

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

"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)