

THE CRANKY SOULS

I wrote to mama
just to scold her
dear mama, I scribbled
you didn't tell me about the old ones
with hands like maps of the world
and faces above yours
wrinkling into years
of memorable orgasms
this one during Mardi Gras in '77
and that one in San Antonio
the summer of '89
they're the cranky souls
who rattle out of bed for morning cups of coffee
wearing bell-bottom jeans to nine to five jobs
driving steadily home in reliable '72 Cadillacs
So, I'm laying here remembering the tales
after warnings
about the pretty young things
with slick black hair and no green card
who'll leave you with a full belly
for someone they saw on the corner
and of course the pretty blonde white boys
who marvel at your dusty brown nipples
born in the land of pink nipples
you're the novelty in their backseat
but, mama, what about the ones
with white hair curling and twisting on their forearms
who can't see your smile without their glasses
they sit grinning with resilient bellies
who've weathered hot sauces from Dallas to Mexico
you fall asleep to their snores in your face
and wake up to cranky souls
with plenty of love from up above and down below.
oh, mama, I'm just fussin'
that's all-
I hope daddy is doing fine-
is he still sleeping in the spare room?
I know his snores bother you so...

MEZA
1993