

Mark Belair

Shit Happening

A muscled young man
in a strap T-shirt
storms up the sidewalk
and overtakes me, hissing
to himself, as he does,
“I was looking *forward* to that shit,”
then we hear
the young woman who (wisely, I think)
just blew off their date
giggle (unwisely, I think)
in relief with her attending girlfriend,
a laugh the young man reads, given
his furious stop-and-spin-around,
as mockery, though
he doesn’t stalk back (thankfully)
but presses on with stoked rage (unfortunately)
toward some guy in a bar
watching a game
by an open door; a skinny guy,
laughing.