

LADY OF THE HOUSE

O lady of the house,
quench the burning toast
with canned orange juice
and serve a TV dinner.
The power in your loins
makes you know what
you are afraid to know.
In Persia fat concubines
wait, bathing themselves
in rose water, feeding on
fruit and wine and the
dark meat of pheasants
while juice runs over their
fingers. Their lord will come,
come into their lives, come
into their flesh, come. Who
comes for you? See the man
on the horse racing beside
your station wagon on your way
to the health spa. Keep trim.
The toast is burning,
the house is churning,
and gin flows down the valleys
drenched in stereo sound,
while a drunken unicorn
stumbles across arid ground.

—Peter Hoheisel