

Kara Dorris

Uncle B's Drive-in, Granbury TX

Girls get greedy, but I take my time
drive into Uncle B's Beer Barn
exfoliate in neon
blind light & freezers
scan for something to ease into

Shouldn't we always be our own drive-in
movie screens, parking lots
with speakers to fool around in?
Spaces marked: this is what it is

It's time. 49 minutes 'til midnight
11:11 wishing hour
My window down & wallet out
I think, if it's not fine, it can't be ending

like my own Kentucky Derby replaying
on every big screen
falling in love with women's hats
the revelations: naked/cut orchids
ribboned anarchy & Celtic knots

My bra strap slips off a shoulder
the body a cracked egg
a gold regulation bulls-eye
Uncle B, a sniper to my hens, holds
the higher vantage point
Eye contact

We sell excess. Ice, coke, tequilas

domestics, popsicles, lighters, uppers-downers
burritos, morning-afters
& Uncle B's tank tops

I know I'm not Emily, & he's no Valencourt
but I say I'll take an Annette & a tiny Montoni
a haunted castle life full of bandits to-go
He gives me a six-pack & some Kno-Dos
I say, make it all light