

For a Poet Friend

by Matthew Haughton

To tease my new friend,
I tell him
I'd likely be
the one
late at night
to sneak
out to his farm,
and snatch
handfuls of okra
from his garden.
That in the beam
of his flash-
light, I might
turn my eyes
away from
the shine,
and in a moment
of naked
honesty, curl
my lip
and spit,
before slipping
back under the fence.