

Frank O'Hara Imitation

The day you told me my brown eyes were green

Today I saw you, Bryan, as you passed me,
and before I felt something, but I didn't think it was you,
you looked away, even though, that night, you wouldn't stop looking at me,
kissing me, in that horrible sloppy way, and I wanted to pull back,
like my first kiss, but with Kyle, on top of tie-dyed sheets
when he said, "Isn't this great?" and I wanted to look away.

But you passed right by, walking in your bow-legged stomp
just like Ben Kay in my Spanish class who I fantasize about almost every day
which makes me feel sleazy, but I do it anyway,
unbuttoning his shirt, feeling his black goatee against my hand,

But then I saw him walk, just like you, in that awkward pigeon-toed way,
He walked right past me.