

## Male Gorillas

At the doughnut shop  
twenty-three silver backs  
are lined up at the bar,  
sitting on the stools.  
It's morning coffee and trash day.  
The waitress has a heavy feeling face,  
considerate with carmine lipstick.  
She doesn't brown my fries.  
I have to stand at the counter  
and insist on my order.  
I take my cup of coffee to a small  
inoffensive table along the wall.  
At the counter the male chorus line  
is lined up tight.  
I look at their almost identical butts,  
their buddy hunched shoulders,  
the curve of their ancient spines.  
They are methodically browsing  
in their own territory.  
This data goes into that vast  
confused library, the female mind.

(1999)