

and break your lip.
Lucy waits a minute before her turn. She is thin
when she begins:

*The waitress with the big fat hips
who pays the rent with taxi tips . . .
says nobody in town will kiss her on the lips
because . . .
because she looks like Christopher Columbus!
Yes, no, maybe so. Yes, no, maybe so.*

She misses on maybe so. I take a little while
turn, take a breath, and dive in:

*Some are skinny like chicken lips.
Some are baggy like soggy Band-Aids
after you get out of the bathtub.
I don't care what kind I get.
Just as long as I get hips.*

Everybody getting into it now except Nen
humming not a girl not a . . .