

Above Me, Bethenny Frankel

Once you remove the triple sec
isn't it just the idea of a margarita?

A greek chorus of blondes:
Half the calories, twice the party!

Once, I gutted the soft of a bagel,
dressed its wound with jam.

Once, I made a meal
of my tongue. Donned a tight dress.

Drank the eyes of men. See?
I too know the art of hollowing out to earn double.

Above me, Bethenny Frankel
holds a beer funnel.

Open your throat!
Why do I know her name?

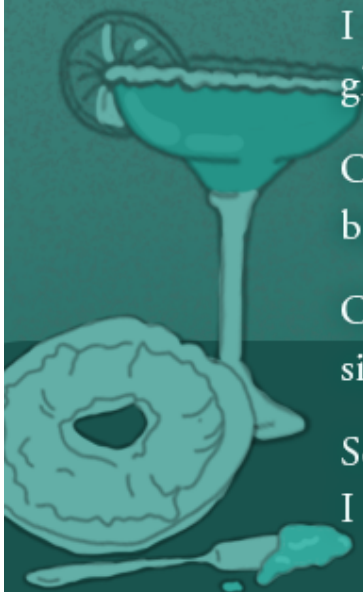
Once you remove the labor
isn't it just the idea of a housewife?

I meet her the way I meet myself:
gluttonous for all the ways I can hate her.

Once, I ate myself sick
because I could afford to.

Once, I had a fistful of popcorn for dinner
simply to prove I could.

See?
I too insist on having it all.



A WIFE IS AN INVENTORY

A husband collects her. She collects
his collections: an artifact of artifacts.

Husbands collect groceries
(surprise). A wife is
a list: 2 percent

milk. Ground beef,
the particular brand he likes
but cannot find. Husbands collect

reminders: "You're looking right
at it. Top shelf. 2 pm."
Men collect pretty

women. A wife is an inventory of beauties
possessed and deprived.

Every woman is a wife.
To whom does she belong?

Behind white gossamer:
A credit card. A man. The economy.

A husband is an institution.
An institution is a husband.

When wed instead to wealth, a wife is
an inventory of wives. The want

they are supposed to want:
an amalgamation of features

bereft of the original face.
You can take the wife out of the house
but never the house out of the wife.

Make a home of her:
in the board room, at the bank,
on the television.



GIRLS' GIRL

"Who is the man in the relationship?"

Simple: The one who possesses

a girl. Somebody somewhere
wants what I have.

That's how I know I'm a part
of the problem. "Rich queer"

is an oxymoron. A ghost
from the future has my face.

I return to myself, find a young me
inkstained and instruct her to dream

of mortgages. Who is the man
in the relationship? Simple: The illusory

safety of acquisition. I acquire
a high-yield savings account,

the right shade of foundation, a marriage
certificate and America is unafraid

of me. No matter what belongs
to a me, it knows

who I belong to.

