

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)

"I came on after that 6-foot-tall  
48-inch-boobed Vegas showgirl...."

"And the Amber Inn says all you could dance  
was the bassa nova and the jitterbug!" (Roar)

"All the old guys kept playing Sinatra  
and Glenn Miller on the jukebox...."

"Excuses! Excuses!" he yelled, and while  
some car, motorcycle or truck backfired  
Richard, even though he personally  
thought me okay and cute, he yelled,  
fired me from a job (Roar) I never wanted  
in the first place, a job that  
had caused me to break out in hives

and for the rest of the summer  
I lay in the sun 8 hours a day  
dreaming about my future  
until my tan peeled off  
and leaves on the trees began to fall,  
stupid me never dreaming for one minute  
that working for Richard's freelance dance agency  
would not be  
the worst job I'd ever have.

#### THE FRIENDS YOU LOSE ALONG THE WAY

Patty in 8th grade didn't want to be  
my friend anymore because I didn't  
have breasts and she did. She  
called me a baby and dumb because I  
didn't understand her dirty jokes  
about Jergen's hand lotion.

Jan, when we were 19 and just married,  
said we couldn't be close friends anymore  
because our main loyalties now should be  
to our husbands.

Marlene stopped being friends with me  
when she started having an affair  
and got afraid I'd tell her husband.

Ruthie stopped speaking to me after she  
told me about her new job as a "Foxy  
Lady," an out-call masseuse, and I  
wouldn't come to work for her. She  
said I was stupid for turning down  
such an easy job that paid so much money.