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Duchesse Satin
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Cybele Knowles

DUCHESS SATIN

Princess, you lived on Princess St. It was after the war, it was before double-knit came and smashed up the late years of the century. Satin is back in, which makes me think of you, and your small shoe, Armagnac, and the office girls passing in ones and twos under your window. We drank, and drank in relationships between the A-line and pedestrian sorts of drudgery. Late in the day you'd rise and cry, "Do I have time to go buy jewels?" Corsetry is back, and lotions by Carita. I move down an avenue in the evening and the decades spill from restaurant doorways. I can get a thousand business cards at the discount printer. That old Irishman arrives at the bar every Friday night with a rose for me, a red rose wrapped in plastic. Princess, we should be old together. Stately, digging our nails into the frames of little dogs.