

Joy Russell / FRAN

Every Friday night her cigarette stained teeth howl out
Italian operas
She laughs
the air filtering through the wide gaps in her teeth
as she holds a cat against her limp breasts
breasts held so high and pointed
\$1.49 day perfect pyramids
Sometimes she bangs against her door grunting full of pleasure
a heaving man smothering her pyramids
making them soft and round with his mind
Fran
yellow Camaro
glitter slippers crinkling against the floor
does her eyes blue and makes thick black cat's eyes at each corner of
beady wisdom
Fran
it'll cost you this and it'll cost you that
goes to Hawaii with men who hate the sun and think it's the only place
to drink a
Chi Chi
but love her
pyramids

And when Fran comes home from her secret job
cleans her eyes the dark circles under them are clearer
purer
than any blue she has used
When she sings and cries a drunk song
unrehearsed into her mirror
She's still
a woman.