

To a College Friend Killed by a Drunk Driver

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In those days
we all wanted a man
to cover our shame, the nakedness
of being a woman alone.
A degree yes unless
The Knight came

to carry us to Camelot
where breasts were always firm, ample
like yours maybe I could get a man
who would love me for my mind.

We laughed at *Pride and Prejudice* never
quite seeing them as us
studying as if it mattered more than
someone loving us forever

then when Your Knight drove up in his old Ford
and ran over your illusions you
married the lone and dreary world
with your beautiful body had seven kids, got fat laughed
at contradiction like this was your dream come
truer than we ever thought.

Then you were ready for the drunk he
got your body but not
the you that knew

to get a man is nothing
to keep a man to have someone
who after years of ordinary clings to your hem as you leave
for just one last touch of Camelot
is all.