the beautiful people

sleep in make-up   wake up late   wait—
   for no one run down streets in stilettos
half-naked   verge of strip   sip tea in the afternoon   curdle swoon
   into laughter   spoon   unfamiliars   spill
   red wine on white sheets

   and call it art

heart everyone who hearts them back   slack
   and get over—
   cover mediocrity with pretty
   wear it like a mask   suck at it
like a titty   ask and they shall receive   we’ve all given in   giddy
   weak
   they speak golden
   we beholden to every shiny syllable spilling raspy
from their nasty mouths   eat fruit fed them by lovers leftover
   from night before   ignore
   phone calls
fuck:
   in hallways—spandex screeching against paint
   light scorching ass   so hot
   in the ass   they hardly notice
quote   bliss from Buddha
   and other enlightened motherfuckers   sucker us
with eyelashes   dimples   simple us
   stupid
   stupefy us
   with one glance—dance dirty against vodka
   bottles   ashtrays   triggers
swagger us   into two month’s rent   glint golden
   from glitter and angel dust   trust only
   the glamorous
   glamour us and bear teeth   thief
our blood under strobelight   moonlight glows a parade
   in their honor
throw   candy
   to the ugly
   below
   know
we want nothing
   more than a taste of their sweet—