

ISIS IN STARBUCKS

Michael Fantina

And how might Isis look if she came back:
On platform shoes, hand high, with painted toes,
Coral thumb rings, a steel hoop through her nose,
And seven tattooed Sirens edged in black?
Might some mere mortal lover kiss, or whack
Her thigh, where sprouts one crimson tattooed rose,
Seen, plain enough, through sheerest, clinging hose?
What gifts for Pharaoh in her Raiders pack?

I thought the gods long dead, but now I see
That I was wrong. You are, indeed, divine.
I watch you fidget, so petulantly,
Your long and purple braid, just one of nine.
Near you, I stutter, make a cool remark,
“You take your coffee light? I take mine dark.”

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