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The International Luncheon

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The International Luncheon

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.

Sheryl Noethe