

[Home](#)

[Current Issue  
\(Winter/Spring 2008\)](#)

[Autumn 2007](#)

[Summer 2007](#)

[Spring 2007](#)

[Winter 2007](#)

[Autumn 2006](#)

[Summer 2006](#)

[Spring 2006](#)

[Winter 2006](#)

[Fall 2005](#)

[Summer 2005](#)

[Editor's Note](#)

[Guidelines](#)

[SNR's Writers](#)

[Contact](#)



## **Jail Time**

Here's the scoundrel, my father said.  
He was in my shed smoking.  
I've got gasoline cans in there.  
The police sergeant looked at me  
with eyes grey as gun barrels.  
I was nine. My father had already  
taken a switch to me. This way, boy,  
the sergeant said.

"Ok, son, this is your home  
for the next few years."  
The cell's closing door rang  
like stones dropped  
into a metal bucket.  
"You'll be a man when your father  
comes to retrieve you," he said.  
I burst  
into tears. My father  
begged the sergeant to give me  
one more chance. He relented  
and I went home as somber  
as a stone. I never  
lit a cigarette  
again.

## **An Aging Bachelor**

I'm 52, and the attractive women have been harvested.

What have I got to offer the few stragglers  
who are the single scene?

My scalp is receding. My nose wanders like a fence in sand.

I have a sympathetic ear, and my pockets empty  
for my friends faster than outpourings of advice.

"What girl wants that kind of man?  
A woman wants security," the widow Lucy says.  
"Not someone digging under cushions for rent money.

Why are you angry? I ask. "I'm not," she says and storms off.

What was that about,

I wonder.

---

## **Her Scent**

Always there is the hint  
of perfume on his shirts,  
lining the pockets of his coats.  
The same brunette hair clinging  
to his sleeves.

But after all some things one picks up  
innocently. Like the scents  
of Passion flowers fawned off on you  
by the wind's quick hands.

Or the scent of a cigarette from the bloke  
next to you at a watering hole  
who disappears into his drink

and leaves his smoke  
on your clothing.

Maybe the other woman no one speaks of  
will drift away, become no more  
than a dusting of snow in the air.

Maybe tomorrow you won't harbor the suspicion  
that the underwear you slip on carries

her scent, the scent of wet leaves

that cling disgustedly

to you

---

**Bob Bradshaw** is a programmer living in Redwood City, CA, with his wife, his punk rock son, and their schizophrenic cat. His poems appeared recently in *Eclectica*, *Umbrella*, *Blue Fifth Review*, *Slow Trains*, *Orange Room Review*, *Flutter*, *Poems Niedergasse* and *Cha*.