Fashion Report

Women are seen about town wearing nothing but butterflies. They braid each other’s hair by carousel pool, while sleek heads emerge like seals and descend again. Women are seen yet twined with flower beds, crumbling crowns. They ride these streaks of flashlight, question mark. They lean over balconies above canopy city, blinking red as answering machines. Many of the women are bullfight, with eyelets that resemble little girls. Many are diaphanous or re-embroidered. One of the most marshmallow (top right) was worn by everyone, including the master kitemaker.
WOMEN IN THE TREES

The ones you say aren’t there. Abattoir

     on fire, crimson waves too long under we

     pucker

Papillon greening. As they preen their machinery—

     Into your mouth the leaves, what’s left is this:
     the serene bodies falling back into place, legs lifting to

     petal the air
RIPE ORANGE

Ripe orange, you ripe orange you, sitting at a table in a bar in Prague, there are naked people on the walls, cartoons of naked people on the walls, and one shows a man running naked in the desert with his ass blown off, bloody, running while above him there is a man in a plane with a shotgun, and you are drunk, you ripe orange you, wearing a black wool see-through shirt with a black lace bra you are complaining about your housemate’s sexual advances and jorge, sexually advancing asks why don’t you try being less sexy you ripe orange, you remind me of a ripe orange, he takes your phone number and programs it into his phone as ripe orange, and when you text message him you say you are ready to be squeezed, your breasts hurt, it is that time of month when your skin is sensitive, you try being less sexy and instead you become tactile, your hands approaching his on the table in Marquis de Sade, a bar that used to be a brothel, your hands advancing sexually, tactile, towards him, you are like the Czech girls, so tactile, and he is like Jorge, he is more than Jorge being a clockwork Jorge, like clockwork and like oranges, ripe, ripening in his mouth.