

SHARON BECKER

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# HOLLYWOOD bed

There is a space,  
a sliced wedge of time —  
thin, green and — a risky word —  
revolutionary, when I swing  
to the edge of my bed.  
A place where nothing  
is better than The Blasters,  
nothing better than draped  
50's suits and hair  
brushed back from wide foreheads.

A suspended moment that shrinks  
from the first, across the ocean  
origins and settles into dust  
that covers, secretly pleases  
carefully shined black shoes.  
Now there is something brown  
about this place —  
bare feet on carpet,  
my head still new and growing  
back into it's old, unslept form.

Simple as a gift of a new dress,  
the shape of a man's brocade  
vest — teasing because it's hidden  
under a carefully buttoned jacket.  
The underneathness of it all —  
a society that moves somewhat without  
the knowledge that there are things

going on elsewhere.

The blue collar birth  
from the belly of Elvis,  
the solidity of silver skeleton  
rings and rings that boast  
a single, round black onyx.  
What am I waiting for?  
I stand up and actually put on  
The Blasters and get to the work  
of readying myself. As daughters,  
sisters I wish we could grip wrists  
and spin in a slow circle  
and then widen the circle out

so the middle could include  
the backrooms of jazz record  
stores, and 45's released in 1956.  
Cigarettes that look delicate and acceptable  
in thin, slightly yellowed holders  
and shot glasses etched  
with crude, bulky dice and the name  
of a funny sounding state like Oklahoma.

It's a feasible thing, I think,  
an inevitable thing like clipping  
my fingernails down to boyish  
rounds or the straight hang  
of my hair. This section of time,  
my first pull into morning,  
sighs like finely woven material  
caught between the crux of crossed  
legs (the album is almost over)  
and it smells simple as hair pomade.