

Landon Godfrey

**SECOND-SKIN RHINESTONE-SPANGLED NUDE SOUFFLÉ
CHIFFON GOWN**

Tonight I will be sewn into it.

Tonight Kenneth will sweep my white-blond bouffant into a side flip.

Tonight I will clutch at my milky mink wrap like a baby kangaroo
climbing pouch-ward.

Tonight I will flirt. But I will not make jokes like *Now Napoleon knows
what Bonaparte really means* or pun *taupe & topos* or try to rhyme them
with *top hat* because I believe no one can.

Tonight a million flash bulbs will Morse Code my one human wish.

Tonight this gown will draw fingertips towards my body like a starving
galaxy devouring dark matter. The fingers of the men. The men.

Tonight I will whisper, *Je ne comprends rien*, *Sugar Pie*, and my left-cheek
mole will answer, *We're almost there*