

## PHILLIP HAMMIAL

### *Les Grandes Cocottes*

You one dumb stud you think you  
congress with a nymph, yesterday's  
faded beauty now  
it's all about all-about-me-occultists their eye  
on the main game: prophets too thick  
on the ground – those swoons putting paid  
to the swan deal.

Somewhere  
a clean word? My first kiss her  
name was Jane she was clothed in imperishables  
that perished that sealed my brass-bold decision  
to get back on the road those salsa moves those ten  
left turns those belly to belly bound lashings  
that kept us grounded.

On high  
in able bodies they glide, too high for me I'll  
just sit here & pop some skin; I'll sing them  
outsourced, all of my books  
on the wrong shelf. Though you said it sincerely was it  
just a justification for those she-devils drumming that long-  
awaited message – that I'd finally have that night  
in Lorikeet, Louisiana with Miss Aloise  
Bradley-Smith? Yes, I did try but Creole  
I could not sing, the sleaze component  
in a connubial swamp my undoing. Please,  
spare us the details; if you must vamp, vamp  
on the patchy bits while we count stock yields  
for those shut-ins who feign emporia on this otherwise  
perfect morning. What they deserve: manipulated  
into a holding pattern while we wipe them clean  
vis-à-vis the love child sequel, Fritz ranting  
his fear sick, Fanny feeling her way to some abominable  
escalation.

Bullion for a lift! No more oral sex  
with gagged mums! No more  
third row masturbators! No more clutter  
in the Naked Realm. And you, as predicted  
you couldn't make that swan deal, prophets  
too thick on the ground.