



Stephen Kopel

Corsair

Harbor Cove 'round Midnight

. . .

all evening -rum royales
swallowed with a pirate's
swagger
smuggling hints of bravado
into pockets of pants,
mine,
that seemed to be a common
trysting place for
treasure-
seeking hands, and, later,
when the bar was a boat
on choppy seas and I the
missing mate who kept
falling
off the unsteady stool my
legs
failed to wrap around, and,
when I couldn't pass, and,
nearly passed out, I knew
my gall was stoned, yes,
sloshed I was when the bar
turned tender and a voice
yelled, "Bellies Up,"
I dragged my rum-ragged
bottom
to the stern's gangplank
begging buddy

Al Coe haul my sorry ass
home . . .

Stephen Kopel's performances of
"Poems with Props" have become a
staple of the San Francisco poetry
scene. His book *Spritz* is
available from Regent Press.