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Cocktails Roostertales

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COCKTAILS ROOSTERTALES

high pitched phony mixed chatter among the clatter of cocktail talk
hunched forward leaning into words of little matter
did you know and did I show you and you really must go
oh this just a little thing I picked up do you like it no not much dough
she of the tight black mini barely balanced on tall tiny heels
while he seals deals only in his dead head
clutching security from the amber brew cold sweating monogrammed tumbler
jumbler jest no rest for the guest must perform in order to get re-invited
can't be slighted little egos brave bravado have another top it off
great party great place great food great service we scoff
and scarf down another cardboard quiche from Sam's hot damn
a flirt in a skirt eyes eyeing connecting in rendezvous on cue
is that why we come to measure up and down the competition in town
too skinny too fat dyed fluffed not prim not proper show stopper
a looker a hooker a buffoon lady's man cheap creep no one's deep
you look so thin says a whisky grin I think I know you from before
what's the game and what's the score nice car what year glance in the mirror
where do you live how much did you give what do you do and who did you sue
unmanly lotion perfume in motion gliding locomotion sliding into my space
it's time to case this joint to fly to vamoose no one here to choose
great job great fun greatest ever come to my place next we'll have a ball
I'll call can never throw one good as you bye bye kiss kiss hug the hug
that's barely there do we care?

— *Patricia L. Karwatowicz*