

PATRICIA YOUNG

FIRST DATE

Red velvet hangs over the saloon window the way it would hang over
a thickly woven plot: near-sighted boys, broken scooters.
She wants to know: What's a bordello like, exactly?
A logical man, he's interested in the way one thing leads to another so

weaves her into a thick plot: a near-sighted boy with a broken scooter.
The night's a loopy salad, though glimmerings of clarity pass between them.
He's a logical man, interested in the way one thing leads to another.
For instance, the way a single kiss can lead to the whole vegetable garden.

The night's a loopy salad, though glimmerings of clarity pass between them.
He just asks that artichoke be artichoke, radish be radish,
that a single kiss lead to the whole vegetable garden.
She wants to bring him up close, then, to lie down in a summerhouse.

He just asks that artichoke be artichoke, radish be radish,
to drink his beer and pay the bill. Listen, she says,
wanting to bring him up close and lie down in the summerhouse.
Out on the sidewalk he pauses to light her cigarette.

They've drunk their beer, paid the bill. Listen, she says:
the sound of water rushing over a ledge of the earth.
Out on the sidewalk he pauses to light her cigarette.
They could be any young couple, standing on a bridge, heads bent together.

The sound of water rushes over a ledge of earth and
still he hasn't answered: what's a bordello like, exactly?
Like any young couple standing on a bridge, they bend their heads together.
Somewhere red velvet hangs over a saloon window the way it would hang.