Beauty Bar NYC

Burlesque glitter feathers and booze

hefty girls in tight sequinned clingers

bursting beauties

their laughter exploding

like balloons of liquid filth

hitting the ground

before they strip

with showtime pizazz

ending their gyrations

their sultry thrusts

with weary G-strings and workhorse pasties

at the climactic detonation

of ejaculating gold

mylar confetti

that sticks

to sweatwet breasts

settles

on punters' hair

and froths of beer

Back in my room

I lay on my bed

retched and heaved

till I hacked it up

; a three-quarter by two-inch

paper-thin strip

of metallized PVC chaff

that I keep to this day in my wallet

between an atrophied IOU

from a dead friend

and a raggedy old photobooth photo

of a man

who I think

was once me