

HISTORIC DISTRICT

CHRIS MINK

Old salts at the end of this bar
trade stories like baseball cards:

*I'll give you my first divorce
for the night you dropped me off
at Waffle King without a shirt.*

On an analogue radio, some French lady
covers an old Delta Blues track
about wanting her lover back,

and I reckon Butch will posit
she's the only angel left; and I should
say something about what's lost,

but I'm young enough to know nothing
penetrates their cigar smoke,
like sitting over coal stacks.

All their joints are welded together.

Across the street there's a cemetery,
and from time to time they drink

there, bury themselves here, and yet,

on a December day the color of newspaper,
one will root himself without drink
beneath a girl's tombstone.

Bare feet were a summer's faintest gift,
best he can remember. Her name—
every red clay trail they rode bikes on.

Winter is the easy part.