

# OLD CITY GLAMOUR

Imprints glazed over yellowed glass,  
small hole shows distance  
air trapped between marquee and my body  
small bottle still chilled from the reception hall  
a banquet of small teeth and chatter  
no hall to remember our names.

carpets of cream and burgundy squares  
spread wall to wall,  
my train drags over the patterns  
collecting tread and dust,  
homage to those I conjure up as history swells  
and my eyes beckon the marquee.

short haired girls in powder rooms  
gift soft glance to passing sisters, careful of toes and arm abrasions.  
I am only careful of the floor,  
to mind the pools  
swelling around years' old ware,  
lock barely fastening to conceal the distance.  
mine and other skirts.

I make haste for my partner, pull his great beige arm  
up several floors and once again to the window.  
where the marquee stares lively, stains the glass with reflection  
asking me to touch it, smell its weight in thinner air, touch it.

unlocked, I walk my hands over the window.  
pushed open, my arm swings wide into the thinness.  
the taunting air menacing, and I unable to wipe intent from my smile.  
cheap show, as I am pulled from gaining a closer look, but at least a taste given  
what giant did hoister up such light? letters voluptuous and scarlet  
proudly declaring its size to the city.  
giving light to the passerby who feels his own size against her curves.

Lovely Titan, rescued by your glow  
I am summoned over and over to greet you,  
send tribute of bodies upon bodies, nakedness beyond ballrooms  
and tiny slots of sealed doors. bricked up walkways leading  
to nowhere and everywhere, fragments of what you've seen in mind.

I lay against the wall, let them draw my figure against the brick --  
here is another for you to collect --  
dead dreams and folly to your pretentious grandeur  
you've always drawn a crowd, yet you keep secrets.

secrets tucked behind the walls, under the skirts and coatroom pockets  
dapper gents and lascivious ladies whose intent grows warmer than your glow.  
I tend to continue, erase my body from this wall, but keep this moment,  
stamp it into your deck,  
where I may only hope  
to flop down beside your starlets  
and rogues.

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