

Wine Party

there was a woman
who I had met
during my brief
tenure in art school

and she slept
with the majority
of boys at school
because it made her
feel artistic

and she was indeed
beautiful
and she was indeed
sexy

but I couldn't stomach her
even when she'd
run her toes
along my privates
underneath the desk.

She never did more than
that with me
because writing to her
wasn't a true art

because I didn't
look the part

and now,
years later

she is still
throwing herself
at men
to fill her own
artistic gap

for as long as I've known her
I've never seen one piece of

art from her

she plays the part well
and if you didn't know any better
you'd assume
she was the artist of the century

but the truth was
she was just a beautiful whore

and she'd take
nude photographs of herself,
candid shots of her plum

and she'd hold
wine tasting parties
because it made her
feel dignified and mature

and one night
my telephone rang,
it was her
inviting me to one
of her parties

"You must dress nice." she told me

"What kind of wine are you serving?" I asked

"Yellowtail."

"I don't think I'll be able to make it." I said

"Why not?"

"Because I don't drink shit wine."

I hung
up.