

Brando

Large feminine curves,
Disguised in oversized t-shirts and camo pants;
A constant odor
Of cheap surplus combat boots and reused laundry;
And uncombed hair
With squinted piggish eyes
Slouches like Brando at his desk.
He barks his father's history
At the teacher trying to pay off her student loans;
Drolls on about the manly virtues
That dressed him yesterday, today,
And probably tomorrow.
As he leaves, he's given a wide berth:
No ribs, nor molestations--
An anomaly in the letter-jacketed hall.

© Rick Snee, 2005