

The Poetry of Gary Charles Wilkens at www.gcwilkens.com

My Easy Life as a White Man

When I arrive at a place
it's my skin that opens the door.
When I meet the people
my skin says hi.

It's my skin that pays
the tab when I run up the bill.
My skin negotiates with cops
when I speed and writes

an extra line on my vita.
My skin found this three-
bedroom house in the burbs,
it even drives me

to the ballot box. My skin
is no-nonsense, realistic
and practical. When nuts
need cracking, my skin is there.

Late in the night when
I'm alone with a flickering
candle like all men, my skin
climbs off and goes dancing.