The International Luncheon

Sheryl Noethe
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People keep asking if I feel okay
My skin is off
color like I’ve
got no sunshine
or I’m hiding
or both.

Helicopters descend like butterflies
on the estate and the ladies step out
in gauze and chiffon and diamonds from
south africa and even in this heat
the furs are on extinct lists.
400 quail are waiting for liz taylor
(The Times mentions her prince of wales diamonds in a hot
gasp) and donald trump who could rent New York City to the
t.v. stations for a dollar a year if the mayor would let him
from his perch atop the welfare hotels and they’re burning.
He raises an open fist at trump and they hiss, “More for
us.” A ton of salmon is waiting in front of a line of
servants dressed in formal attire in the heat.
The politician’s wives dance with the dress designers
and the owner of an empire grasps mick jagger’s wife and
grins like an old bad dog.

I take the train to the south bronx
schools where there aren’t enough books to go around in the
cracking classrooms with never less than 35 children whose
education is to funnel them into a factory that burned down
in the 60’s when the fire from here made people look this
way, say “Shame”, then go back to the game, never looking
beyond Yankee Stadium at the grey smoke rising like
tornadoes from the emptied high rises and I say this is not
an accident I say this requires helicopter luncheons where
henry kissinger flies in from Berlin to sit next to some
dried out old dame that owns about everything. This is a
careful business of old and evil dogs.

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