

THE BALL

Michael Fantina

You stroll, red lipped, pouting, and tight-gowned,
Like some empress, the center of the crowd—
You walk, men smile, but back away half cowed—
Your mile-high heels with matte black straps are bound
About your calves in spirals round and round.
So like a spire, queenly tall and proud,
You move through men as through a field new plowed,
Your lovers spent and sprawled upon the ground.

If in ten thousand years from now you call
Your long dead lovers in a phantom host,
Then, once again, you'd recreate this ball
And prance around before each leering stare.
But most of all you'd seek out my pale ghost,
Your lips to mine, we'd kiss the empty air.

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