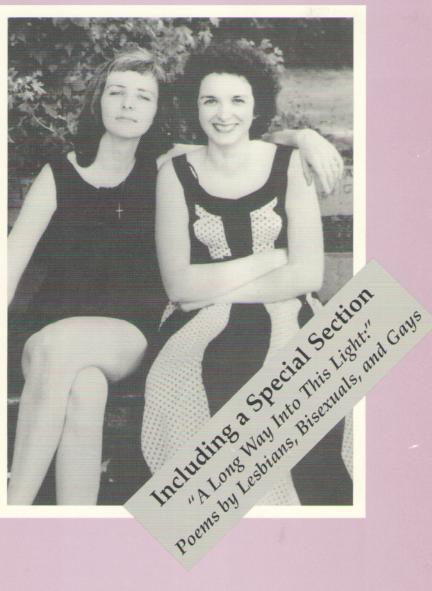
THE SPOON Poetry Review VOLUME XXII NUMBER 1



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 piña colada bouffantwig. Hernecklaceand 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.