

TONY D'SOUZA

Appointment with Beauty

Just when you've given up on her,
a half hour or hour, say, of grocery shopping
in the discount supermarket notorious
as the place the rich don't go,

and confront again the great raft of what this thing
is we are; riddled on its broad face with pale
moles and black moles and liver spots and wine-
stains; and chin hairs and nose hairs and ear hairs

and hairy legs; and the cracked teeth and curdled
bellies and webbed veins and limping gaits
and shriveled limbs and absent chins and turkey
necks and chicken legs; and wattles and fat, there she is:

hurrying across the lot, keys in hand,
to her big, yellow truck and the next appointment.