

Watching Frat Boys through My Bedroom Window

An army of banal pastels parades
across the sidewalk. Hot boys trapped behind
horizontal prison bars of polo shirts
begin to bombard Franklin Street. Their necks
are lined with puka shells, their faces eclipsed
by 5 o'clock shadows, their arms faintly
but firmly muscled. A moan escapes me
as one nonchalantly lifts his top; I see
pubic hairs peeking over a waistband
embroidered with a name that is probably
not his. His jeans hang on his ass much like
a sloth clings to a tree limb for dear life,
and I try to envision them crashing
down to ankles hugged by white sneakers.
His palm adjusts his crotch as I wonder
what biological device drives him, and
do I want the car or what's behind the wheel?
They disappear into a shady bar, and
I close my blinds to fantasize of the skin
hidden behind their masculinity.