

TRUCKERS—A SHORT ROMANCE

Angelo Woodman

Raise Hell
like Beelzebub
you last American Cowboys.
Coffee road,
close quarters cab "Moo vem out."
Yea—basic macho.
Gamble your life away with
the inevitable waitress,
only a passing acquaintance.
You grab a bite
and keep on rolling

bourbon
beef
and backslap.