

EPHRAIM SCOTT SOMMERS

This Being a Man

Atascadero Lake's face is a graveyard of names.
An aluminum boat loafs dumbly upon her cheek: a blemish.

Weeds grow out of the trunk of a junked Cadillac. By a clot of bodies—
Water, car, human—this is my body worn down.

I urge

Like a farm boy over-rubbing cob corn in butter
For rough sex with China or Germany

In the bucket of a tractor, but I don't want to.

And I am a man.

I am a man with breasts who loves a woman

With her head shaved. The sun skids away on a boat trailer.
Bats draw circles of black on the mouth.

I stand for the length of a cigarette outside
The country of my sex.