

The Society Blurb Says:
TYCOON ENTERTAINS JR. EXEC & SOUTHERN BRIDE

Off the press before the event, I read the caption
as we taxi to the tycoon's premises. The article
misspells my maiden name. You laugh as the paper shakes
in my hand. It's not my kind of night, my husband,
I ask you again if we have to do this.

At our host's table I confront the lie
smiling back from antique crystal and silver.
Gold brocaded, rose-sheen on my mouth, a roll of wit
under my tongue, I sit haloed in his pastel lighting,
his paternal/satyr beaming. I fill dialogue balloons
like prescriptions, watch him take them,
watch you nod, my husband. I open my revers,
fan warm Chanel, struggle not to gag on escargot.

He is pious dimples and cloven hoofs. Foiled
with custom-designed belongings and wife. He wants
me to know how he adores classical music, how fluent
his French. We dine orchestrated, blue toothed, glowing
like the napkins fluorescing in our laps. You and she
are silent, gone dark like deactivated robots.

His voice is wet stucco, his expensive scent
an affront to green. His zealous shoulder
crawls mine. I can't see your face
behind your wine glass, my husband.

Oh please put me back with cedar trees
and my old upright Steinway. Or barefoot
on the side porch, cleaning bass I caught myself.
Watching my father's hands at the potter's wheel
through a spray of scales-- turning to spatters
of contrived light coloring this stranger and me
as I search your silhouette
for the shade of your love.

He embraces my hand with both of his, expecting
warm clay to shape as he wishes,
turning me toward his imported suns, his gleaming.
My husband, will you light up if I tell him
to go to hell? Will your eyes come on
if I brandy my spinning into this design
and go with him?

--Glenna Holloway