

Ladies slippers bloom: pouchy satin on waxy roots, but
no one now wears dancing shoes.

The ball is over, Cinderella, the stars are blown out.

The prince wears velvet sneakers, a media man, his
glossy image tacked on every tree.

Glass cuts deep in your veins when your life is spent
dancing to the ragged beat of the band.

The matched pearls grow cold on your windpipe; the
cummerbund reticulates and swallows to the rhythm of
the dance.

It's past midnight now, tired lady.

The pink slippers glow in the dark, spent weapons of the
betrayers.

The black velvet night is all you need on your bare
damask skin.