

Elegy for a Miniskirt (Fawn, Suede)

Luscious, the appraising hostess murmured
as we made our entrance,
the room thronged with revelers.
Through thick snow we strutted,
you, a golden sheath inarched to my fulsome trunk and
soooo short.

My legs felt endless in black pantyhose
and thigh high boots—
feline etceteras at the end of a
lengthy sentence.
When the host took our long coat,
the party buzz ceased momentarily
and we stood
you and I

radioactive

Superannuated Beelzebub
leered as we sashayed past,
willowy and wild,
his weak resolve—
stiffening.
Our girl coven cooed
appreciatively: yes, yes, and YES.
Where is the funky music this thang needs
to achieve its full expression? I wondered,
running my hands down our tawny flanks.

Now,
in the nethermost region of my closet,
I spy you smoldering dimly,
reminder of a youthful pizzazz
I cannot bear to give away.