

The World Waits At Her Feet

"Always dressed for a party," she'd say,  
Wearing satin lace shoulders like angel wings

Neck draped in silver, a ward against hairy men.

In a fitted denim sheath dress, she is a mannequin's model.

The silver vine up her arm is a weave-design cuff, worthy of

Penelope during her wait.

Pearls descend her carriage like bullet holes and arrow holes

from jealous lesser women.

Easy-gaited, six-foot-three of pure golden, Tennessee walkin' woman;

sure hoofed in six-inch stiletto heels.

The sway and roll of her hips is measured by sailors as, "Damn."

Her smile: radiant, a down payment for the next adventure.

But expensive.

The world is at her feet- a symphony conductor. Geppetto:

the world waits at her feet.

And approaches fast.

No one ever stays. No one ever stayed to catch her.

Now it's too late to try.

Tenth floor. Ninth floor. Eighth...