

J. Jivey

Modern Bat Girl

saturday night in my apartment

i

count the change in the yellow

plastic dog food bowl that

sits next to the

William Carlos Williams

Selected Poems book on the dresser.

i have seven dollars and twenty-eight cents so i

walk to the liquor store and buy a half pint of

Popov vodka. Two dollars and twenty-six cents left.

later, i will go to "Z Club" and dance

to old Bowie and old Stones.

1:48 a.m.—i

hop on my red scooter and

take off down Melrose, leave

the pavement and fly

like a modern Bat Girl.

i drink straight from the bottle and

take care to stay clear of the

helicopter police.

up in the sky i

see all of Hollywood—i see you

in the dairy section at the Safeway on 3rd and

i swoop down to say, 'hi—

do you shop here often?'

half nude boys with tattoos of Jesus and
roses all over their backs
throw eggs at me as i reach
for Pop n' Fresh dough. i speed
out the in door and i hear you
scream, 'but i love you girl on the flying red scooter...'

i float up high for a while, bliss,
yes, absolute bliss. i have waited weeks
to hear those words—but wait—my
teeth start to chip—crack and shred—like thin reeds of
bamboo they fall apart in my mouth. A front tooth gets
long—so long i can't even bite down.

i wonder what i could have eaten to
cause so much damage...i figure
it must have been swallowing what you said
back at the supermarket....

anyway, i make it to the club—it costs five dollars and
i don't have enough to go in so
i stand outside the door—i twirl hard, movin' it doin' it,
bad teeth and all.