

Damaged Goods

by Johnsienoel

Mary Martha munched daintily
on Salad Francois, minute morsels
pulled by porcelain veneers carefully
maintained her Lancôme lacquered lips.

A speck of pepper, freshly minted
from the mill, breeched her custom façade,
lodged between canine, bicuspid,
and glinted like an onyx among a sea of pearls.

As tidbits of turf moored up
in her empty bowel, Mary Martha filled volumes
of void with edible *friends* - imagined.
Meanwhile, breadsticks sat idly by, unleavening themselves.

Perrier perspired in disuse, clinging valiantly
to a spot on the cloth; while Pinot Noir by the bottle
took first place in the race between hand and table.
It too, was pulled lipless from the rim.

Hazel eyes brandished wanton stares
around the room, hidden by strands - highlighted
two weeks well past their due. Mary Martha
feigned a smile to those she knew — insignificantly.

Guileless resolve lowered her fork.
Her Seven jeans, after all, were a two!
However, the teetering twins
were competing for larger real estate.

A patented platform pump perched precariously
on a perfectly pedicured foot, ticked impatiently

to rhythmic fingers drummed.

"Excuse Me" took her cue - presented the check for one.

One Louis Vuitton unfurled, flashing
a titanium Centurion. It would buy her anything,
credit as cash was Mary Martha's vice,
how else could she justify her worth?

As she slunk to her topless Mercedes
sparkling curbside, wax job hand rubbed
in Hamburg, testosterone heads turned
wishing similar treatment.

But little did they know of
what she'd heard him say that day,
"Mary Martha! After twenty years together —
I am trading you in for youth."

