

THE
SPOON
RIVER

Poetry Review

VOLUME XXII NUMBER 1



Including a Special Section

"A Long Way Into This Light:"
Poems by Lesbians, Bisexuals, and Gays

WINTER/SPRING 1997

Daniel S. Mosher

I Like Ike
 (A song for Formica Palmfrond)

Stage Direction: The Chevy Bel Air RhythmSection plays hearty jungle beats. A curtain of fat green tropical leaves parts, revealing Miss Palmfrond. She wears a black orchid martini bikini and a pifta colada bouffant wig. Her necklace and bracelet and rings are made up of rainforest pussycat emeralds.

[She sings.]
 I'm a motorcycle mama in a dugout canoe;
 your Watusi jungle drum prom date.
 Fix me a daiquiri, would you, darling?
 Mmmmm. Heaven.

Stage Direction: She moves forward, her walk is a stiletto-heeled butterfly sundrop. The beats from the rhythm section get continually louder, waking babies and the elderly. Formica raises her voice to a scream in order to be heard above the drums.

I got your piranha punch lava lamp
 party invitation. I'd love to attend.
 Sounds a little dicey. May I bring a friend?
 Aren't you a love. . .

I love the tiki torch room service
 at the Flamingo Hilton. Especially
 if I have a . . . an escort. Champagne?
 I'd adore some.

Remember that drink Pally served at his
 last cocktail party? A Bowling Trophy
 Tribal Twister. Weren't we beautiful?
 Too-oo-oo much.

Tom Jones throws his Panties at me.

BLACKOUT.