

Greasers

by Nancy Moran

You stopped your
piece of crap
leviathan of a
truck
in the middle of the street
after minutes of
strained
silence
and let your
angsty
head bowed
silence
be the reminder that
it was time to go.
so on the street
your screeching tires
what a fucking gentleman
no need to see if I got to the door safely.
they were
redoing the sidewalk so
i stepped in wet
cement on my way in kicked my shoes off.
entrances to my house were always interesting with
you.
there was the time you oh-so-cleverly
thought that the back
of the physical science building was the
best place for me to give you head
until campus security kept circling around us
and
didn't even give me a chance to put my pants back on before you
high tailed it out of there
but by the time we got in my driveway
you had a flat tire
which is always
the last straw with you so
panties in my sweatshirt pocket I
walked in the door praying my
parents wouldn't be able to smell
teenage sex like
pot.
You knew
I think

that if you'd have controlled your temper you
could've gotten laid that night.

Why have I always attracted the greasers
since age 17?

And not the pansy

S.E. Hinton greasers

Real greasers.

Not kid-friendly.