

He'd just finished his set at The Comedy Cellar
and now we were standing next to each other
at urinals above which a long, angled mirror

allowed me to see the crown of my head.
I could see Judd's crown too

but only if I turned my face far enough
in a way he'd easily sense and think
I was trying to peek at his junk. But

I peeked at his crown and Judd flinched hard
and I thought real quick and almost said
"Great job out there" to seem sort of harmless

but I must've thought that would also seem
too fawning, too average joe, and I'm no
average joe I'm an interesting poet

so I said "Hey Judd we have similar bald spots"
and in the time it took him to zip up
and leave without washing his hands

I'd gone from run-of-the-mill bathroom pervert
to celebrity-stalker bathroom pervert
and I guess it served me right

even though much of his material
does address male aging
so it seemed like a suitable remark

but there was also the remaining wrinkle
of where my wife and I were sitting—
our table right next to the low stage—

so we'd be more or less in the spotlight
for the next few acts and from the back
of the club where all the comics gather

Judd could point me out and say
see that asshole with my bald spot
he just tried to jerk me off

or something wittier I'm sure
to his discerning comic friends

and it wouldn't be the first time
I'd been used as a punchline
after a misunderstanding

but good—good for Judd Apatow—
I'm sure he knocked it out of the park.
And since it wasn't true

I simply tried not to care
and focused on getting the story just right
over bourbons and ice with my wife.

*Brock Guthrie is the author of **Contemplative Man**
(Sibling Rivalry, 2014). Born and raised in Athens,
Ohio, he lives in Tuscaloosa and teaches at the
University of Alabama.* 