

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

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