

# CITY OF THE BIG SHOULDERS

An Anthology of Chicago Poetry

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## Sixteen

MELISA CAHNMANN-TAYLOR

*Honeybee in Greek,*  
he said. My name slurred  
from a shotglass of ouzo

balanced on his head. Fed my first  
*dolma*, I wished to be rolled  
and eaten with my giggling

high school friends.  
*Mé-lisa* like he was smelling me,  
danced around the room, slapping

one knee, calling me to rocks,  
his Adriatic Sea like some nymph  
with new breasts tied to stones.

Weekends we dressed like twinkled  
buildings, left the burbs  
with a borrowed car for

Greektown and Oldtown,  
shouting our names  
through back alleys, suckling

around the groan and tail  
of older men. We were  
going somewhere, sure of it,

as we heard our names drop  
like exotic cities  
from hypnotic mouths.