The Peppermint Lounge

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The Peppermint Lounge

She has a velvet
mona lisa
smile when she sees him
invade the doorway,
all champagne and music,
lost in a blue
sharkskin suit.

She rises to meet him,
looking as innocent
as a criminal
and so full of dirty
promise,

She lights a cigarette
with trembling hands as
he approaches through
the crowd of
crooked stocking seams
and four inch heels,

He tosses up a glass eye,
catches it
in his mouth,
and smiles.

She hates
the way
it stares at her
through his
cracked and crooked
teeth.

-Tara Wendel

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