

Augury

That girl in the stilettos and tight dress
is my girl, parading back and forth
before my closet

in the precarious shoes she bought for the prom.
She thinks she has to practice being sexy. She can't
imagine the future

I can see so clearly: over the calm sea
of the mirror, a thousand warriors set out,
ready to kill

or die for the sake of her beauty.
I can see how the tiny sails will disappear
into the distance,

looking like they're going under, swallowed
by some jealous god or other. She stares intently
at the mirror

but still she can't see their ships foundering,
their hearts being dashed on the rocks. Now
she smooths glittery

shadow over her eyelids, dark lipstick
on her mouth. When she blows a kiss
a wind drags

the waves up to a great height, before
they topple over and crush any man
who's still alive.