

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~~y~~ 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?