

Ode to Gray Men

Alex Spurling

I'm no spring chicken
inside I feel rowdy
young
and
tempestuous

I am tawdry
and bold
never mild
smoking in corners
flying by the seams
violating étiquettes
The Trumpeting Troubadour!
a hot iron skillet,
a grease fire
hoppin'
out of the pan

The residue
of boyhood—
powder kegs
with short fuses
Mighty Roar!
mighty squeak!

No longer,
nimble in the feet
No longer,
sound in the mind

I'm still a grease fire
and
I'm no spring chicken.