

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 unfamiliar 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 on stovetops—pilot
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—