

No, I said, waving cigar smoke  
out of my face, I'm cynical,  
suspicious, and paranoid.

"Hey," he said, "and you got a  
sense of humor, real comedienne ability,  
the next Carole Lombard."

No, I said, pouring his imported beer  
into a glass, I'm a hateful bitch,  
hating every minute of my  
miserable existence as a go-go girl.

"Wow, a realist. I can just see you now  
in an Ingmar Bergman film.  
Another Liv Ullmann."  
He surveyed my facade with his thumb.

And I walked around the bar, sucking  
in my stomach, sticking out my chest,  
arched my eyebrows in the mirror,  
and when I went to the Ladies Room  
he left, leaving on my tiptray  
one dime and a business card that read:

"Walter B. Somethingorother, Diversified."

No telephone number.

No address.

#### WALLFLOWER

The Playgal Club owner had photos  
of all of us go-go girls  
wallpapering the wall of his office,  
8 x 10 glossies of all of us,  
past and present, bending over  
or turning around showing off  
tits or asses or our faces  
marabou or leopard skin draped  
across our boobs pooching over the top

all of us photographed  
by a guy older than our fathers  
who called himself the Silver Fox  
and still wore a 1954 bowtie and crewcut  
and fancied himself a hot loverman  
a Hugh Hefner harem-keeper  
instead of a dirty old man  
rutting around shirtless



while he snapped our pictures  
in his apartment taking hours  
touching here and there  
wiping his balding brow sweating  
from the hot lights and his libido

and it was rumored that you  
only got photos of yourself for yourself  
if you went to bed with him although  
all the girls denied it, said, What?  
Go to bed with that old fart?  
Yet Bunni, Wendi, Suzie Q and Delilah  
got portfolios, Barbie 50 8 x 10s  
she sold for \$20 each to all  
her boyfriends and sugar daddies  
while all I ever got after coffee  
at Denny's with the Silver Fox  
was one copy for the boss's office  
which he tacked near the trashcan  
and every day during the 2 years  
I worked there I watched my face,  
cleavage, smile and hairdo  
become fly-specked, cigarette ash-dusty,  
beer-, coffee- and spit-stained,  
as the strange wallpaper of myself  
became a ruin in my own lifetime,  
a squalid impertinence  
of inestimable unimportance.

#### DANCING IN THE FRYING PAN

Richard, my agent, was always calling me  
about my go-go gigs from some phone booth  
off some L.A. freeway or highway,  
cars, motorcycles and trucks roaring by  
as he yelled into the receiver at me.  
"Hey baby!" he yelled at me the very last  
time he called me. "I can't book you no more  
at no place! No place wants you back!" (Roar)  
"Joe's Bar & Grill in Pomona says  
you're a shitty dancer! You kicked over  
some Mexican dude's beer!" (Roar)

"He was reaching for my ankle...."

"And the Bullpen says you blow  
your nose all the time!" (Roar)

"I had the flu...."

"And the Blue Bunny says all the guys  
walked out when you came on!" (Roar)