

## THE MESS OF MIRABELLA

Pinched, all night, all night, all evening  
The smart one's cigarillos on purpose  
and if we noticed  
then we all noticed at once

When she walks the floor is ravaged  
her cheeks and lips and hips so jellied that  
we fall giddy, the room falls giddy, and cracks

Soon, like the click of a camera  
blinded to all but the grazed thighs  
dragged like a corpse down a highway  
We are hewn from the spit of a rage  
we fresh-cut felt women on stage

Roars, all musk, all thrust, all hammer  
a choked croak bossanova drinks deer juice  
thick sweat waves glisten and part  
grease, bones, buzzard's breath  
high heels, buzzard's breath