

Lisken Van Pelt Dus

Chaperone

At first there's not much action
but then the gaggles coalesce

into a jiggling amoebic mass
indulging a group grind,

mostly butt to pubes, in pairs
or chains of boy-girl-boy-girl.

Now almost anything might be happening
at the center and no chaperone would know.

The fringes are bad enough
though there are innocents too

trying out small repertoires of moves
they've seen someone do. The beat's

relentless, but through earplugs
it's really not so bad. I even

tap my foot from time to time.
A few kids manage to say hello.

It's dark but for the deejay's strobes
that cast huge shadows on the wall

above the bleachers, bobbing
and throbbing. Everything's magnified.

Eventually it ends. Outside it's bright,
a harvest moon one night past full,

bound to show up and keep an eye on us
whatever we choose to do.