

Sequined Carnivore

Heather Rhodes

-Of two evils, choose the prettier..

Carolyn Wells

My stomach is growling.
 It gets a splash of eau de parfum
 to soothe the ravenous rumble.
 This silence lets gartered silk slink up
 in filmy jet,
 where my nouveau manicure in frost lingers
 impatient,
 surgeon-steady above the petaled mouth.
 Undulate in satin,
 straddled the vanity seat to wield that magic wand
 that coats and coats in ebony smolder.
 Creamy, inhaled, sniff a laugh,
 golden spikes clicking on the marble squares,
 marking my grand opening.
 Pink splattering bubbly popped
 to launch a steaming vessel
 armed
 with weapons that spook asexual feminists.
 Laughter graduates from a blip
 to a belly-flattening roar
 as my spangled boa chokes
 all the worn out, Perma-Press, bon-bon poppers.
 Catch my wind-swept stride
 in a trail of fragrant moondust floating.
 My blood-swollen breasts move hypnotically with each step.
 Sizzling in glamorous swish, satin singing,
 the heavy pendulums taking countless prisoners.
 Blot my shimmering lips and blot them all out.
 Giggle to the tempo as I tango
 buoyant, on the world's luscious crust.
 What about the casualties? Between laughs,
 I catch a quick breath to say:
 Beware the formal,
 primp
 and
 gloss.