

Drunk in New Orleans Again

Two good old boys who were in perfume,
or so they said. If they could only bottle
the scent of cunt they could retire,
or so they said.

Kept buying me scotch in the hopes
of bottling me, I guess.

Their hair bottled blue-black
and grease-combed so tight against
their scalps you could see the teeth marks
from the Aces outlined by their back pockets.

One of them had his hairline drawn on
with waxy eyebrow pencil he stole from
his shiny teenage daughter.

The line was crooked, but he was smiling.

Lurched away and into a cab, the driver took me to
a deserted amusement park on Lake Pontchartrain.

Nineteenth century ghost ladies a-twitter,
blushing behind their parasols

when we got naked and sat in the water.

He was a Vietnam vet (weren't they all then?)

and impotent. He had just bought a pump
for his member. Want to see it work?

I laughed, he looked ridiculous squeezing
his balls like that. He seemed proud of it though

so I got quiet and just watched the sunrise
sneaking peeks of his dick which was

bobbing merrily,

head above the waves.