

LOMPOC SNAPSHOT, 1964

Stan Tag

I stood on sunflocked pavement
disguising my youth
under black construction paper,
my handlebar mustache curving
into corners of a shaded doorway
where my mother slept on a mattress
tired, worn under the weight
of my sister.

I wore
my father's sailor hat
unaware of seaport women
who whistle through
their colored skirts, longing
for the folds of my fat legs,

and my sister
she cried
she cried through the shaded doorway,
through the seaworn whistles

and I lost my mustache
rushing to see
who she was.