

Méthode Champenoise

1

This is what she does—

potatoes at 6;

Better Homes and Gardens;

at 7, ice cream from the

container. Sometimes, a bowl.

2

Yesterday, she paper-

toweled toothpaste

from the bathroom sink.

Today, hair clippings.

She will wipe hair from her

bathroom's metal drain; she

will paper-towel the toothpaste

from the sink.

She realizes:

3

If but only

burlesque stages lit in yellow and French country, I'd finger myself.

4

If but

burlesque stages lit in yellow, and patrons sat in Queen Anne chairs, and blues standards sang like Fur Elise, I'd light Dunhills from gold-tipped, strip-club matches.

5

If but Chinoiserie covered leather jackets, I'd finger my cunt. I'd be entitled, fingering in Chinoiserie leather; naked, left only in leather—helpless for some man named Hog,

whom I'd title Pink from streets named Avenue.

6

If but dancers ascended oak-stained sideboards, and my pussy a méthode champenoise, I'd be

Miss

Fucking

America.

7

If but only burlesque stages lit in French country, dollars sprayed like lemon Pledge; if dollars poured like Côtes du Rhône, I'd polish the whiskey-dust from my silver. I'd polish the Milwaukee-dust from my boots.

8

And this is what she did—

potatoes at 6;

Better Homes and Gardens;

at 7, ice cream from the

container; a bowl.

She wiped hair from her bathroom's metal drain. She paper-toweled toothpaste from the sink.