

JEFF KASS

Through an open window

the buzz of beer-talk
the gather of somebody's
guitar, the stop and go
and open doors of cars
and heels and skirts
and you are too young
to do this, and the ballgame's
reaching a moment of catharsis
but upstairs if the baby wakes
the mother wakes and if her steps
plod the floor, the unwashed
dishes will call you
louder and morning will break
tense like a hangover you didn't
earn and you throw some pants
over your boxers, do a few curls
with the dumbbells to pump
your forearms, exit the house
cross the street, plead, yo, can
you keep it down, please
my baby's trying to sleep