

I Wonder if the Guy Who Catcalled Me in the Blockbuster Parking Lot When I Was 15 Ever Thinks About That

CATHERINE PIERCE

When the Jeep revved up

what I saw was three or four or thirty guys
laughing three or four or thirty heads of blond hair
mouths of white teeth and
one of them yelled out something
about my ass or taking me for a ride I don't know

because it's been 30 years but what I do
remember is that I spun around and said *Fuck off*

middle finger raised like a flare gun

and it was not the first time
I'd felt the hot fizz of fury but it was
the first time I'd uncorked it and I remember
how his face slackened and the mouths
said *oooooh* and the blond heads
drove away in the cartoon-yellow Jeep

and when I got back in the car
where my parents and sister had been waiting
while I returned the VHS tapes

PIERCE

my mother said *What's so funny* because
I couldn't stop laughing and I said
Nothing which was true nothing
was funny at all I was laughing
because as I'd let my rage rise
and buzz my tongue and spill forth

I'd known suddenly that I had
an endless supply that it could fuel me
forever if I let it

