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New Orleans & The Silky Black Seams of My Stockings

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New Orleans and the Silky Black Seams of my Stockings

O to step your toes while under steamy prisms
In Billie Holiday nightclub with slow massage,
And confetti, the drowsy ceiling dribble,
Skidding into costume crinkles.

My perfume bead-neck is golden grey shadow
Strangled by your juicy gaze;
We float: vanilla ice-cream in thick-syrup rootbeer,
Laughter, the carbonation, bubbling.

Whisper harmonic to make me shuffle outdoors,
With the soft squirm of summer fluttering my dress
Like butterflies to the fields;
Slow-dancing fog and moon drool fantastic
Lick sensual the rusty city scene.

Kate Reynolds