Authority and servant; cynosure,
Or pro of low profile, bartenders--most--
Strike soon the balance their physique suggests.
This one did not. At under four foot eight,
No one was less a Munchkin, more full scale.
We are not talking Boys' Department here.
You would not proposition that had you
Not balls enough to take on Captain Blood.
A grim comparison. He's dead of AIDS.
"If you'd just polish up that buckle, Cowboy,
I could comb my hair in it." Or, "Down
Here I see the first sign of double chins."
That presence, it is borne upon us now,
Was kept up at some cost. For height, the slats
And bricks behind the bar; the low-rise slacks
Re-tailored so the pockets do not meet
Behind. A little of a midget's rasp
Was in the studied voice from time to time:
Control can only carry one so far,
And not, perhaps, to where he cares to be.
For that, choice enters, and to have a choice
Is measure of how far Hang Loose succeeds.
One afternoon, to hang in place a pin
Spotlight, I saw him climb a ladder. Rung
By rung he rose to more and more himself.
Staircases, Freud assures us, equal sex.
That ladder, then… And when the swung light raked
A whistling, actually applauding crowd…

What is the sound of Patient Zero clapping?
Was it not invidious, Zero,
To pick on someone so near your own size?