



1992

Ring Seller

William Powley

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RING SELLER

WILLIAM POWLEY

When we stop at Navajo Junction,
we see a girl's braid
drop down the center
of her bare back.
We ignore her as she sells
with her brown fingers
blue-green turquoise rings
cheaply laid out
at fifteen dollars each.

She licks her brown lips,
smiles when she sees my bare
ring finger. I look away
as she points at a ring
zigzag by her hot pink
toenails. Yet she looks
into my cheek bones
for one whole second,
our meeting somehow permanent.
When I hear the tailpipe
on my father's '67 Chevy burst out
a button of black smoke,
in my mind I touch her lips,
her brown cheeks
with my fingers
and run to the car.