

Stoked

by James B. Goode

“I’ve carried a torch for you so long it’s burned a hole in my heart”

—Nino Tempo & April Stevens, 1963

Girl,
you thought you were hot shit,
flashing those lace panties
where I could see
the fire stoked
between your thighs.
I knowed you could see the lump
I couldn’t swallow
rise up in my throat
like a self-rising biscuit.
When you got done stirring your coals
with my poker,
you left me in my bed
jerking around
like a Pentecostal Holy Roller.
Listen girl,
I know you know
I ain’t forgot.