

Rear View Mirror

Mike Lawson

I drive a Z.
Rubbed and shining,
it's a scarlet sequin
on a grey flannel freeway.

Downtown,
it dances
a slow boogie,
moves like a woman in black pumps,
smells like a man,
but never sweats.

It's my best outfit,
a symmetrical crease
that fits tight
around my ass,
so I can't carry a wallet,
but then,
it is my ID.

It's eye contact,
the come-on,
the bulge in my pants,
erection
I can show
everyone.