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## My First

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*College of DuPage*

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“Well,” I say, seeing nothing, “that was some night.” We climb in the car and head out on the dirt road.

We’ve made this drive many times, him dropping me off at school on the way to the fire station. The memories are good, living again this morning: our initial burst of conversation, kangaroo rats skittering across the highway in our headlights, him explaining things I don’t know or understand—that gas station is just a snack shop; all those semis are going to film a movie; once you have a garage, a battery recharger is a good investment to make.

The desert is dark, full of telephone poles and the ghosts of Joshua trees. Together, we see five shooting stars streak the sky.

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She surprised me  
at the checkout counter  
asking for my signature  
after the state society’s  
evening of readings and  
celebration of  
national poetry month  
My first sale of  
my first signed copy  
of my first real book  
When I told her  
it was a bit X-rated  
she giggled and said  
she could handle it  
then giggled more at  
my personalized signing  
It was fun meeting  
my first “groupie”  
after baring my soul  
at the well-known  
little bookstore  
I just didn’t expect her  
to be eighty