

Dressed to kill in Small Town, Utah

Salute to Kim Addonizio

I'm putting on that little black dress.

Walk down Main Street every hairline wrinkle
showing in my cleavage endless like time.

That little dress sleeveless backless

tight like armor. Oh, how the ruffles flirt
and veil my weathered knees! And yes

every strand of hair shaved to a stump

a showstopper for sure just look at
the green wave from north Main to south

no one no crossing can stop me. Blank greeting cards

sigh and wave from the Hallmark shop window the ones
never sent to me and I don't care.

By the sports goods store prime bicycles

sparkle in a chorus line front wheels turn
to follow my little black march and I'll keep

walking even if

this is my last stretch
under stealthy looks shot

from idle eyes hooded in family vans

eyes my spike heels might just gouge out
eyes starved for steamy sidewalk dreams

modest shorts aching

to drop behind the butcher shop
where I order tongue and tenderloin.

And how that blue-eyed butcher longs to wrap me

in crackling sheets of paper
hairs standing to attention on his beefy forearm.

I might just die and be buried in this little black dress.

And the band will play on

and we will all paddle to this other world
across a sizzling Styx of haute coffee. Black.
No cream. No suga'.