

Robin di Perna

A Sestina Party To Celebrate Our Love

Let's throw a parti-colored, honkytonk party.
We'll have those zany zydeco musicians in to play.
You'll know me because I will be playing Shiva and wear
his exploding headband, the one with the gelignite snakes
that'll swivel in time with the accordion music,
and we'll end the evening with your rendition of the Kaddish
Kabuki.

You know, the one where you intone Yiddish and put Japanese
Kabuki
white paste on your face and paint on smiling large red lips that
snake
around your mouth in a smirking conga line to the vibrating music.
That gold kimono with the thick black Hebrew letters you can wear
to top it off— make it look like we're putting on a Jewish Noh play,
something they can really call a strange party.

You know I usually don't like to party.
I never know what fingering food to serve or what clothes to wear.
And we usually have a fight and hiss like infuriated snakes
rasping 'round one another. No, that's no Noh play
I'd like to go to. Me, I'd like to sing some other music,
like the kind you hear while you're watching Kabuki.

But this, this will be a different party,
 because we have something to celebrate, aside from your yenta
 Kabuki
 creation, that is. I wish we could turn up that hot gumbo music
 blasting out sounds from I don't know where.
 Those New Orleans musicians really know how to play.
 Later, we'll reward them with your canapes of Taiwanese fried
 snakes.

It'll make them more virile, then they'll really play.
 We don't have to worry about virility, my gentle Kabuki
 doll. When we make love it's like psychedelic music—
 where the pyramid meets the eye. That's what this hoe-down's for,
 we're
 in love, aren't we. Everyone who arrives that's in love gets a party
 favor: those lovely plasticine pink feathered boa snakes

that we've been keeping in the closet along with your Kabuki
 gown. They can drape them on their necks, or better yet, they can
 wear
 those dreadful dreadlock wigs we wore to Suzanne's party
 when we were going through our Rasta phase and played Reggae
 music,
 heating water in hookahs, watching smoke wound like blue snakes
 coming out of our numb mouths; and for you I made that fateful
 play.

Now, that was some kind of party; your voice drifted like music
 into my once cold heart of snakes; I just had to make that play
 to win your love, enshrine your Kabuki eye filled with semite-love
 ware.