

If You've Ever Gone Out With One Then You'll Know What I Mean

Heather Simeney MacLeod

J'étais assise dans Paradise Park (plus tard, j'ai découvert qu'il s'appelle en réalité Riverside Park, mais il garde pour moi le nom de Paradise Park) par un soir pluvieux d'automne, un peu triste sans doute, un carnet sur les genoux, pensant aux lignes (qui sont devenues le titre du poème) d'une œuvre de Rebecca Fredrickson. Je me souviens très clairement m'être lamentée sur la disparition de Pearl Jam, de Nirvana, des jeans déchirés, des caleçons longs, des dessous en flanelle, d'Edie Brickell, des soirées détrempées de mes premières années d'université à Victoria.

All love *is* punk love. It's punk in the bone
when you're hung-over or tweaking and wondering
if he'll ever call again, or even try to bump into you
while you're squeezing tomatoes and wearing
those striped, jock pants, which show, painfully show,
your saddlebags, and you wonder, while a young man
is standing stiffly in his faded denim with his patches
kind of curling at the ends, whatever happened
to your youth anyway. Like, when did that slip away?
And, you kind of try to straighten your hair,
which has too much curl in it today, and there is
a wayward strand refusing to be constrained, and it's
hanging in a long, wild curl down the centre of your face,
and the young man is sipping an Americano
and asking you some inane question, and you realize
he's like *at least* ten years younger than you,
but he smells so good, and he's so busy being
intelligent and profound that you feel amused, and he's
flicking a thick joint back behind his ear and, so, you follow
him out to his car where he plays his music
too loud and drives you home, shifting gears too soon,
kind of jack-rabbiting at the intersection before Lolo Street,
and he follows you into your bedroom and loves you up
like you're worthwhile, like you're still 23,
like you're everything that he has ever wanted.