

Newman and Goldstone

Paul Newman drives a race car
around in a circle until the director
tells him to stop. His name is
Goldstone and I've never met him.
Isn't that bizarre?

Paul Newman steps out of the car
and tosses his gloves onto the tar.
My hands don't fit in them.
But I suppose Goldstone's did;
two, small-handed film stars.

Good says Goldstone.

Paul Newman sticks a toothpick
between his lips
and says nothing
except, *I bet you can't
make me smile, slick.*

Goldstone fools around
but Newman holds his ground.

In the picture,
neither smile's bigger.