

a garage jam for vegas vickie

arielle c. urchin

your electric beat,
the hiss of white heat
keeps you kicking for the glitter gulch gals

(oompah, oompah)

the queen-size feats
of our hist'ry are neat
but i'm terrified of boots on the ground (oh

well, oh well)

the kick drum stricken
by a lily-liver'd wiccan
whose every little trick and
treat causes a clash —
she's been twice-bitten
by the hindrance written
on her forehead: "lit in
bright sizzle and flash"

vegas vickie,
you were my start —
vegas vickie,
the meadows' artistry

the shine won't age
in a city of rage

and violence when your mistress comes to call

(cold hands around her neck)

so i won't be ashamed
to invoke your name
when the flooding comes to bury us all (i

fear the sound of our shipwreck)

a neon martyr
for the desert daughters
swallowed up by artifice
and drifters so brash
her guidelines falter
when the rising water
has us ask, "i thought her
smile was lost in the crash?"

vegas vickie,
you have my heart —
vegas vickie,
i fall apart

and put myself back together
with a hard-mined womynhood i
carry with me to my
plein-air grave
where vultures feast on my
organza entrails
and through the agony,
i thank you for the glow you gave.