

Highball, Princeton Station

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

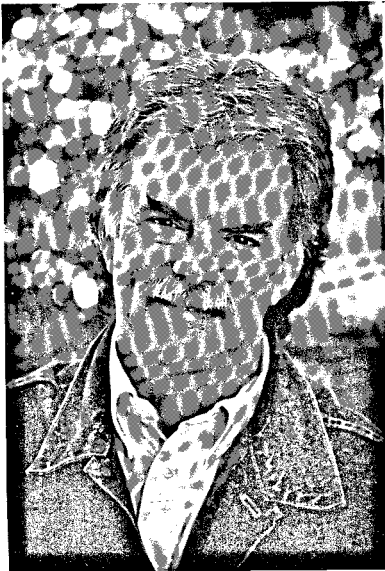
Cutting perfect lengths of celery
For his glass, purling

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.