

THE SOCIETY BLURB SAID "TYCOON ENTERTAINS JR. EXEC & SOUTHERN BRIDE"

Gold shouldered, satsuma-sheen pasted on my mouth,  
 A roll of wit under my tongue, I confront smiling lies  
 In crystal & silver, haloed with his gimmicked colored rays,  
 His paternal/satyr beaming. You programmed me so  
 I fill my dialogue balloons like prescriptions &  
 Send them up, open my sequined centerfold, fan warm Chanel,  
 Try not to gag on escargot.  
 Pious dimples & cloven hoofs, frail-foiled with wife & wares,  
 He wants me to know how he loves classical music, how fluent  
 his French.

We sit orchestrated, smoke-haired, blue-toothed. The napkins  
 Fluoresce. You & she sit silent, gone dark. His.  
 His voice collides with my mind like sticky stucco, his  
 Expensive scent is an affront to greenness.  
 Oh, to be back with peach groves & my old upright Steinway—  
 Barefoot on the back porch cleaning bream—watching  
 My father's hands at the potter's wheel through a spray of scales—  
 Turning to bubbles of contrived light  
 Bouncing on your boss & me while you are dusk.  
 He asks me to call him Andrew & surrounds my hand with money clips.  
 I am being shaped on a wheel not even by you. Coiling. Spinning.  
 Turning me toward a dim martini sun.  
 Will you light up if I tell him to go to hell? Will  
 Your eyes come on if I brandy my cockles & hackles &  
 Wind into his design?