Beneath his round chin, a dimpled windsor  
Wants to say: I'm ample,  
Prepped, velocity  
At rest, my own  
Man. Its stripes a regimental green  
And black, a lush  
Savagery, he once thought. But  
He has seen  
Between two mirrors  
How the hairless flesh  
Sags from the shoulder blades.  
From his window seat he takes in  
The fierce, young husband  
On the platform moments before hoisting aboard,  
The chrome coffee cannister  
Raised like a highball.  
A sharp wife in latex  
waves from her SUV. Now once more  
They are bound  
For the delirious city. He sleeps  
And dreams the day  
Turns its light down. When he wakes
At the same start of the track, he opens  
To his own wife, her lift  
And whimsy, sweats  
And running shoes, now home  
Cutting perfect lengths of celery  
For his glass, purling  
About her brilliant students, her plans  
For dinner. Their children  
Leap through his vision,  
Then sink quickly into the humid dusk  
wheeling up from the horizon  
like an animal cloud—  
A good drink  
Delivered beyond reach.

Kevin Clark's poetry has appeared in numerous journals, including The Black Warrior Review, The Georgia Review, The Denver Quarterly, College English, and others. He recently won The Literary Review's Angoff Award. He has also published three chapbooks, including his most recent, One of Us (Mille Grazie Press). Clark teaches English at Cal Poly in San Luis Obispo.