

Waiting for Steve

In the heat of the late afternoon  
we sat side by side on the curb in front of our house  
waiting for the boys to come out.

Scraps of conversation billowed up between us  
and settled down again  
like brightly colored flags in a sudden August breeze.

Staring straight ahead, eyes never meeting, we told secrets.

*When I grow up I want to be a torch singer. Or a cloistered nun.*

You whispered a dream to dance in a cage in those white go-go boots from Thom McAnn's,  
and jumped up to twirl in the dirt on one Italian ice blue thong,  
then sat down patiently beside me again.

We floated a leaf and a Wrigley's wrapper down the car wash stream  
wondering how much longer till Steve came  
ringing his bells into the now fireflied dusk.

We wondered if the boys would come out then  
and patted our damp pixie bangs in place. In case.

We wondered if Daddy had sold anything yet  
and -when we're called in from the curb for the night  
to walk into the fluorescent glare of the kitchen-  
would Mommy finally look up from her newspaper  
and smile?