

Home

The bathroom is covered
with naked ladies. Black and white,
they lie on the walls and toilet.
They're from faraway Rome,
and their faces need to cry.

In the pantry under the stairs,
is the wood box with velvet insides.
The real silver stays here.
I dance with my friend,
the shiniest knife.

In the den, feel
the cool black slate
on your feet. Turn on
the TV, and "Bewitched" is playing.
Samantha can do anything.

Come to the orange sofa
room. See the blue china lady
over the fireplace? She can't talk.
I hold her mouth to my ear and listen.

I'm waiting for the china lady
to learn words—
Where are the people?
Who is watching you?
Her voice will sound sad.
Don't be sad, I'll say.

See that lipstick moving
in the air? It's going
on my mother's face.
Here those heels
clicking down the hall?
They're going to a fancy party.

Fancy means good.
Fancy means better
than what's at home.