

JOHN WAYNE, UNDRESSED

You're an actor, aren't you?

Pretend this is dress rehearsal, and I'm untying the anger knotted
down your back.

Cast a lasso tight 'round your chest, heartstrings choke into a Shit
Guitar — I'll pluck it right.

Leather with a side of whiskey
spilling indigo down your neck.

Wash it o before I lap it up, cowboy: Thirst is watching you ride.

I'm young and you're on TV .

Forget Mount Vernon, Hollywood, the Wild West.

Give in with a tipped hat.

Baby, that's the silver screen. Touch yourself. If it helps.

Easy . Steady . Denim scratch of sandpaper skin.

With every button, you strip America bare naked so I beg you play a Kinder Man
for the scene.

Texas lingers with an open door — a question:

Haven't you ever held a dog as it
died young in your hands?

Kiss me like that, cowboy .

Taste of shame grit in your teeth – grab onto my throat, props for reigns.

Not the Rockies; just any fucking grocery store bathroom,

hang on tight — you know how I whimper.

Shoot me down with those open-casket-eyes.

Wonder where the horses go when they gallop past frame.

You know, I never saw my grandfather cry

but I caught you tonight, John Wayne, undressed and weeping.