

Intermission Wine

Deja Earley

I'm in London, alone at a ballet,
wearing a wide hat
and sitting very straight.
The man next to me is eyeing
me, checking me out, maybe.

I want him
to be checking me out,
to invite me for intermission
wine, to stand at the window,
one heel propped behind the other,
flirting from behind my hat.

Trouble is, I don't drink wine.
And I don't talk to men who aren't Mormon,
lest I fall from grace, on my ass, something.

I don't know how I'd tell this man I can't drink,
can't follow him home, can't share a joint or
rob a bank—whatever would follow hello.

So I sit stiffly, angle away from him, dart off.
And when I come back from the bathroom
he's at the window with a freckled brunette,
her head tilted back,
a long blue dress,
a glittering glass in her hand.