

**RICH GLINNEN**

*"The Towel Rack"*

Last week  
The towel rack  
Near the shower  
Collapsed  
Under the weight  
Of a hand towel

I looked down  
At the loose bar  
Wearing the red towel—  
Like a velvet robe  
Draping an  
Overdose

"Shit," I thought,

And my toenails  
Were long

This brisk morning  
Ali and I  
Waltzed  
Into the shower  
Shimmying in and out  
Of the water—

Lathering  
Rinsing  
Boiling  
Freezing  
Until  
A 500 pound  
Tortoise  
(Hiding under the  
Bathwater apparently)

Throws my balance—

Eyes widened  
Pierced the Monday haze  
Ankles crisscrossed  
Balls crushed  
Against my thighs  
Going out like  
An old man

And down I go,  
Wet ass  
Walloping  
Porcelain

Ali's thin  
Unsuspecting legs  
Are no match  
For my clumsiness

She plops onto me  
Like wet laundry

But glimmering  
Above  
Like a midnight beacon—  
The towel rack handle  
Holding firm  
Under my  
White-nailed  
Grip.