

Mini Opera

We were still stranded
on the stilts of winter.
I had a job and my heart
wasn't in it. I panted on
my bike there in the icy
darkness. I had a light
that made a tunnel for my
work. There was a wig I
wanted. I thought it would
make me feel better. I looked
at it in its yellow store, through
the window. Once I went in
and let a tiny woman help me.
She was covered with moles
and had a torrent of hair
that didn't appear to be wig.
"A transvestite in South Berwick
is *very* interested in this one,"
she said. It was red. A head-
dress. Putting it on was
capping myself with fire.
A swarthy back blanket,
a molten hiding. A wig. She
lifted it from its dusty box,
pasted my hair back and let
it sink. I couldn't even look
at myself and I looked and looked
at her. We went through time
like living in a rope, cut off
in the furry dark. A chemical
singing. A plastic ending,
a plastic being born.