

To a Young Barmaid

I beg your pardon
for the furtive looks
I cast in your direction,
embarrassed to say
you caught my eye
though the topic turns to whiskey
and you smile and flirt
according to your nature
for the tips that fill your glass.
And if my gaze does linger
please forgive
the indiscretion of a harmless fool,
but I should explain—
I'm old enough
to have among my relics
a record scratched and smudged,
with -- On its worn-out cover,
cozied up to a few pink pigs --
a young and lovely Linda Ronstadt,
and she looks a lot like you.