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Stumbling Block

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College of DuPage

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Stumbling Block

By: Lisa Huston

Big Bob operates a sticky bar
down the block from me,
I go there too much

guzzling longnecks
to fuzzy guitar
and wet thumping heart beats.

Do you see him?
Do you know how he seduces me in
and makes me lie down
with clouds perched on my eyelids?

He clots the cream for dessert
and serves me trays of the stuff.

Sometimes I cry my makeup off
because he says my name
or touches my elbow by
accident.

His polite "pardon me"
is worth more tears
than a skinned knee.

His smiles are smooth and daft
making me laugh and think
and lay on his floor
staring at dust bunnies
in awe and reverence.

Do this on your own,
with a mirror,
before he clips your wings too.