

Gone, that so-hot babe

She's gone, good lookin'
That chorus girl in those swim pictures,
all flutter, flutter, kick, kick, breast and
stroke. Teeth chlorine slick.
The Aqua Follies, The Wham Girl. Gone.

Oh, but she would've liked a sweet
little thing like you, boy.
She'd make it some Stage Door Canteen thing, probably,
(do you dance?)
dare you take a hothouse lily
with your teeth.
And maybe find, after all, no Hershey bars
in that pocket
of yours.
"Funny boy!" she'd say, mouth petal stretched.
Funny boy want to play?
Boy, this is no time for games. She's gone.

Well then, see this: her again
Now bare bulbs, all on her, a man taking pictures.
She all in light, the camera all dark,
and posing. The neck gone off
at full tilt. An arm pulled tight,
a string bow, snap! He got that one.
Teeth flash like tossed bone.
Hair glows like sheets,
puffed and gathered 'round your ankles.
Is this what you're looking for, little boy,
the light of pears, the warm of oranges,
the skin like apple fresh shaved into a spoon?

Even that picture refuses to last.
Gone, the picture perfect girl, gone.
Gone, glitter girl, gone glamour gams,
gone, that so-hot babe, gone
daddy, gone.

— Jennie VerSteeg