

# At The Party

Cliff Eisner

everyone wore red even the dog  
 men and women made their eyes  
 exquisite with smoke  
 the hostess looked depressed  
 in her boxers  
 I first saw you near the beer  
 and cupcakes  
 you pretended you hadn't noticed  
 my glass shoes  
 then you moved into the living room  
 dodging the lunge of the dwarf  
 who wore red gloves and fed the piano  
 small mirrors shaped like fish  
 constantly dazzled me  
 when I noticed your red heart-shaped  
 sunglasses  
 and I knew you to be the same person  
 wearing a red flag  
 in a repeating dream  
 flagging down rides anywhere out of here  
 I couldn't resist your thumbs  
 now you stand against the aquarium  
 engaged in the metaphysics of oil  
 with a tall blond with great thighs  
 I have another beer and count the fish  
 blinking in the air  
 and I realize the impossibility of enough  
 and I see Frank O'Hara eating red paint  
 on Fire Island  
 in the smoke night seems simple  
 like your dress folds  
 over the knee of a couch  
 with the silent music of freedom  
 as you smile at me and spill your drink  
 I leave the glass shoes at the door  
 and walk barefoot  
 arm in arm with the moon home