

People-watching

I feel no admiring stares
pierce my back this morning,
 no buff thighs, or tight
 butt to attract anyone's
attention as I walk to Starbucks
 at St. Armand's Circle,
Longboat Key; I know my cuffs
fray above my sturdy
 black reeboks
and my stained plaid shirt strains
against my pale ale paunch.

But if your hand grazes mine
as you pass me my carmel
macchiata from behind
the counter, or if you smile
at me even remotely as I hold
the door for you to flutter
through, that's enough
adulation for me.

I am content to sit outside
alone like a tomcat in the sun
and watch.

Travel Rag

My brain is wearing
tap shoes,
tonight, tonight,

red patent leather
tap shoes
tonight, tonight.

Shuffle off to Finland,
Sweden, Oslo,
shuffle off to Copenhagen
all night long.

Not even melatonin
or a dose of serotonin
can stop my brain
tap-dancing,
tonight, tonight.

Two French Men

The first French man
grazes his wife's neck
with index and middle
fingers at the market
this morning as
they stand watching
the frommagier
slice a golden chunk
of emmenthal from a huge
round.

Last week at the beach
another French man
slathered sun-tan
lotion on his wife's

naked breasts.

Still, I wonder
who cooks
the coq au vin
when they get home
or empties
the dishwasher
in the morning.



Jan Ball has published 270 poems in journals such as: *ABZ, Atlanta Review, Calyx, Main Street Rag, Nimrod, Phoebe and Verse Wisconsin*, in Great Britain, Canada, India, Ireland and the U.S. Jan's two chapbooks: *accompanying spouse* (2011) and *Chapter of Faults* (2014) were published with *Finishing Line Press*. Jan's first full-length poetry book, *I Wanted to Dance with My Father*, was published by *Finishing Line Press* in September, 2017. When not working out, gardening at their farm or traveling, Jan and her husband like to cook for friends.

The Pangolin Review: Issue 8, January 8, 2019

