

Nobody Forgets a Cowboy

Dan Fisher

i loved you when you were too old for me
you were sophisticated and more experienced
but not like the men from the city
you weren't a city man

your beard scratched my face and your breath always smelt like
smoke and butterscotch

i loved your hair i loved your eyes
i loved your ass i loved your feet

i loved your ideologies

it's stupid to think about where you are today
five years and one thousand eight hundred and twenty five pages later
this diary is full and
i'm embarrassed

i wrote about love and you laughed

i would count the bottle caps on the floor of your chevy truck
whenever you would hide me
from your (ex)wife
she drove a cadillac

my face would rest on your bulge and your
zipper would carve into my cheek
your hand pushed hard on my head
but i know you didn't mean it to hurt

i loved your hands i loved your nose
i loved your balls i loved your lips

i loved your terms of endearment

your boots were frayed at the shoelaces and
caked with manure
the tape deck sang gram parsons
and so did you

it's sad to think about what you liked and
what you believed
i'll admit i was wrong
and you were right

i still remember your name and sometimes i miss the sex
i have a baby now and it's not yours
her eyes are blue and her hair is thin
and she likes the taste of butterscotch

to be completely honest, it's bittersweet