

We'll Always Have Bakersfield

by Jennifer Donnell

Everything is instead of making love to you.

You watch the tabby cat try to nab a coy fish from the pond.

I am a mosquito buzzing by,

why does it hurt when we don't touch.

The desert plains are zen gardens,

summer sneaks up and removes my clothes.

I put them on and say sorry in sign language.

Over diner coffee and burnt toast,

I tell you about ten other men

who want to love me and two I could kiss

in the smoking room of a jazz club,

you wonder if I'd love anyone.

Please refer to line one.

