

Legs

by Mark Waldrop

Rachel Stevens is an attractive woman
I notice her long fair skinned legs and think that
She must wear sun block to live in Arizona
And have skirts like that.

Today she invites me inside,
She says she has a light bulb for me to change — up high.
In a friendly way that makes me wonder.
Seems like pity, but I go anyway
Following her down the sidewalk to her apartment
She carries the new bulb in her left hand while she
Looks for her keys.

She says, "This is the one, here."
I know it is, I watch her carry in her groceries
Sometimes when I'm having my pipe in the evening
On my balcony.

Rachel Stevens has a dog named Max,
Who is a strange little fluffy thing, and who,
I know now, doesn't approve of me.

Maybe it's my walk, or my tobacco smell.

Max is off her black leather sofa before I'm
Halfway into her living room.
He snarls and tears wide eyed at my pant leg and
Rachel Stevens swats at him with one hand
While holding her new light bulb in the other.

And for the first time I'm truly thankful for
My prosthetic.

