



Normal

Queen of Tim Rileys

South End, Boston~ winter 1964 ~
Time to time
I used to see her around Tim Rileys
Tavern, tucking
Her tits back in their place, while
Her skirt rode high on her thighs.

She talked drinks from the boys, "Beer
With a shot of Tabasco, please";
Talked about singing with Edith Piaf,
Clooney, Lady Day/ she herself sang
With the devout intensity of a hysterical
Hog at the precise holy moment of butchering~

She flattered a broken artist painting
Tables for a shot,
She patted the bruised ribs of an
Iron worker who had slipped on his
Scaffold, shyly
Stemmed cigarettes from the lonely &
The wholly defeated, she
Ogled the dismal
Took plastic roses in her hat

From the melancholy & the bedraggled.

One night, she told me:
"You can slide further on bullshit
Than ya can on sandpaper!"

The men loved her,
Gathered around her
Plied her

Fancied her
Groped her. Then

She was gone. The bar at
Tim Rileys now quiet.
Snow climbed the window glass.

On the radio, old reruns~
The Yanks, once more,
Were clobbering Boston / Ted Williams
Was old.
The mens heads now bowed in their mugs

Me, in the corner
Doodling sketches of the Eiffel Tower

Onna napkin.

Normal has published two chapbooks: *Blood on the Floor* and *American Child*, both from LummoX Press. He lives in New York state.