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SUSAN EATS DINNER ALONE

Shannon M. Smith

The air is ripe tonight, and the kitchen table is unclean.
The tabby cat crunches his lonely cat-food in the corner,
and the ordered-in Peking Duck is quiet, though polite.

Sadie, that woozy, woeful bitch, snuffs her muzzle
into her two front paws and sleeps, while General
Electric commands: *Wake Up, Little Susie, Wake Up.*

Susie's slipped her darling Mickey a you-know-what,
and where he's gone, nobody knows. She robes herself
in her glory and blows with the wind onto the front
porch.

She shrieks: *O lead on, neon planets, electric stars!*
The pine trees drop their cones quickly in the wild air.
They are silent; they have known this secret all along.