



ZORRO

A man wearing old, brown
leather jacket, pants
slipping down his legs,

teeth missing from his mouth,
one of the mad wraiths
who haunt North Beach

asks me for a Zorro hat.

I give him black, flat crown,
wide brim Flamenco dancer hat.

He smiles toothlessly and says,
“That’s it!” He tries it on,
tilts it and looks into the mirror.

“You think I can do it, man.
You think I can be Zorro.”
“You can be whoever you want,” I answer.

“Zorro’s my hero, man
like Jesus is yours.”
“No, I am my own hero,” I say.

“I got to get the rest of it —
black on black and some steel.”
He pretends to whip out a sword.

“You think I can do it, man?
Am I Zorro?”
“Go for it, if you want.”

“Will you hold it for me, man.
I’ll be back before Halloween.
I’ll be back.”