

## Betty

Audrey Butera

Sings blowing smoke in my face, stinking up all my clothes. "You're not Betty Page. I want Betty Page." But even She wasn't She. They put her head on another woman's naked luscious body. She spent her entire life savings trying to buy the pictures, because she never realized her contract would allow them to do that. And she wasn't that type of girl. She was just naive. She died old and sad and broke. Betty Queen in head to toe black patent leather and spiked heels, short blunt bangs with long black hair Betty, what kind of girl are you? Pretty rattle heads, pretty baby Betty's, betties.

## his brothers

Audrey Butera

"We're going to look for some pie. And I hope there's a fucking Marie Callender's.' hair pie, moon pie, how could you? "Everybody loves a wiener." stick you're a wiener on a stick. don't get me. wiener, it depends what you are attached to. "Three swimming in white, soft, creamy sheets." i don't like my wiener and my cream together. do you like them hard or soft melting purple? i liked them young and sweet and barefoot. i nurse them and hurt them. i liked to teach them like children, my babies.