to another  
to the music from a car.

A man in a Timberland beanie  
taps my window, asks for change.  
I hand him all I have

And still you talk,  
hold your forehead in one hand,  
step on your foot,  
glance toward the windshield.

I get out to smoke near oily puddles,  
stand in a tired pose and wait for you  
to say goodnight to Paul.

When you are back  
I whine,  
say how sleepy I am.  
You call me your favorite drama queen,  
grab half my face with your hand  
then drive me slowly home  
observing the gravity of past sins  
in your rearview mirror.