

MADONNA WHO ATTRACTS STRANGENESS THRU THE MAIL

lives alone with
a ferret who she
feeds mashed
potatoes writes
in just opals
and carnelians
sometimes a polka
dot bikini she
uses its elastic
for a slingshot
gets her man
smelling of
Florentine
split leather

FOG MADONNA

she covers you
as you lose
yrsel in her

DANDRUFF MADONNA

a real flake

MADONNA WHO THINKS OF HERSELF

takes the liberty
to send herself the
two dozen roses you
promised her Sends
you the bill

MADONNA DRAWN TO DIFFICULT MEN

believes nobody
ever gives
what you
want except
by mistake

MADONNA WHO FIXES NEON LIGHTS

knows what
to bend puts
fire back
into dead
tubes

-- Lyn Lifshin

Niskayuna NY

WHAT YOU WANT? BABY, I GOT IT!

Hey, you need a Mexican Momma?

I can do that;
a few ceramic roosters,
plastic covered couches,
dainty doilies,
and a sign over the toilet:
"Pray Your Rosary"
in silver glitter.
Hell, I can do that.

Tell ya what I'm gonna do,
you want a daughter?
A sweet mannequin?
You can mold her, scold her,
upend her.

The laughs never end.
Walk this way,
I got your model.

You want maybe a Madonna?
A varicose-veined martyr?
The purity trip is one of my best suits.
It's all in the make-up.
Shit, you're an easy John ain't ya?

Or does your taste run more to romance?
Gotcha covered!

Rich hair piled delicately,
wisps escaping down nape,
a fluffy pink-cameoed blouse.
She can sit under a Japanese elm
and recite Byron.
Candles and wine are extra, Sucker!

Honey, it's all in my back room,
step right up.
I got your little hillbilly on ice.
Hain't no problem.
She's a hill-climbin', suck-egg lass,
tough as whit leather
or tender as breakfast mush.
She'll be comin' round the mountain.
She'll be washin' your collard greens
in her Speed Queen washin' machine,
be hand feedin' you okra
and Royal Crown cola.
Shit, I can get ya that.

You want a proper person?
I got a sale this very minute
on committee women.
Come in four shades.
This girl will organize, legitimize
verify and epitomize your fantasies.
She will substantiate your existence.
Burgundy or navy blue suit included.
Make an appointment,
don't be bothered
if you ain't in the mood.
You got a piece of business?
On the move,
she'll second your motion.
Step right in,
I'll fix it up.

You want a dick sucker alchemist?
A stub fetish, jewish or goy girl?
A Fanny Hill type?
Or frump librarian,
a tooth and nail bag,
a mystery witch hag?

I'm running a special on religious fanatics,
two for the price of one,
a Witness and a 7th Day Church of God.
They got a guilt wrap for you
guaranteed not to unwind.

I got wives a dime a dozen,
whores come slightly higher.
I got go-go girls with angel faces,
and a family type
who can out-Erma Bombeck.
She'll make you pick up after yourself,
and wash your face and hands.
Schoolboy, I got just what you need.

Maybe you want a golden girl?
Blue-eyed, pock-marked,
skinny-lipped, long tongued,
or an avant-garde miss
with straggly hair, no underwear
and spiked steel heels.
A sex kitten, red and raw
to claw your backside.
I got it.

You want teeth?
I got voracious teeth
of all descriptions;
long, short, buck,
false, capped.
I'll overbite your expectations.
Or no teeth at all;
a mouth to gum you,
make you come.

Why buy the whole package?
I got ala carte parts;
loose tits or firm,
in assorted sizes,
long silken tresses
pelves and butts with no dresses.
You don't have to take 'em out to lunch
or meet their mothers.
White limbs, brown,
yellow if you wish.
White hot torsos without bad breath,
and snapping vaginas
with warm furry lips
won't ever let you forget
where you're gonna have to come
to get
what you want.

IT'S THE BEER THAT DOES IT

I have a purple eye
where my glasses rammed my face
I got worked up and angry on beer
attacked my sweetheart
but can only recall his retorts

I fell over the clothes hamper
while I was trying to drag him
back into the bedroom

I'm sore all over
have a swollen face, wrist,
bruised legs

I also fell over the hassock
chasing him out of the livingroom

I'm not gonna drink beer anymore
it makes me mean
I should know better

Wineheads are wineheads

I don't get mean on wine
Don't beat myself up
I just quietly pass out

-- Lynne Walker

Toledo OH

IMAGINARY FRIEND

It is not uncommon, I am told, for a child to have an imaginary friend. A make-believe playmate to wile away the lonely hours of one's childhood. Some psychologists go so far as to maintain that an imaginary playmate is the mark of an intelligent, highly imaginative and creative young mind. All very reassuring, all very nice to know. It's almost commonplace I've heard. My mother had an imaginary friend. Lots of kids do. My case is, however, slightly different. I didn't have just one imaginary friend, but rather a whole bunch of imaginary companions. And they weren't exactly friends, either. They were a nameless, faceless, vociferous, adoring crowd, from whom I gleaned nothing -- save applause. They were, in short, fans. Imaginary fans. I was a three-year-old with imaginary fans. A psychologist could have a field day with that one.