**Constructivism, or, My Reluctant Obsession with Old Men Continues**

Ginger Harris

Men love me

serving coffee,

I conduct a study

on where they place their hands

when the café closes, what roles

we play in this

story old as my grandfather:

he is asking me

to dance, setting aside

my spray bottle

I let him show me

how we speak with our feet.

Another night, another man

who has lived three of me

narrates missing out

on Jerry Garcia’s last show

in ’95 because he was chasing after

a girl but he didn’t

get the girl. I think:

*Who says ‘girl’ anymore?*

Lonely men who linger

until I unbusy,

for them,

my hands: unburden

my person, curl my cooking apron

into an ear eager

for their slow-burn saga,

listening like a cup

catching a ball

on a string. No matter how accommodating

my footwork to their reality

they don’t see it’s all

blocking and choreography.

Their hands stay firmly

in their tangled pasts as

my waist becomes platonic

and it’s enough

to want to love them

in ’95 or ’65 or whenever—

keep the apron on and plate

a hot dinner

and then one day

leave them or

let them lead or

however their story goes.