

the HARLEQUIN

R. Nemo Hill

Ten Teflon Ladies

At dawn he likes to sit and watch the tired prostitutes walking home.

— Anaïs Nin

1

She puts nylons on her pylons,
then cement pumps.
For those bitter humps
she packs sugar lumps.

2

Time was they used to line up, put their dime up
and feed her like a parking meter.

3

Myrrh and cowslip?
Frankincense and cool whip?

Inspect her
nectar.

Toilette on a battleship – .

4

She don't suffer no fools
with drooling jewels.

5

It's not the buck per fuck,
the clam per sham,
the bean
for bacon shaken –

not the plug
the fin
the sinker
that keeps the stinker
scratching.

It's where she's not been
that gets under her skin—
and is catching.

6

A giant hummingbird
once kissed her
like a sister.

7

It's the Brazilian mole relaxing
she finds most taxing.

8

Her asbestos in third quarter.
Her mylar in the seventh house.
The rhinestone aces someone bought her – ?
The difference between lice and louse
was all they taught her.

9.

She would make a corpse the proper wife.
She could bring a dead-end back to life.

10.

What sticks to the pan,
we can share –
like these bits of fried egg
in her hair.

Thank you for reading! Find more at www.theharlequin.org.