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## “Those Lovers”

Some, let's say the first,  
who you stop eating for,  
call at the last moment.  
If you are 13 you're sure  
you can't live without  
them. Or you work on  
science projects fever-  
ishly, aching for the  
phone. Some join the  
Navy, send you cheap  
Cuban coins from there,  
S.W.A.K. on the box.  
His uniform makes you  
heady. Weeks of kisses  
in his navy blues and  
then on leave, he shrugs  
when asked if you should  
wear a stole and never  
again is heard from.  
Some take you out in  
a field, then upstairs in  
the hotel where you let  
him peel off spray rhine  
stone earrings and the  
stretchy wool dress  
with net and sparkles.  
And when you don't  
let them peel your hymen  
from what's still holding  
it, don't call again. Some  
you never cared for but  
needed a date for some prom.  
Others are so insistent it's  
easy to waste a night or two  
with them. The ones that  
are too shy to call, you

feel their eyes burning  
thru you. Some would be  
lovers call from the Vatican  
or Notre Dame, say they have  
their vows but would you send  
something that's been close to you  
like your un-washed underwear