Creepers

Dr. Rich Furman

Misnamed indelicate plodding,
but with the right pair of jeans,

my feet grin fungal-smiles,
they remember for me.

The knobby rubber sole
that squealed even on carpet,

that I fumbled with when fleeing
faces on the brink can barely recall

the clumsy metal buckle
the edge of dorm-room beds,

an eighteen-year-old boy
pretending he was a man,

wrestling crusted dishes ramen dignified with shallots,
and the Infinity avoided like statistics,

and lips like whispering hammers on girls ready for love.
And now I forget most of the details,

jeans faded from dancing thighs and sun,
clunky crimson zapatos courage.