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## My Fine China

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# MY FINE CHINA

Alecia Weis

Please come in.  
 I've lit the incense  
 and bathed my legs.  
 I've set out the fine china,  
 and bought liquor and laxatives from the lady at the market.  
 I've worn my best skirt.

I call it my "please love me" skirt  
 and I think you will love me if you just come in.  
 The lady at the market  
 fooled me into this scent, this scent of incense.  
 I would never have trusted her with my fine china,  
 but she had wonderful legs.

They were boney, lanky, fine legs.  
 She would look much better in this skirt.  
 I nudged at the glass china made in China  
 and wondered who could ever come in.  
 I think you'd love the smell of these incense.  
 I pour the liquor into the china, the liquor from the market.

And the laxatives from the lady at the market,  
 I'd bought only a few, just to thin out my legs.  
 They tasted sweet and went well with my liquor, and incense,  
 I can feel the cotton suffocating my hips, this skirt  
 should be fitting better, looser. What's wrong with the laxatives? Come in,  
 please, I'm ready. I've put out another set of china.

"Incense made in China."  
 I wonder how long it took them to get to the market,  
 waiting for someone to open them up and let them in.  
 I want to open my legs,  
 but the squeeze from my tightly sewn skirt  
 denies me. Please come smell the incense.

They reek of desperation, the incense.  
Or maybe of patience, since they did come from China.  
I want to get out of my “please love me” skirt,  
but I’ve been waiting here for you since I got back from the market  
and I think you’ll really enjoy what’s left of the liquor and my legs  
if you would just please, please come in.

I knew you wouldn’t like my skirt, or the scent of the incense.  
I just thought you could come in and marvel at my china.  
Forget the lady at the market or the fool hiding in these legs.