Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Pat M. Kuras: Four Poems

Pat M. Kuras · Wednesday, May 9th, 2018

Stetson

Salisbury Beach with the amusement park on the shore. My favorites: the miniature golf course, the Dodgem cars, and the Witch Castle. Kids all over the boardwalk and midway. The older boys and girls, couples holding hands, and with their blue, Salisbury tee-shirts, the boys wore black Stetsons, bought from the gift shop amid the beach towels and shell-crusted knick knacks. The ultimate cool, to be a boy in a Stetson with a girl on my arm walking along the beach. At home, my cowboy hat was made of woven straw and the boys I played with laughed at me because I couldn't be a real cowboy in a straw hat.

Fifteen years later with Barb — she in her

Greek fisherman's cap and me in my navy blue Kangol. I lost that hat one drunken night at the 16th Street Bar and Grill. She bought me a newsboy cap, but it wasn't the same. And how did she know about the Stetsons? She bought me one, just my size, jet black with a brown, chiseled band and a few little feathers, one polka-dot, brown and white. "Now don't lose this one," she said, implying that the hat was not cheap. I wore it all over Philly.

*

Vermont Snapshot

for BK

Revisiting her college town for an old friend's wedding, the green hills, the roadside pasture where the cows met us at the fence and the old man we asked for directions. Ay-yuh, he said, and paused for an eternity.

*

Provincetown Pickup

After the meeting, she hit on me, a young dyke with too many face piercings. While I am gray-haired, Buddha-belly; can it be I'm still delectable?

Or, did she just want to up her score?

*

Dating the Feminist Femme

"I'm an adult woman!" she snapped at me the first time I called her baby although she likes it now, just as, when we're alone, I let her call me Patty. She also likes cuddling, holding hands, flowers, me opening doors for her. She tolerates my men's department WalMart wardrobe but wants me to go with her for a pedicure and then some. Either one of us can kiss first and we take turns on top, wet and spent, making it up as we go along

[alert type=alert-white]Please consider making a tax-deductible donation now so we can keep publishing strong creative voices.[/alert]

This entry was posted on Wednesday, May 9th, 2018 at 7:23 am and is filed under Poetry You can follow any responses to this entry through the Comments (RSS) feed. You can skip to the end and leave a response. Pinging is currently not allowed.