

Finishing Touches

DENISE UTT

There's a lady I've heard about
who paints pictures on lampshades
down by Holland tunnel.
Passing through a wing of lamps
to Bird's Eye Tower I spot her,
skinny as a wicker
stooped over a wet horse on silk.
I handed her the photo,
the one of you and me,
the one I've been fanning
myself hot nights with,
our last day after the summer together.

My present, stamped "Fragile",
is being sent, Dead Ex, for if I personally
delivered you wouldn't answer my knock,
you'd be in bed rocking with your new love
of last week padding your pillow
with her stockings.
I wish I could be there
when you see our picture,
shade only, baseless,
and the lighting turns red.
I'd get my charge
and burn out.