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