Sighting Elvis In Lexington, VA

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Sighting Elvis in Lexington, VA

We pulled off 1-81 for ice cream and air-conditioning. As we walked back
Elvis was standing by a blue convertible
outside a church up the street.
How did I know him when we'd never met?
Perhaps the careless posture
as he leaned his famous hip against the door.

He looked young and patient,
hair bright black in the heat.

Saturday afternoon. The car said Just Married.
Is he going to tell the groom that he's nothing
but a hound dog? — I asked my husband.
No, of course not. Love Me Tender!
— said the man who had wanted
a tiny and circumspect wedding.

I looked back three times to check
after we turned the corner:
Elvis was still on the empty sidewalk,
waiting for the journalists,
the opening chorus of female shrieks,
standing alone there in the shade.

It's so hard when you're dead
and the party expects you to wait outside.