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Cleo

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Cleo

Black and Blue plaid
your back wears your soul today—
a fresh bruise with no purple yet.
There ain't no passion here today.
Cleo, your pink face screams
temporary Aunt Jemima
with no black fat.
No use for hysterics anymore.
You is done
 and spent.
When the doctor calls
you'll cry and cry
but you don't.
He tells you he loves you
and God does too.
So you walk on down
the streetlit world
into the citypark heaven of marriage,
and live it up on Saturday nights
with babysitter promises
and red-vinyl chaired Italian restaurants.
Art ain't never gonna be your friend.
Oil paint looks best on black velvet,
and friends look best now,
as names on dime store party invitations.

Kim Kiefer