

Ah! My Legs

By Patricia Smekal
(a poem with 3-syllable lines)

They used to
catch the eyes
of Speedo

guys with sun-
tan torsos,
Jericho

Beach slicked-back
super-cool
Brylcreem dudes

groomed for lust,
showing off
pecs and abs.

They used to
catch whistles
from wolves perched
on girders,
with metal
lunch buckets—

rough studs in
Levis and
steel-toed boots,
muscled in
male-bonded
bravado.

All the while
I'd pedal
by in my
denim shorts
pretending
to be in

different
and trying
not to smile.