

Cherry Monroe

"Skyline Drive"

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She shimmers like the surface of a swimming pool
Staring out of blue horizon eyes She's flippin' through
the pages of the interview She winces at the passing of
a careless thought Like a closed blonde door Her
fingernails are diamond white Of butchered bodies in
the morgue And then she shakes her hair across her
eyes A pastel sunset colored the sky, the city below
them The crime wasn't low self-esteem this time,
they joked As they loaded in the back door for a couple
of stiff's Up on skyline drive He points down to the place
that he lives from Up on skyline drive Marble furniture
the color of toothpaste She sits beside the pool out in
the sun And menstruates in a silver cup Teabag floats
as if an astronaut in space Sentry system picking up a
bearded man Up in the helicopter cameras roll as he's
shot to death He's muttering under his breath

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