

THAT THING I DID

J.D. Heskin

When old enough to do, I did
that thing one does when he's a kid;
that thing I don't do any more,
but then I did till I was sore.

Those early times were bitter-sweet,
and primed by boyish tales replete
with different things that one had heard
that titillated, but were so absurd.

But, still, in all my innocence,
in loins that stirred up inner sense,
it soon enough came clear to me—
it was a thing called puberty.

Before knowingness of nubile misses,
clumsy groping and back seat kisses,
I'd find a place I could retire
and do that thing of spit and fire.

It happened long ago, back when,
and I think about it now and then;
that thing I don't do any more,
but then I did till I was sore.

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