

## Cheers

Kendra Bopp

"The dick is optional."  
I heard this as I  
passed a group of women  
exiting a bar  
at what must have been  
a very happy hour.  
It stayed with me —  
spinning in a mind  
now startlingly aware  
of the opposite sex.  
I wondered  
at the conversation preceding;  
at the group of words needed  
to illicit this phallic response.  
I imagined it salacious, whispered  
in a vodka-loud voice  
as girlfriends giggled  
and the bartender  
looked on,  
amused.

Or maybe it was asexual,  
the new feminist manifesto,  
soon to appear on pastel t-shirts  
and button covered jackets;  
or be chanted as querulous women  
march on the national mall  
in power suits  
and stiletto heels.

I wanted to follow  
these women, to ask,  
but I knew no answer  
would sate an imagination  
so fully engaged, so  
I contented myself  
with speculation,  
and a tumbler of scotch  
raised as they  
drove away.