

Sequined Carnivore

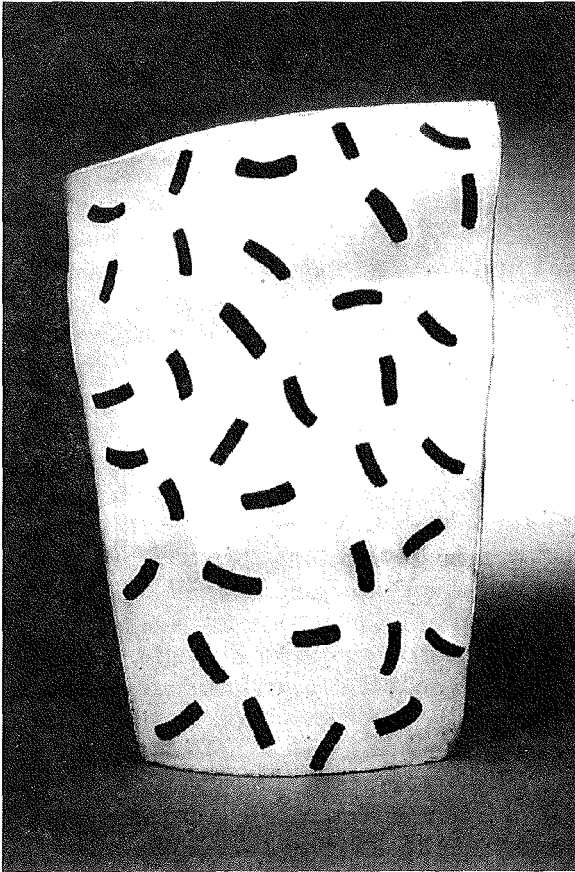
-Of two evils, choose the prettier.

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,
straddle the vanity seat to wield that magic wand
that coats and coats in ebony smolder.
Creamy, inhaled, sniff of 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,

Heather Rhodes

I catch a quick breath to say:
beware the formal
primp
and
gloss.



Dancing With Death
Ceramic Sculpture
By Barbara Freeman